THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Franklin

JULY 20, 1912 — 5c. THE COPY

Miss 318 and Mr. 37—By Rupert Hughes

What the Millions Are Doing With Foods Shot from Guns

I mix the Puffed grains with berries for a morning dish. They seem to fit together, as do nuts and raisins.
—*Average Man.*

I like them best just with sugar and cream. Sometimes I mix the Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.
—*Average Woman.*

My favorite dish at night time is Puffed Wheat or Rice in milk.
—*A Child Who Knows.*

Once serve Puffed Wheat as wafer crisps in soup and you'll never serve soup without it.—*A Housewife.*

I scatter the grains over every dish of ice cream. That's better by far than freezing nut meats in it.
—*A Famous Chef.*

I use Puffed Rice in fudge. It tastes like nuts, yet it melts in the mouth like sugar.—*Schoolgirl.*

I stuff my pockets full of Puffed Wheat when I go to play, and eat the grains like peanuts.—*Average Boy.*

I care not how folks eat them. But eat them in some way whenever you seek absolute ease of digestion.
—*A Physician.*

All Because Prof. Anderson Thought of Exploding Grain

He conceived the idea of sealing wheat and rice kernels up in great bronze-steel guns. Then heating those guns until the moisture in the grains changed to superheated steam.

Then exploding the steam, blasting all the food granules to pieces.

Thus he made whole grain wholly digestible for the first time in food history.

He filled the grains with a myriad cells—puffed them to eight times normal size.

The terrific heat gave the thin-walled grains a taste like toasted nuts.

Thus came these airy wafers—the most delightful cereals ever known.

Now people are eating—in all these ways—a million dishes daily. In countless homes nearly every meal in some way includes these crisps.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in Extreme West* **Puffed Rice, 15c**

The Quaker Oats Company—Sole Makers—Chicago

(305)

LIGHT, STYLISH HOSIERY—

EVERY STITCH GUARANTEED!

Don't think that "Holeproof" are guaranteed just in the heels and toes. Every stitch is protected. If they rip, if they tear, if a single thread breaks—anywhere—we want to replace them. These hose will stand cross-country walking, golf, tennis, baseball and dancing. No vacation is really care-free without them.

SILK HOSE FOR WOMEN

We make silk hose for women and men. We send to the north of Japan for the silk in the women's and men's silk goods. We guarantee *three* pairs of these hose for *three* months. It is no longer extravagance to wear silk hose, for even these sheerest of sheer hose wear better than common cotton kinds.

The fame of "Holeproof" has spread so far that more than a million people now buy them for every use and occasion.

The success of "Holeproof" is simple. We pay for cotton yarn an average of 70 cents a pound. That is the top market price. The yarn is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest that grows. No yarn is offered at a higher price. If any were, and it were better, we would adopt it at once. We could buy common yarn for as low as 30 cents a pound. But you wouldn't wear the hose, especially in summer, for they would be cumbersome, heavy and hot.

A REMARKABLE RECORD

A box of cotton and a box of silk "Holeproof"—nine pairs of hose—are all you will need for more than six months. You can rely on them. 95 per cent of our output has always outlasted the guarantee. Has any other hose ever made such a record?

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We are spending now $55,000 a year for inspection, just to see that each pair is perfect. We cannot afford to replace many pairs; we cannot afford to give you poor hose, so we take that precaution.

And here is another precaution: The signature, *Carl Freschl*, is that of the originator of "Holeproof"—the originator of *guaranteed hose*, the hose that are guaranteed because they are worth it. Look for that mark on the toe of the hose, for it identifies the genuine.

We, the makers of "Holeproof," are the third generation of a family of famous knitters. It is a matter of pride with us to make "Holeproof" the finest hose in existence.

GET THE GENUINE

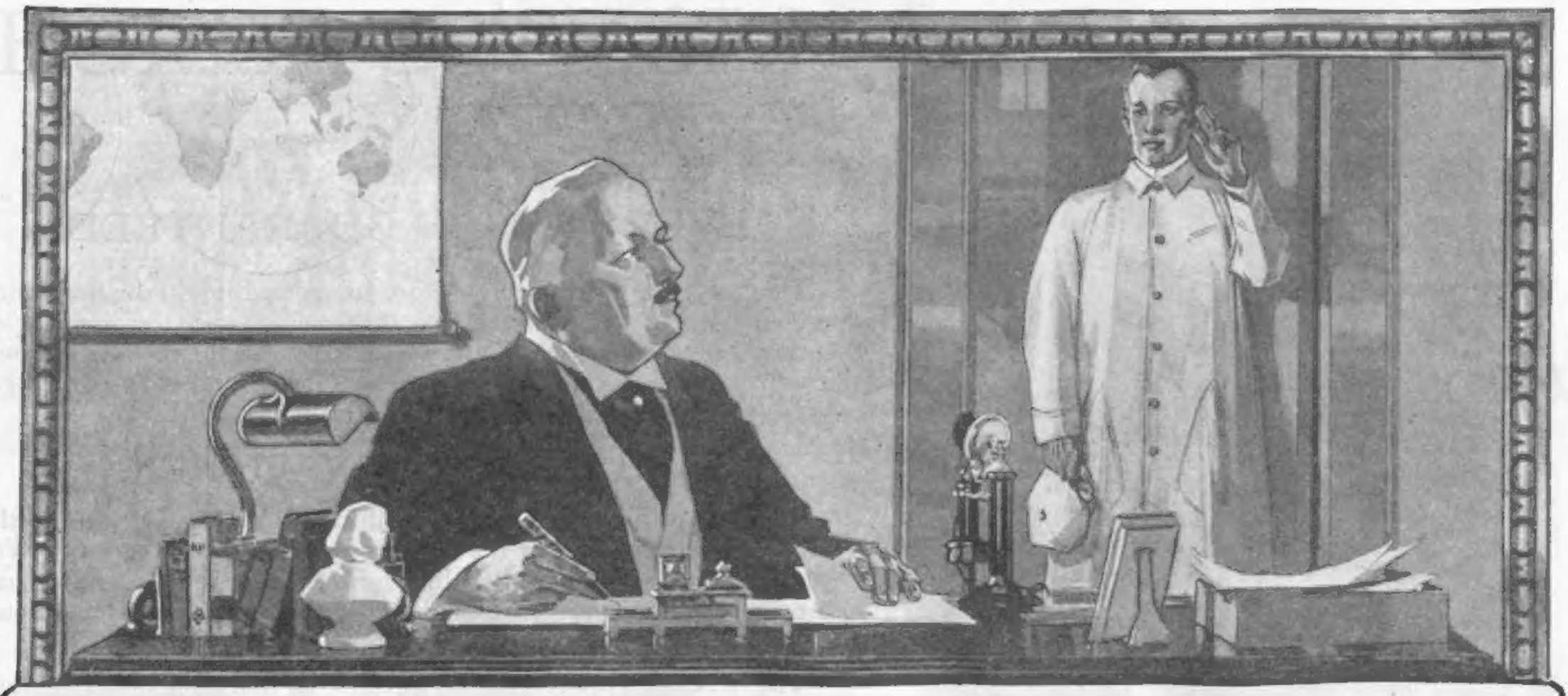
It is easy enough to make hose that will wear if you make them heavy enough. A cheap hose can be guaranteed and *replaced* at a profit. But to make a light-weight hose soft, comfortable and stylish, you must make them the costly way, like "Holeproof."

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Six pairs of cotton "Holeproof," guaranteed six months, for men, women and children (including infants) cost $1.50 up to $3.00, according to finish and weight. Three pairs of *silk* "Holeproof" for men, guaranteed three months, cost $2.00. Three pairs of silk stockings for women, guaranteed three months, cost $3.00. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

Holeproof Hosiery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl.



The Stearns-Knight Car

The Choice of Leaders of Men

In the twelve months since the announcement of the Stearns-Knight it has sprung at one bound into popular favor. It has become the first choice of men who *know car values*. The list of Stearns-Knight owners constitutes the Blue Book of Motordom.

It is the choice of leaders of men everywhere—in commerce, law, banking, government and engineering. It is found in the hands of men who lead those pursuits and professions which are most respected.

* * *

It is the choice of one thousand such men. These thousand owners have in the past year driven their cars distances aggregating millions of road miles, not only in this country but abroad.

That is why the Stearns-Knight is now so well known all over the world.

* * *

So splendid has been the success of the Stearns-Knight that the chassis will remain practically unchanged during this season. But there have been many refinements made in the body and finish design.

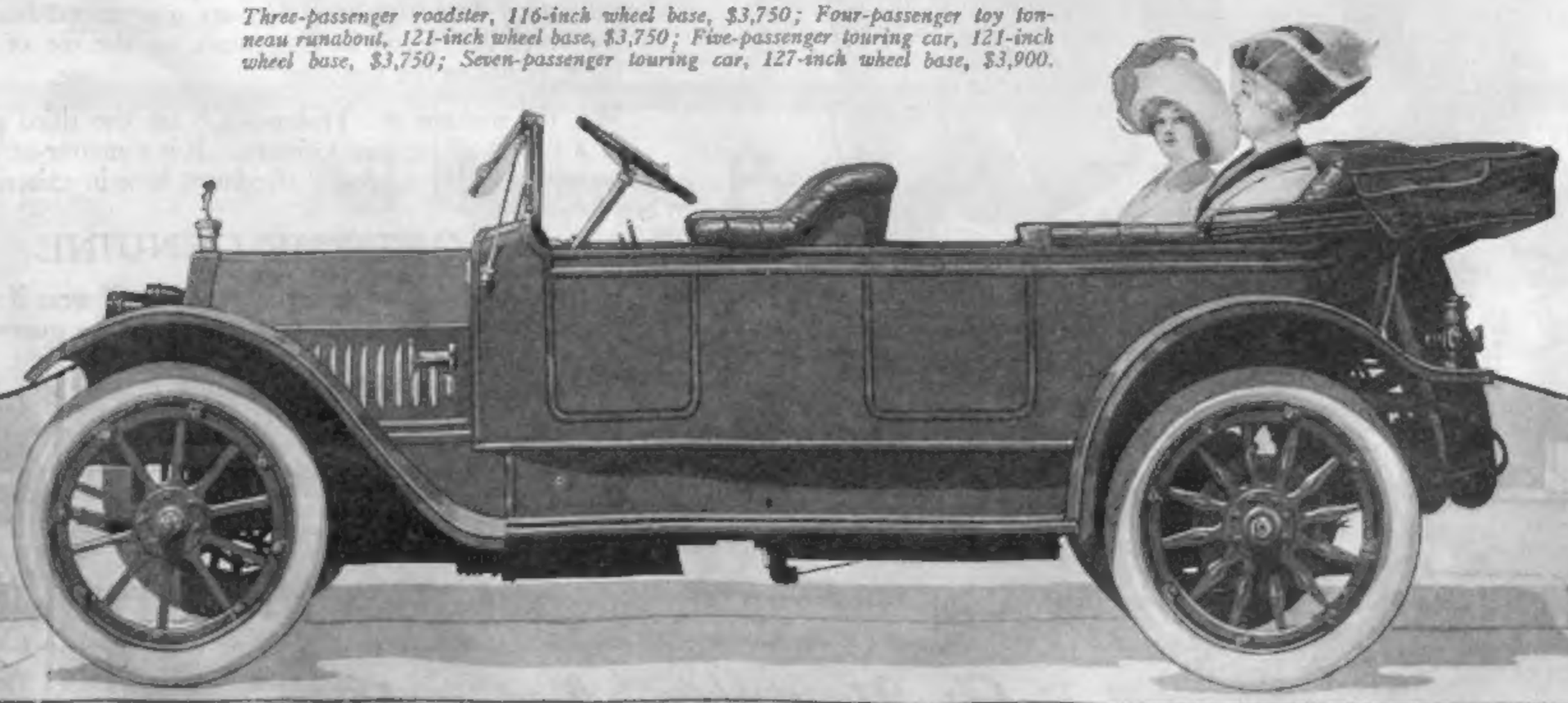
The equipment is absolutely complete—electric generator lighting system, speedometer, top, wind shield, Klaxon horn, demountable rims and many other conveniences. Great attention has been paid also to the development of the qualities that tend to comfort and luxuriousness. Owing to the cost of added refinements the price of the five-passenger model is now $3,750 and the seven-passenger $3,900.

Catalog and descriptive matter upon request

THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY, 12963 Euclid Ave., Cleveland

Branches and Dealers in 125 Principal Cities

Three-passenger roadster, 116-inch wheel base, $3,750; Four-passenger toy tonneau runabout, 121-inch wheel base, $3,750; Five-passenger touring car, 121-inch wheel base, $3,750; Seven-passenger touring car, 127-inch wheel base, $3,900.



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MISS 318 AND MR. 37

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE name she called herself—in the back of that head of hers, with its strange derangement of hair outside and the stranger dreams inside—was Madumselle Lisette Monet. The name her parents called her—in the back of the tenement, with the week's wash outside and the large family inside—was Lizzie Mooney. But she was called 318 in the Mammoth Department Store. The days were still short and this morning was yet dark, but Miss 318 was already at her post—and so were the four thousand other employees on the Mammoth payroll. And yet the enormous bazar seemed filled with solitude. The scattered clerks only emphasized the vacuity. Hundreds of salesmen and saleswomen were on hand, but there were no buy-men or purchase-women. The big doors were still closed against the advance-guard of the morning army mustered by the bargain bugle and already falling in line on the walk outside, pondering the lavish displays the window-dressers had compiled during the night.

"They Cannot Choose Where They Should Work, for They Must Live"

Against the onslaught of these Amazons, everybody in the Mammoth was making ready, from buyers' assistants and transfer men to packers, binboys and drivers—even the stokers in the boiler rooms.

Lisette Monet's somewhat youthless hands were condensing the stock that had been dumped on her counter. They fluttered about the chaos of silken things, darting here and there like hummingbirds among flowers. She was making her wares as alluring as possible and as "get-at-able"; for, once the enemy arrived, the action must be brisk.

Just back of her and a little above her, Constance, the change girl, sat aloft in a tiny parapet. She also was at work like a besieged chatelaine getting her ammunition handy. Soon she would be plied with money and merchandise from all directions, and she must load money and sale-slips into cartridges, shoot them at the distant cashier, make up the bundles, receive back cartridgefuls of change and pass them down below.

Tongues fluttered as fast as fingers at that hour, for each girl was her own newspaper. Constance had spent her evening at home with her parents—to her great regret. There were no headlines in her past yet a while. She must live on borrowed excitement—for she was still young. She turned to Lisette for gossip:

"Was you goin' to a show last night, Lisette, when I seen you pass our window all diked up so elegant?"

"Uh-huh!" came the answer darkly through a mouthful of pins.

"Vawd'vul or the movies?"

The pins came out.

"Movin' pitchers! Me? I was took to a genuine theayter."

"Ah, go on!"

"I hope to die!"

"Who was the dub you was with?"

"Me brother."

"Oh—parding me!"

"You're entirely welcome. When we passed you he asked me who was the rag I spoke to."

"Is that so?"

There was silence for a while. Constance was properly insulted at being referred to as a "rag," and she strove to devise some appropriate retort; but all her inspirations lacked the cutting edge, so she substituted a tone of patronage from behind a yawn:

"Could you see good from the nigger-Heaven?"

Lisette shrugged off the impeachment.

"Nigger-Heaven! We was downstairs with the highboys."

"Ah, go on!"

"Hope to ——"

"Since when's your brother had a job?"

"He ain't."

"Then where'd he get the price to buy?"

"Who said he bought? Me other brother's a scene pusher—just joined the union; so we went in on velvet, as guests of the management." Lisette said this as she imagined a duchess would inform an earless that she had just been shooting the chutes with the king.

Constance's body leaned over and stared down, but her spirit was gazing upward in awe of such glory. "For the love of Mike! Say, Lisette, d' you s'pose your brother could get me a coupla comps? He's a nawful nice fella—d'you s'pose he could?—huh? Do you or don't you?—or whataya think?"

Lisette was pleased to be proud above pride. She sniffed.

"Anybody can get comps to that show, Constunss. Me brother says he spends more time every day paperin' the house than he does shovin' the flats at night."

"Paperin' the house every day! Ah, go on! What'd they wanta put fresh wall paper on every day for?"

"You ain't wise to the theat'ical language, Constunss. That ain't wall paper—it's seat paper; it means fillin' the unsold chairs with deadheads."

Constance shook her head meekly over the wonders of human ingenuity and human privilege.

"I was astin' you whether you thought your brother could slip me a pair of passes."

"Take it from me, Constunss, you don't want 'em. Of all the punk shows that was ever gave, that one is the woist!"

"I'd love any show I could get a pass to. I've always wanted to know what comps feel like."

"Believe me, Constunss ——"

Constance would not be denied however.

"It couldn't be any worse than settin' round home every evenin' and hearin' Mor and Por jor over the dollar he held out on her when he got his pay last week, or that two dollars she spent on a spring hat two years ago. See if you can't pull down a coupla comps—won't you?"

Lisette yielded amiably.

"Sure I will, Constunss, if it's as bad as that. They'll be glad to have you. You'll fill a seat as full as anybody. And say, Constunss, whataya think? I had a floitation with the fireman."

"The fireman? Was they a fire?"

Lisette gasped at such ignorance.

"Constunss, you're posutuv'ly illitrut! There's always a fireman on the job at theayters."

"What's a fireman doin' without a fire?"

"That's the idea. He's just standin' round to nab it in the bud and keep the cattle from stampedin' if they sniff a passin' cigaroot."

"Is that so! Say, he must have a swell job—seein' a show every night and gettin' paid for it!"

"Well, that depends on the show. Seein' the same show about steen times in concussion—and that show of all shows!—must get on his noives sumpum awful. I guess he oins his pay all right, all right. But him and I had a little talk. It set me to thinkin'. This old buildin' of ours is nothin' but a package of invitations to a fire. Look at the blaze that made a fiery foinace out of the Equitable fireproof palace! It starts in the basement from a cigarette or sumpum, and they think they've got it out; and all the while old Mr. Fire is sneakin' up the elevator shaft and gettin' busy on the sevent' floor."

"Well, if the place did start we got fire-drills—ain't we?"

"And who's drillin' the mobs that soiculate round here all day? Do you suppose the Unineted States army could stop those bargain buzzards once they broke loose?"

"Well, anyway, look at the automatic sprinklers we got ever'where on the ceiling!"

"Automatic sprinklers! Don't you suppose they'd start a panic all by theirselves? You know any woman would rather lose her life than

"You're Entirely Welcome. When We Passed You He Asked Me Who Was the Rag I Spoke To"

wet her hat or her skoit. These dames ain't moimaids! Most of 'em wouldn't even go in the water in a bathin' suit. Can't you see 'em if these sprinklers started to spray? They'd all rush for the way out—and nobody knows it. If they all started at once—say, do you know how many people there are in this store at any one time?"

"Quite some few."

"Quite some few, is it? On our last annivoisary day, when they had the real bargain sale, there was nearly a hunderd thousand rode up in the elevators. Sometimes there's twenty-fi' thousand people under this roof at once. Do you get me? Twenty-fi' thousand! And this ain't one of the biggest stores. And it ain't moderen and up-to-date like some of the new ones."

Constance was very human in being intensely afraid of terror. Horselike, she would rather run away from a dangerous possibility than investigate it. So long as she wore blinders she jogged along comfortably; if the blinders were shaken off she hastened to put them on again herself.

Lisette, however, had a curiosity that would not be quelled; it was not morbid, but constructive. She was all for examining dangers and projecting them into the future. It was the imagination of consequences that had kept her a good woman in a seethe of temptations, with the undertow of poverty tugging at her weary feet. She had a heart famished for romance, but she wanted even that to be on the level; she wanted to know whither it led. She could detect the ulterior motive under the most innocent-looking courtesy, and she took forethought even in love. Lisette was a wise virgin.

So the matter of danger in her place of employment was one she thought of incessantly—not with cowardice, but with caution. She knew the exits and the entrances as she knew the whereabouts of the merchandise. She was haughty and insolent with the customers unless they comported themselves to her liking, but her success as a saleswoman was her defense before her employers. She kept her job because she needed the money and from a haughty feeling that where other women could work she could work.

She would risk the danger, but she would not pretend to remove it by ignoring it.

This morning the theme of fire was unusually alive in her mind. She wanted to think about it. She did most of her thinking aloud, and thought best when she had another mind to whet her wits upon.

"Believe me, Constunss," she said, "a goil makes a mistake in not figgerin' things out. The ostrich has the fine feathers, but it's the foolest boid there is because it pokes its snoot in the sand and says: 'Thank Gawd, I'm safe here!' You got a right to have a map of this store in your mind. If this place should catch fire——"

At this moment a young girl of swart mien and shabby attire was passing with an armload of doilies from the stockroom. At the word "fire" she dropped her scattering cargo. She bent to pick it up with more shame and confusion than the mishap seemed to warrant.

Lisette's back was turned to her, for Lisette was preaching up at Constance in the pulpit, and she did not see the frantic scramble the girl made to gather her upset freight. Lisette was pointing out to Constance the exact whereabouts of the fire-escape behind a mask of fixtures that obscured the window. She did not notice that the swarthy girl, having reassembled her burden, was lingering, leaning against the counter and following Lisette's pointing finger with a gaze that seemed to be trying to make notes and remember.

Lisette was saying:

"You gotta know your way about, Constunss. You gotta get it in your system so you could go to it in the dark. And you gotta keep your head on your shoulders if you're goin' to keep it at all. Look at that fire in the factory where they made shoitwaists—and all those goils lost their lives!"

"Oh, don't say that! Oh, don't talk about that!"

Lisette whirled at the surprise of this wailing protest and stared at the newcomer.

"Was you addressing me?" she demanded.

"Yes. You should not to speak about those poor people which did died!"

"Whatta you know about it?"

"I was in it."

"You was!"

A doleful nod was the answer. Constance hung over her balcony and Lisette leaned across the counter to stare at this mysterious veteran of such historic adventure.

"Tell us about it," Lisette whispered.

"I do not like to speaking of it."

"Ah, go on."

The ox-eyed girl, with a cattle soul accustomed to obey anybody and everybody, meekly accepted the command of this hungry curiosity; but she made ready to speak with effort, as if to lift a great burden. Cold flames swept through her and she shivered so that she gripped the counter to keep from toppling off the stool.

Lisette watched her with dismay a moment, then put out her hand.

"Don't talk about it if it hoits you. I'm sorry I ast you."

"No; I wish to speak now. It was so tairrible! I want you should to have seempat'y weet those gerl who die. They cannot choose where they should work, for they must live; and now they are—they do not live more. My sister and me, we——"

A gong shrilled through the building with a brazen ague. Almost mechanically the whole force came to attention. The girl seized her doilies and fled. Constance and Lisette began prinking their hair, straightening their aprons and making a few last dabs at everything.

II

THE store had opened. The crowd came slowly in but steadily, and dispersed itself as a tide marches up an estuary and deploys across a seaweedy shore, losing itself here and there, and gathering in pools otherwhere. And the shuffle of all the feet had the sound of the incoming tide when it reaches shale and fumbles it, paws it, hesitates about it like a doubtful bargain hunter.

Lisette, however, did not see the crowds with eyes for metaphor. They were plain reality to her, hatefully hard to please and deadly daily.

"Listen at 'em, Constunss! Ain't they beauts?—the advance-guard of battleaxes! They all believe that the oily boid catches the woim. Some of them is soitan'y boids, but I wisht I could loin them that I'm no woim. Just look at 'em come! Don't you just loathe and nauseate them? Listen at their feet!—cattle crossin' a bridge, and every hoof in a shoe that was built for somebody else. See 'em dribble through those there revolvin' doors!"

"It grinds 'em out like a coffee-grinder—don't it?" said Constance.

"Sausage-grinder, you mean," sniffed Lisette—"for they're mostly pork. Look at 'em all jammin' in the same trough at once—two fat dames tryin' to squeeze in one compartment; and they're so busy toinin' round to roast

"Well, is She Tall or Short—a Telegraph Pole or a Squash?"

each other they've got the thing stuck. There's the doorman takin' the wheel and buntin' 'em in! Oh, Lord! The day's woik has began wunst again! Thank Gawd, they didn't wish any bargain counter on me today."

The mob fell first on the best-advertised fabrics, most of which were specially displayed in little extra booths set in the aisles as closely as the pushcarts of an East Side market. Round these the lifeblood of the store's prosperity coagulated.

Yet a while, Lisette's counter was ignored save for an occasional passer-by who stopped and glanced over the tempting mounds of silk with expressions of disdain that thinly disguised the pitiful longing. A few women, plainly too poor to buy gorgeous petticoats of the sort Lisette was offering today, paused, plucked at them timidly, rubbed the crackling silk together and asked a few idle questions—just for the melancholy joy of almost owning silk. Poverty stood like a sheet of plate glass between them and possession; but they could not have been women and failed to revel in the glow and luxury of fabric and the lilty music of its *frou-frou*. Silk is a wonderful thing!

For such as were plainly too poor to buy, Lisette had patience; for such as merely loitered about to haggle and dissipate, she had vinegar in an unfailing cruet. There was a slap of rebuke in the very calm with which she rearranged a rumpled flounce or restored a petticoat to the high shelf from which it had been requisitioned. She said nothing—but women know; and they hated her as well as she hated them.

Constance had leisure for rumination; at length she broke the silence with a murmurous:

"Say, Lisette, was he a good-looker?"

"Was who a good-whatter?"

"Your fireman—the one you sor last night—was he a handsome fella?"

"All firemen is handsome, Constunss. Whatever they look like out of their uniforms, there's a soitain sumpum about a fireman that is—well, it's simpluh indescri'ble!"

"Was this fireman like that—just handsome because he had on a uniform?"

"No; he was one of them who bring sumpum to their glad rags. He had those kind of features that a woman most likes in a man and would hate woist to have on her own physog."

"What was his name?"

"How should I know?"

"Didn't your brother interduce him?"

"Nah! I wasn't interduced."

"Oh, Lisette! I never thought you would——"

"And I didn't!"

"Then how'd you come to meet him?"

"Well, you see, it was like this—No'm, we do not have 'em with a dust-ruffle at one-ninety-eight. Dust ruffles comes on'y in the two-fifty-nines and over—yes'm. Don't mention it!—Zize sayin', Constunss, in the theayter I was planted right behind a dame with a hat trimmed like a Christmas tree. I tried to peek through the branches, but I was so far from gettin' a glimp' of the whole stage that I couldn't even see all of any one actor at once. And every time anybody was goin' to do anything important they went behind one of that dame's feathers. Gee! I could have ran one of her own hatpins into her and turned it round with joy. Finally, I leaned forward and moimured in the back of her neck—Yes'm, those three-eighties is the same as is sold elsewhere at four-thoiteen! Oh, yes'm, that is the latest shade—'men's-wear blue,' they call it. You see, it's finished with two plaited ruffles and a poicaline underlay. Some other day? Oh, very well!—I moimured in the back of her neck—Those on the top shelf are just the same as these. Oh, soitainly, if you wish; no trouble to show goods—I moimured in the back of her neck:

"'Parding me, madam, but would you kinely remove your hat, please?' I could see her whettin' her shoulder-blades together to refuse, so I says: 'Those Paris models is so very large; and Louise don't care how big they make 'em, so's they get the distongay lines.'

"That got her. She ran a smile round behind her ear and lifted the lid; but that was woise and more of it. She had about eighteen dollars' woith of somebody else's coily locks nailed on top of her own wad; and when she fluffed it out with her fingers I was all for sayin': 'And now, if you'd only take that hair mattress off your head and set on it, or else put your hat back on, I'd stand a chance!'

"But I didn't dast say it for fear of startin' sumpum. Did you ever notice, Constunss, how you never dare say the best things you think up? There's been times I've conjured up comebacks that would 'a' went over people like a Fi'th Avenyeh bus—but did I spring 'em? Nah! I swallered 'em and boint myself up.

"So there I sat, fumin'. I started to ast me brother to ast an usher to ast her to behave or rent a box; but he says to me: 'Shut up and quit beefin'!' Ain't that just like a brother? I knew if I stayed there I'd either paste me brother one on the ear, or say sumpum to that dame under the haystack that would singe her bald, so I ups and edges out sidewise. I barked four kneecaps, waded through a bundle of plumes and rubbed a coupla stovepipe hats the wrong way; but I got into the aisle and hotfooted to the back of the house.

"I'm used to hangin' on to straps; and I felt as comfortable as a street car, leanin' over the back rail—when somebody sidles up alongside and whispers at me. I got a hatpin ready and made up my face to hand him a whole iceboig in one glare—for if there's anything I hate it's a masher; but, instead of the usual 'Good evening, dearie!' he says:

"'You can't stand here!'

"I was that mad I could have slew him; but I alius think it's more ladylike to just josh 'em along and avoid vi'lence. So I hoist me eyebrows a foot or two and says:

"'I can't stand here—eh? Well, I can and I do!'

"He gives me a solemn look and whispers: 'It's against the law; so beat it, kiddo—beat it!' His woids was calm and simple, but there was sumpum masterful about 'em that was blood-coidlin'. I dropped me haughty pose and tried to wheedle him, like Delilar done with Simpson:

"So Long as a Goil Can Loor a Man Into a Den of Wild Animals Like This, She Hadn't Oughta Despair"

'I thought you firemen was supposed to save ladies in distress,' I says, 'instead of poisecutin' 'em.'

"That got his goat, I guess, for he looks sheepish and says: 'You're some kiddo—ain't you? But you know we ain't allowed to have standees in theayters.'

"I made one last effort: 'If you're a real fireman,' I says, 'go borry me a hook and ladder, so'st I can see over that human hill that's in front of my seat.'

"He shook his head; and he would soitainly have sent me back to me stall if the coitain hadn' 'a' came down just then.

"Between the acks we leaned against the back wall and chinned, and he was pointin' out to me how careful they are about fires in the theayters now; they have to have so many exits and red lights over 'em, and maps of 'em in the progr'ms—and they won't allow no chairs in the aisle and no standees; and even the scenery has to be fireproofed. He told me the rules was so strick that they wouldn't allow any candles to boin on the stage; and once, when May Oiwin or somebody was playin' Lady Macbeth and doin' the sleep-walkin' scene, she hadda carry an electric light.

"I ast him why all that was, and he says because they had that turrible fire out in Chicago—and that woke people up; so now you're safer in a theayter than anywhere else. If the play don't axphyxiate you you're all right.

"And he says it ought to be the same way with other things—factories and hotels and department stores. Some of 'em is all right, he says; but he says the rest of 'em will never be made right till they boin up a lot of people.

"I says: 'Do you know anything about the Mammoth Store?'

"'Do I?' he says. 'It's just waitin' like a fireplace all ready for the foist match to start it.'

"This give me a nawful funny feelin'; and I couldn't think of anything except to be a kind of a bum echo and say: 'So you know the Mammoth!'

"'Know it!' he says. 'Why, every fireman knows the Mammoth.'"

Constance began to roll her eyes like a young girl reading about burglars late at night.

"Good Lord!" she gasped. "Are you sure they's a fire-escape right over there where you said?"

"I'm sure it's there," said Lisette.

"Good Lord!" Constance whispered huskily. "I guess I'll go home." She rose in a little individual panic and poised for descent. Then she stopped short. "Well, I gotta stay this week out. Mor has already spent my next Sat'day's pay for me."

Lisette laughed, but a trifle uncomfortably, as one who has told a ghost story too well. She, too, sought relief in other thoughts.

"Us woikin' goils hasn't got much choice but to slave where they stow us—or else stay outside and starve. Doncha care, Constunss—it's all part of the job."

III

CONSTANCE was having a most unhappy morning of it. Every time she tried to gossip airily of romance she found herself in the fierce red light of danger.

"But the fireman!" she urged again, and seized the mention of his name as if it were the man himself.

Lisette went on with her adventure in apparent obliviousness of a plain old lady who, after pawing the array of petticoats over and under, actually selected and purchased one, a gaudy confection which she would wear beneath her shabby overskirt with a clandestine luxury—the very inverse of the martyr's secret penance with a shirt of haircloth.

However, Lisette's heart was so full of her own experience that her hands conducted the sale almost automatically. She passed the petticoat up to Constance, and Constance made a bundle of it and procured the change, while the minds of both were intent upon this wonderful encounter with the poor folks' demigod—a fireman.

At such a time customers merely exist in mirage—for if shopgirls do not gossip before customers when shall they gossip? Early morning drags them to the shop and late evening drives them home exhausted. Selling incessantly the trappings of romance, how could they live without talking it?

"Well, zize sayin'," Lisette bubbled on, "the fireman says to me—Will you take this with you or have it sent? Charge account? C. O. D.? Oh, very well! Yes'm. I'll see that you get it this evening. Mark that 'Special,' Constunss!—he says to me: 'You're speakin' of the Mammoth,' he says. 'Do you woik there?'

"I pulled a frown on him and edged away, and I says: 'Me woik? Can't you tell a lady when you bump against one?'

"I thought I had him froze; but he comes back: 'Yes, kiddo, I kin; and that's why I'm astin' you do you woik there?'

"Just like that! He sure handed me a hot one then—didn't he? Still, I like a fella that's got some bounce-back to him—don't you?

"So I drops the mask of refinement, and when he repeats 'Do you woik at the Mammoth?' I says: 'No, indeed! I'm a poil-diver at Tiff'ny's.'

"And he shook his head and says: 'Say, kiddo, you're all right!' Yes, he did. And then he says: 'Can I see you home?'—right like that. It took my breathway! I had just barely presence of mind enough to say: 'Not if I see you foist!' I thought that was what they call a maidenly rebuke—don't you?"

Constance's hopes of a crimson romance fell like shot birds and her jaw fell with them.

"Aw—and you didn't let him see you home? You didn't! And him a fireman! Ain't you ever goin' to see him again?"

Lisette sighed.

"I don't know; it all depends on fate. Say, can you read palms, Constunss? No? I wisht you could. That might tell."

"And you didn't put him wise to who you was?"

Lisette drew herself up with the towering indignation of unassailable virtue and gave Constance a withering glance.

"Say, whataya think I am, Constunss? Do you consider it the ack of a lady—and I sortain'y hope that I am such!—to meet a poifect stranger and hand him her name and address? If that's your idea of me you got another guess comin' to you."

"But you talked to him," Constance pleaded in self-defense.

"O' course I talked to him! He had a right to address me because he was a fireman and I was trespassin' on his presoives. And I wouldn't 'a' went so far as I did if it hadn't 'a' been for that. I can do a little reparteeing with anybody that thinks he can jolly me along; but as for gettin' familiar without bein' interduced—not for mine, Constunss—not for mine. Even a fireman can't loor me out of my senses; and the minute he got so fresh I bade him a icy good night and went back to my seat behind the lady with the hairstore on her head."

Constance felt the shock of one reaching for the imaginary step at the top of the stairs. She wailed again:

"And you never told him even where you woiked at—or your name—or nothin'?"

"Well," Lisette confessed slowly, "I believe I did let fall a sudgestion that I was Number 318 in the Mammoth."

Constance's face lighted up in a flash.

"Then he'll be here—he'll be here!"

Lisette quelled her.

"Hush, Constunss; you're attrackin' attention. And, take it from me, he'll never come here among these female hyenas. He's on'y a fireman after all."

"What's his name?"

"How sh'd I know?"

"Didn't he tell you?"

"How could he?"

"He don't know your name and you don't know his! Oh, that's awful!"

"But we got each other's numbers. I took a peek at his badge, and his number was 37. That sev'm is a lucky number; but that thoity don't listen very good."

IV

CUSTOMERS were pouring into the store with such increase that the aisles were compact with women, mostly eyes, claws, and elbows.

It was discouraging to illusions to see the gentler sex *en masse;* but Lisette had no illusions about womankind, and she felt that her contempt for her sex was all too well deserved.

The petticoat treasury, where she presided, had lacked the advantage of special advertising that morning, and there was no run on the bank; but the proprietors knew that the other counters would catch those who could not reach the bargains, as well as those in whom the bargain counters had kindled the lust to buy—buy—buy!

Lisette's petticoats accordingly acquired a gradual trade of such briskness that her conversation with Constance was confined to an occasional epigram on some unattractive or intractable customer. It was well past the noon hour when Lisette gave a sudden alarm:

"Constunss!"

Constance almost leaped from her turret.

"What's matter? Store on fire?"

"No, you mutt; but take a good peek at these two dames just comin' down the aisle. The old lady was sixty-three last Thoisday and she don't look more'n old enough to be her daughter's sister; and they're dressed up like a coupla queens! Can you umagine your maw or mine darin' to wear a real hat like that? And her daughter——"

"How'd you know it's her daughter, and her age—and all that?"

"Didn't you read about Mrs. Voiden's boithday party in last Sunday's Woild?"

"Who's Mrs. Voiden? Where does she woik?"

"Oh, Constunss, Constunss! don't tell me you never hoid of Mrs. and the Misses Lancaster Voiden! Why, a society column without their names in it would be like Hamlet with the omelet left out. Didn't she entertain the Oil of Boikshire last week? And they do say her daughter—this one that's glidin' our way—is said to be engaged to the Oil! She'll be an oiless if she marries him!

"But I hope she don't. I think us American goils gotta right to refuse these corrupt foreign nobilities just seekin' us for our wealth and not for true love, like honest Americans—Nature's noblemen. That's what the papers says, and I suppose it's us American womanhood's duty to marry home industries; but Gawd knows I'd hate to think what I'd do if I was tempted to become the grand dame of a dook or a barytone."

Constance was staring at the Verdens—mother and daughter. She felt such awe of so much glory that she could hardly credit it.

"I don't believe it's them," she said. "If they're so rich and swell what would they be doin' in a cheap place like this?"

(Continued on Page 49)

"It's More Ladylike to Just Josh 'Em Along and Avoid Vi'lence"

THE AMERICAN SPENDERS

The Pauper Millionaire—By Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

WHEN one comes to consider the increased standards of living among the rich it profits little to take for exemplars the most affluent. Even before the Civil War we had in America people of incomes so large that to dispose of each dollar as it arrived required more imagination than the average rich man possesses. And if our Croesuses spend more than did their fathers it is because progress, the growth of invention, the increasing intercommunication of the wealthy classes in all nations, have suggested to our great families new ways of burning money. It will serve us better to study a class rather lower on the financial scale. Let us, then, view the sad plight of J. Rand Folsom of the city of New York.

Frederick Folsom Deemed Himself Rich

Notice, please, that I do not say Mr. J. Rand Folsom; and in that I follow the society editors. When your name appears in the society columns without the customary handle it means that you are in society—landed. As a matter of fact, J. Rand Folsom's social position, though assured, is by no means impregnable. He does not come of the old Knickerbocker stock. He cannot therefore maintain himself, by power of his name and family position alone, in any position he may choose. His father, it is true, was in society; but his own position is just uncertain enough to make it necessary that he should put money in his purse. Now J. Rand Folsom is about to launch a daughter; and how he shall manage without bluffing it neither he nor Mrs. Folsom can see. It is a great worry to them.

Frederick Folsom, head of the family in the last generation, came of a respected family "upstate." In the period of expansion just after the Civil War he invaded New York, wherein he made a respectable fortune though not a great one. By virtue of a clever wife and his own pleasing personality he achieved society—would we had another term to convey the same idea! In those days New York was just small enough, just settled and conservative enough to make the social limits pretty definite.

As in Charleston today, it was possible to say that any given person was in or out—possible to pick the very moment when he crossed the line. Frederick Folsom crossed before his children were out of kilts.

Entertaining in the Seventies

THE Folsom income was stable—something more than fifty thousand dollars a year. On that old Frederick did everything necessary to maintain his position. It would be profitless to trace the whole course of that fortune—its division by inheritance; its accretion by legacies from other rich members of the family and by marriage. It all comes to this: in the year 1912 J. Rand Folsom possesses an income generally estimated at from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars a year. He has, you see, a little more money than his father, but not a great deal more considering the lower purchasing power of a dollar and the real increase in cost of commodities. Yet Frederick Folsom deemed himself rich; and J. Rand Folsom is poor in his generation. I call upon you to pity him; and I do it without irony. We feel privation as it deprives us of that to which we have been accustomed; and what we never had we seldom miss. J. Rand Folsom must struggle for what we all desire in our separate orders—familiar and self-respecting contact with the people we like.

Frederick Folsom lived in a three-story house not far above Washington Square. Save for a little, vanishing island about the north side of the square itself, every one who is any one has now moved miles northward; on the site of the old Folsom house stands a loft building, devoted to the manufacture of men's trousers. In that house Frederick Folsom brought up his three children. His establishment of servants, though not nearly so elaborate as that of some really wealthy people in his set, was enough for his purposes. In the house itself he had a cook, two maids who divided the work of cleaning and serving at table, a laundress, and a nurse or governess. Outside he kept a coachman and another man, who divided the duties of houseman and footman. That made seven servants in all; and that was ample. Though some in his circle employed butlers, a butler was not really necessary to a gentleman's establishment. So, also, a few women had their personal maids; but Mrs. Folsom got along very well without one. Indeed Frederick Folsom might have lost face had he employed a butler. New York in those days was so small that people knew each other's circumstances. A little of the old economical spirit lingered. The gossips would have considered that he was trying to make a display beyond his means.

Those seven servants, as I have said, managed very well the work of that three-story house with its little yard. In those days there was no great specialization among servants. They did their work; and if asked to do too much they quit. The proud footman who sat on the box of Mrs. Folsom's carriage on her reception days held it not a whit beneath his dignity to wash windows, tend furnace and carry out the ashes. The maids were also waitresses; the laundress was also a scrubwoman. Mrs. Folsom supervised her ménage personally, and she practiced unthinkingly the economies every lady of the seventies considered refined. She performed these functions instinctively; it was a matter of her breeding and of the custom in her set.

Polite society, in the late seventies, say, differed widely from its modern type. There was little country life; that fashion had just begun to come in. Balls and receptions were the staples of personal commerce. People like the Folsoms gave small dances to their intimates; the few great families, with great houses, held larger functions. In the main, however, the dances were "assemblies"—subscription affairs, ridiculously cheap by our modern standard in the matter of decorations, of music and of refreshment. Two or three times a year, notably on New Year's Day, Mrs. Frederick Folsom held a reception. A few hothouse flowers set forth the corners and tables of the drawing room and hall; for refreshments there were a buffet luncheon and wine—port, sherry or Madeira in thimble glasses. The fashions shifted during the seventies in the matter of refreshment. At New Year's, 1877, for example, the buffet luncheon was in bad form and the hostess served only wine and cakes. Dinner-giving was about as common then as now, though the dinners were far more simple; and, where we play bridge for money, the familiars of Mrs. Frederick Folsom played whist for love and euchre for prizes.

The official residence of the Folsom family, after one stop on its way uptown, has moved to the lower seventies—just off Fifth Avenue; for the Avenue itself is far beyond the buying power of J. Rand Folsom. He occupies now a five-story, thirty-foot modern house. The necessary construction of the house is part of his financial problem. Owing to the great value of land in that fashionable region, he was forced to build narrow and high. Because he is crowded between two similar houses he can get no light from the sides; his house must acquire its sunshine from front and back alone. Necessarily, therefore, it is shallow; and there is no room for back stairs, though it has an elevator and one little special stairway running from the kitchen in the basement to the butler's pantry on the main floor. By one who knows I am assured that this general height and narrowness, this lack of a simple convenience like back stairs, increases beyond imagination of poverty the necessity for extra service. Mrs. J. Rand Folsom considers that she is skimping in the matter of service, that she has cut her establishment to the bone. Notwithstanding, she employs thirteen or fourteen servants where her mother-in-law did very well with seven.

To prove the point let me enumerate, beginning at the bottom and working upward: In the very basement are two women employed about the laundry and drying room. The house, what with a fashionable mother and two growing daughters, is full of expensive, hand-made lingerie and table linen that would not stand one washing by a novice. The head laundress must be an expert—to make sure that she is such, Mrs. Folsom pays her forty dollars a month.

She can handle only the more fragile stuffs. Here enters the problem of that high, squeezed house. She has not the energy left from her regular work to carry the wash to the very top story and dispose of it in dressers and linen rooms. That alone would call for assistance. Besides, there is the bed-linen; there are the children's clothes; there are the sash-curtains and bed-curtains; there are the caps, aprons and other trimmings of the servants. She must have an assistant. Nominally the assistant works only four days a week. Practically, what with the emergencies continually arising, it comes nearer to six. So in her laundry Mrs. J. Rand Folsom employs two servants where Mrs. Frederick Folsom did perfectly with one.

That isn't all. In the old house the laundress used to "do up" Mr. Folsom's linen. Standards in men's laundering have changed. A woman, working with home equipment, has scarcely the strength to give a shirt the proper dull finish. So Mr. Folsom's shirts and collars go out to a hand-laundry which charges twenty-five cents for a shirt and nine cents for a collar.

What the Thirteen Servants Do

THE cook is a woman. The demand for male chefs is not so lively as it used to be; there are in New York a number of proud and choosing women who, at salaries running from fifty to a hundred dollars a month, can outchef almost any imported man chef. The Folsoms pay the cook fifty or sixty dollars a month, according to her demands at the employment agency. She serves for all purposes—even formal dinners. The Folsoms, however, have not merely one dinner table in their house but three—their own, the children's in the nursery, and the servants'. The cook has an assistant, nominally a kitchenmaid—really a plain cook, who can in necessity prepare food for the children and the servants.

This house demands more rough work than did the older Folsom establishment. It would seem on first sight that carpets need more labor than polished and oiled hard-wood floors with rugs. That is not true. At the hygienic scale of cleanliness which modernity demands, polished floors and rugs are more troublesome. The older house had two bathrooms; this, including the one in the servants' quarters, has four. These marbled and white-tiled bathrooms are equipped with metal furnishings which must be kept as clean and bright as the rails of a yacht. The women servants will not clean bathrooms. That is the duty of the houseman. Also he tends the furnace, carries coal and ashes to and from the fireplaces, sweeps the sidewalk, the back yard and the steps, shovels the snow and washes the windows. Your modern chambermaid refuses to touch a rag to a window. He has all the work that one strong man can accomplish, and he gets thirty-five dollars a month—with board, of course. So we come from the basement, which holds only the kitchen, pantry, laundry and drying room, with five servants accounted for.

They are "Going In" for More Refined Satisfactions

The main floor of the Folsom house accommodates only a drawing room, a dining room and a butler's pantry. The Folsom butler, who has been with them for some time, gets seventy dollars a month. This he ekes out more or less openly with tips from guests, and surreptitiously with commissions. To serve and supervise the meals, to

clean the silver, to answer the telephone and the door, to be the tactful first line of defense between the Folsoms and their world—that keeps the butler busy enough. The dining-room floor is full of metals which need continual polishing, of rugs which demand constant treatment with a broom or a vacuum cleaner. The parlormaid attends to that floor and to the hall. Also, she helps the butler serve the meals. And she does nothing more. By the time we reach the parlor floor we have seven servants—or as many as Mrs. Frederick Folsom ever employed.

Above, there are two chambermaids. They are busy too. One, on the extra-formal occasions when the butler and parlormaid cannot serve the dishes and wines in their proper place and order, must assist in the dining room. The other occupies her spare time in mending—for the fine linen, the lace and handmade tablecloths, the embroidered sheets must be kept in order.

Score—nine servants. The tenth is Mrs. Folsom's necessary personal maid. Being also a hair-dresser and manicure she comes rather high. She keeps up Mrs. Folsom's wardrobe. What with the sheer, impermanent handmade stuffs—the eternal laces, the chiffons—modern clothes are not only expensive but frail. There is work and to spare for the maid. Finally the children—the two boys, aged six and eight, and Beatrice, aged thirteen—have a German nursery governess, who sees them safely to and from school and supervises their activities of afternoons and evenings. Being a gentlewoman she gets rather smaller wages than the expert servants, for that is the law of service; but she needs special quarters and, since she does not dine in the servants' hall, special attendance. That makes eleven servants in the house itself.

Frederick Folsom, as I have said, sported a carriage, a coachman and a carriage footman. The latter performed also, in those unspecialized days, the duties of the houseman. Frederick's equipment of carriages and horses is worth a digression. He had a regular formal coach, a park phaeton and a single phaeton. His horses were not of the specially bred types we see today in the horse-show, but good-looking, well-groomed animals of American breeds; and they cost, on a fluctuating market, from two hundred to three hundred dollars apiece. Of these he usually kept three—the extra one for the single phaeton or for emergencies. The whole initial expense of these carriages and horses was not equal to the cost of a fairly good automobile. He had his own stable; and the coachman and footman, between them, took all the care of the horses and carriages.

Seventeen Servants and No Valet!

J. RAND FOLSOM skimps along on two automobiles—both in constant commission. The poorer was his better car a few years ago. When he bought his new car it was relegated to second best. It serves for errands, for taking the children to school, for transporting Mr. Folsom when Mrs. Folsom has more impressive uses for the better car. In winter it has a landaulet body; in summer, a touring body. In making this shift Mr. Folsom economizes; he would like to own separate limousines and touring cars. So well is the public informed on the ways and tricks of city chauffeurs, that I state the next fact only to complete the record: the extra tires, the repairs and the graft often make the upkeep of a fashionable automobile far more expensive than that of a carriage and pair. J. Rand Folsom keeps his machines in a public garage, which charges him thirty dollars a month apiece for storage and washing. However, this is but little more than the interest on the initial expense of Frederick Folsom's stables. The great contrast is in wages. To run those two machines—which are busy all the time—J. Rand Folsom needs two chauffeurs, at from twenty-five to thirty dollars—not a month but a week! It goes without saying that they will do nothing not connected with the running and repair of the machines. So there you have thirteen servants or personal employees, as against the seven that Frederick Folsom, of the seventies, thought adequate to his needs.

J. Rand Folsom Would Have Liked to Take Up Polo, for He Rides Well

If I have described in much detail the functions of these thirteen servants it is only to prepare the way for a pertinent fact. The modern Folsoms find themselves embarrassed by the poverty of their service. Notice that they have no footman. That functionary would be the background for the butler on great occasions; and he would help to serve the meals, the parlormaid coming in, as the extra chambermaid does now, only at formal dinners. He would occupy the box with the chauffeur when Mrs. Folsom went on state calls. Mrs. Folsom often blushes for herself when she beholds footmen on other automobiles and none on hers; she experiences slight twinges when she sees the butler serving with two women assistants. "I don't know how we ever keep servants—we have to double them up so!" she complains to her husband. That process, with the necessity for the tact it entails, is the trial of her life. For example, there's a flight of stairs between the drawing-room floor and the first bedroom floor. The parlormaid and the head chambermaid are constantly quarreling over who shall not clean them. No young girl of the Folsom circle appears out-of-doors unattended; and who shall go to and fro with Miss Beatrice on the governess' day off is always a puzzle.

No matter how liberal the individual, he has his unreasonable economies; and her husband has never granted her that footman. In the last ditch, he brings forth an argument which she cannot answer. "I think if we're going to ruin ourselves with any more servants, my dear, I should have a valet." When he admits the lack of a personal manservant he feels a shade of the same emotion that overwhelms Mrs. Folsom as she steps from her unattended automobile door. Now the care and pressing of his clothes, the laying out of his dress shirts, are "doubled up" most shamefully. Sometimes the temporary occupant of the houseman's job, if he be meek and capable, does Mr. J. Rand Folsom's pressing. Otherwise that task falls to the butler.

Nor is this the end of their expense for servants. J. Rand Folsom maintains a country place within motoring distance of New York. When he closes his town house and moves to the country he cannot spare one member from his regular establishment. In addition he must have a farmer, who takes care of the truck-garden and the cows, and two gardeners for the flower-beds and lawns. He keeps no horses in New York; the girls take their riding lessons on steeds hired from the academy. In the country he must have two saddle horses for the girls and two ponies for the boys. So he adds to his establishment a stableman. I have already enumerated thirteen servants. Add four for the country place, and you have seventeen altogether.

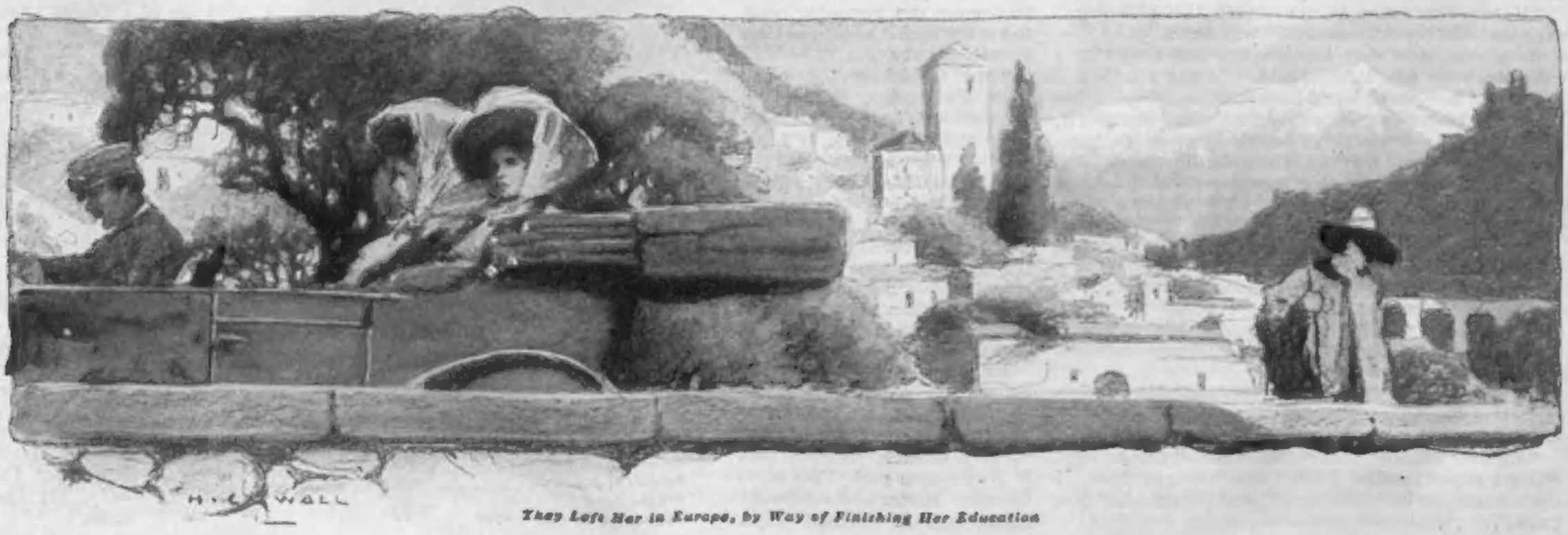
Frederick Folsom never kept a country place at all. In the seventies Americans were just beginning, timidly and tentatively, to lay the foundations of real country life. Newport, as a social center, was in bud; a few of the richest and most original families owned cottages there. How modest these dwellings were one may learn from the old files of one New York paper, the only newspaper of the time that made even a pretense of society reporting.

Fashions in Country Homes

EVERY spring in the late seventies that paper used to print a column from Newport concerning the new houses, building or planned. Stone foundations—three stories—two bathrooms—walnut and butternut finishings—it reads like a write-up in the town paper of the elegant residence planned by our prominent citizen. And at the end of each description appeared the significant line: "Cost, nine thousand dollars," or "Cost, ten thousand dollars," or "Cost, twelve thousand dollars." Ten thousand dollars for a private Newport dwelling—today a season's rent of almost any Newport cottage fit for a J. Rand Folsom's habitation would cost half of that. Some of the very rich had country seats along the Hudson; but the rank and file of society, including such people as the Folsoms, took their vacations at watering-places where they lived in big hotels and paid what seemed to them enormous prices for one ten-by-fourteen room a person—American plan. Two or three times in their married life the Frederick Folsoms varied this procedure by a trip to Europe.

The craze, the burning necessity, for country life arose in this country. First, it touched the very rich. They found their necessities multiplying in this regard until the multimillionaires among them added not only an elaborate estate on Long Island or at Newport but also a shooting park in North Carolina, a villa in Florida, a camp in the Adirondacks and—last frill of all—a shooting box in Scotland. As time passed, people in the circumstances of the Folsoms needed a country place as much as they did a town house. So, with part of his inherited property,

(Concluded on Page 28)



They Left Her in Europe, by Way of Finishing Her Education

THE MAN WHO SAW

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

"It Cut Me Across Here. It—It Hurt—Awfully!"

A veil 'twixt us and Thee, dread Lord—
A veil 'twixt us and Thee!
Lest we should hear too clear, too clear,
And unto madness see.

CARRICK crossed the fields in time to see, from the low bank above the churchyard, the children coming forth from Sunday-school in the church, blinking contentedly at the late summer sunlight and all the familiar world from which for two hours they had been exiles. A little behind them came Mr. Newman, carrying his sober hat in his hand, and the curate.

"Hi!" called Carrick, and they turned toward him as he came down the bank with his sly spaniel shambling at his heels.

The curate looked with disfavor at Carrick's worn tweed clothes and his general weekday effect.

"I think," he said primly, "I'll be getting along."

"I should," said Carrick shortly, turning his back on him. "I want to speak to you, Newman."

"Then we will walk together," agreed Mr. Newman. "Goodby till this evening," he called after the departing curate.

It was an afternoon in June, languid and fragrant; the declining sun was in their faces as they went in company under the high arches of the elms, in a queer contrast of costume and personality. Carrick, the man of science, the adventurer in the bypaths of knowledge, affronted the Sabbath in the clothes which gave offense to the curate. He was a thin, impatient man, standing on the brink of middle age, with the hard, intent face of one accustomed to verify the evidence of his own senses. A habit he had of doing his thinking in the open air had left him tanned and limber; he walked easily, with the light foot of an athlete, while Mr. Newman, decorous in the black clothes which are the uniform of the regular churchgoer, trod deliberately at his side and mopped his brow with a handkerchief.

"It was very warm in the church this afternoon," explained Mr. Newman mildly—"very warm."

He was an older man than Carrick and altogether a riper and more complacent figure. He had a large and benevolent face, which would have been commonplace but for a touch of steadfastness and serenity which dignified it, and an occasional vivacity of the kindly eyes. One perceived in him a man who had come smoothly through life, secure in plain faiths and clear hopes, unafraid of destiny. Something reverend in his general effect accentuated his difference from his companion.

"Ventilation!" Carrick was saying. "On an afternoon like this you might as well shut those children up in a family vault. Twenty of them, all breathing carbonic acid gas, besides yourself—and that ass!"

"You mean the curate?" inquired Mr. Newman. "Really, he isn't an ass. He didn't like your clothes—that was all."

"What's the matter with 'em?" demanded Carrick, inspecting his shabby sleeve. "You don't want me to dress up like—like you, do you?"

"My dear fellow!" Mr. Newman smiled protestingly, lifting a suave hand. "I don't care how you dress. I don't want you to 'make broad your phylacteries,' you know."

Carrick snorted; and they walked in silence through the little village that lay below the church.

The matter they had in common, which bridged their diversity and made it possible for them to be, after their fashion, friends, was their interest in the subject that Carrick had made his own—experimental psychology. Like all successful business men, Mr. Newman had an unschooled aptitude for the science and had practiced it with profit on his competitors and employees before he knew a word of its terminology. In Carrick's bare and lamplit study they had joined forces to bewilder and undermine the intelligence of the sly spaniel; and there had been sessions of hypnotism, with Mr. Newman rigid in trances while Carrick groped, as it were, among the springs of his mind. The pair of them had incurred the indignation of European authorities, writing in obscure and costly little journals whose names the general public never hears. The bond of martyrdom—martyrdom in print—united them.

"By the way," suggested Mr. Newman when the village was behind them and they were walking between high hedgerows, flamboyant with summer growth—"by the way, wasn't there something you wanted to speak to me about?"

"Eh? Oh, yes," replied Carrick. "Rather! I want you to come to my place tonight and try something; a big thing."

"Tonight!" said Mr. Newman. "No; not tonight, Carrick."

"Why not?" demanded Carrick. "I tell you it's a big thing! I've had an idea of it for some time—those clairvoyant tests put me on to it; but I've only just got it clear. It's big."

Mr. Newman shook his head.

"Not tonight," he said. "You're a queer fellow, Carrick; you never can remember what day of the week it is for more than five minutes at a time."

"Oh!" Carrick scowled. "You mean it's Sunday. But this, I tell you—this isn't just an ordinary thing, Newman. I'll explain—it's new and it's big!"

"No," said Mr. Newman; "not tonight, Carrick—please!"

"Hang it!" said Carrick. He would have spoken more liberally, but the choice was between restraint in language and the loss of Mr. Newman as an acquaintance. That had been made clear soon after their first meeting.

Mr. Newman smiled and rested a large, smooth hand for a moment on Carrick's arm.

"We go by different roads to our goal, Carrick," he said; "but it is the same goal. We serve the same Master under different names and in different ways. You call Him Science and I call Him Christ—the same Master though; and my service takes me to church tonight. But tomorrow, if you like, I will come over to your place."

"Get back!" said Carrick violently to the dog. "To heel, you beast!"

The fork of the road was in front of them; they paused at the division of the way.

"Will that suit you?" inquired Mr. Newman. "I can come round after dinner."

Carrick gave him a look in which contempt, fury and a certain involuntary liking were strangely at war.

"Of all the sanctimonious asses!" he said, and broke off. "Good night!" he concluded abruptly.

"I'll come then," said Mr. Newman, smiling. "Good night, my dear fellow."

He went off at his deliberate gait, humming to himself the tune of the last hymn the children had sung at the Sunday-school. Evening was settling about him on the trees and fields; after the still heat of the sun it was like an amen to the day—a vast low note of organ music. There was a pond gleaming among the trees. "He leadeth me beside the still waters," he said aloud to himself; and then Carrick's footsteps were audible behind him. He turned; Carrick came up swiftly.

"Don't eat much dinner tomorrow night," Carrick said with immense seriousness.

"It's more hypnotism, then?" inquired Mr. Newman.

"Yes, but—it's a big thing all the same."

He clicked to his dog and went off abruptly, passing with long, jerky strides into the enveloping calm of the evening; and Mr. Newman resumed his homeward walk, taking up his mood of reflective quiet at the point where Carrick had broken in upon it. He was a man made for the Sabbath; he breathed the atmosphere of a day consecrated to observances with a pleasure that was almost sensuous. For him piety was that manner of life which gave the quality of Sunday to each of the seven days of the week, softening them and rendering them august with the sense of a great Presence presiding over their hours.

The curate who disliked Carrick occupied the pulpit that evening; he preached from half a text, after the manner of curates. "For they shall see God." He repeated it in a poignant undertone—he, tall and young and priestly in his vestments, seen against the dim glory of a stained window; and Mr. Newman, attentive in his pew, leaned forward suddenly to hear, like a man touched by excitement.

Carrick's study was one of a pair of rooms he had added to the farmhouse he inhabited, a long apartment of many windows, designed for spaciousness and possessing no other good quality. No fire could warm more than an end of it; and his lamp, wherever it was placed, was but a heart of light in a body of shadows. He had furnished it with the things he required—a desk was here, a table there, bookcases were along the walls; a variety of chairs stood where he happened to push them. It had the air of a waiting room.

Carrick was at his desk when Mr. Newman, on the Monday evening, was shown in to him by the widow who kept Carrick's house. He looked up with impatience as his guest entered.

"Oh, it's you?" was his greeting.

"Good evening," said Mr. Newman cheerfully. "You'd forgotten to expect me, I suppose; but I'm here, all the same."

Mr. Newman Raised His Thin Hands; His Tragic Face Compelled Carrick's Eyes

"All right," said Carrick. "Sit down somewhere, will you?" He rose and shoved a chair forward with his foot for Mr. Newman's accommodation, and began to walk slowly to and fro with his hands in his pockets.

"Well," said Mr. Newman, "and what's this new miracle we're going to work?"

"I'll show you," said Carrick, still walking. He stopped and turned toward his guest. "Newman," he said, "where do you reckon you were a hundred years ago?"

Mr. Newman laughed, crossing his legs as he sat.

"I'm not so old as that," he replied. "Whatever place you're thinking of, I wasn't there."

Carrick was frowning thoughtfully. "I'm not thinking of places," he said. "You—you exist; the matter that composes you is indestructible; the—the essential you; the thing in that matter which makes it mean something; the soul, if you like—that's indestructible too. Everything's indestructible. A hundred years hence you'll be somewhere; but where were you—you, that is—a hundred years ago?"

He pointed the "you" with a jabbing forefinger as he spoke it, standing in front of Mr. Newman in the lamplight and talking down to him.

"Oh!" said Mr. Newman. "I see—yes! A hundred years ago I was part of my Maker's unfinished plan of today."

"Were you?" said Carrick, snapping at him. "You were, eh? Part of—we'll see. Come over to the big chair and undo your collar."

Mr. Newman rose; the big armchair was his place when Carrick hypnotized him, and the loosening of his collar was part of the ritual.

"What is the idea?" he asked, fumbling at his stud.

"Tell you afterward," said Carrick. "If I told you now you'd not get it out of your mind. Hurry with that collar!"

"It is stiff," apologized Mr. Newman, arranging himself in the large chair. "How are you going to do it?"

Carrick's hot hand pressed his head back on the cushions. "Shut up!" he said. "Let yourself go, now—just let yourself go!"

The chair faced the blank, bare wall of the room; there was nothing in front of Mr. Newman for his eyes to rest on and take hold of—Carrick's hands no longer touched his head. Mr. Newman was alone in his chair in a posture of ease, with the gear of his mind slacked off, his consciousness unmoored to drift with whatever current should flow about it. He knew, without noting it, that something like a fog was creeping up about him; the pale wall was a bank of mist, stirring slowly; his pulse was a rhythm that lulled him faintly. He—the aggregate of powers, capacities, habits that made the sum of him—was adrift, flowing like a vapor that leaks into the air and thins abroad. A coolness was on his forehead, as of a little breeze.

Carrick, behind the chair, saw that his head drooped, and came round to look at him. He seemed to slumber, with his eyes half open; and his plump hands, white and luxurious, were clasped in his lap. Carrick considered him and then crossed to his desk to get his pipe. He expected to have to wait for some time.

But it was less than five minutes before Mr. Newman stirred like a man who moves in his sleep, and emitted a long, gusty sigh. His hands unclasped; he drove up to consciousness like a diver who shoots up through strangling fathoms of water to the generous air above. Life was compelling him; through the confusion of his senses he felt Carrick's hand on his shoulder and heard him speaking.

"Feeling quite all right—what? Here, drink some of this. It's only water. A drop more? Right!"

Mr. Newman pushed the glass away and sat upright, staring wide-eyed into the curious face of Carrick, who bent over him, tumbler in hand.

"All right?" asked Carrick again.

"Yes—now," replied Mr. Newman slowly; "but—what did you do to me, Carrick?"

Carrick gave a relieved snort and set the tumbler down on the mantelshelf.

"What did I do?" he repeated. "Opened a door for you—that's all! What did you find on the other side?"

Mr. Newman passed an uncertain hand across his eyes. The feeling with which he had returned to consciousness that liberties had been taken with him—was leaving him as the familiar, ugly room grew about him again.

"It was queer," he said doubtfully, and Carrick bent his head in eagerness to listen.

"You've been hypnotized before often enough. What was queer?"

"Hypnotism is unconsciousness so far as I'm concerned," said Mr. Newman; "but this—wasn't! Not dreams either; the thing was so absolutely real."

"Go on," said Carrick as he paused to ponder.

"I felt myself going off, you know, just as usual—the mistiness; the reposefulness; the last moment, when one would rebel if one could—but one can't; that was all ordinary. And then came the blank, that second of utter emptiness, as though one were alone in the wilderness of outer space and light were not yet created. As a rule, that ends it—one's asleep then; but this time I wasn't. It seemed—it sort of dawned toward me ——" Mr. Newman groped for a word which eluded him, with a face that brooded heavily.

He Seemed to Slumber, With His Eyes Half Open

"What did?" demanded Carrick.

"It was a lightness, first of all, a thinning of the dark, which grew and broadened until it was like a thing coming at me—like something thrown at me. And suddenly it was all about me and I was in it; and it was daylight—just ordinary daylight, you know. There was a white, flat road, with a hedge on one side and a low, leaning fence on the other; and over the fence there were fields; and I was walking along by the roadside with the thick, powdery dust kicking up from under my feet as I went." He paused.

"Yes?" cried Carrick. "Yes? Yes?"

"I don't remember what I was thinking," said Mr. Newman. "Perhaps I wasn't thinking. I saw a signpost farther along the road, with something like a long bundle—it was rather like a limp bolster, I fancy—hanging from it. I was staring toward it when there came a noise behind me like a trumpet being blown; and I turned to see a coach with four horses come tearing along toward me, with a redcoated man at the back blowing a horn. The roof of it was crowded with people curiously dressed; they all looked down on me as they came abreast, and their faces had a sort of strange roughness. I saw them as clearly as all that—a coarseness, it was—a kind of cruel stupidity. Several of them seemed to be pockmarked too. It struck me; I wondered how a coachload of such people had been gathered together; and I might have wondered longer, but one of them laughed, a great, neighing guffaw of a laugh as the coachman swung his whip." Mr. Newman paused and his hand floated to his face again. "It cut me across here," he said thoughtfully. "It—it hurt—awfully!"

Carrick nodded.

"And that was all," Mr. Newman went on. "At the sting of the lash, as though some one had turned a switch, the daylight went out—to the sound of that gross animal laugh. There were again the frozen dark, the solitude, the chill; and I heard you saying, as from another planet, across great gulfs of space: 'Drink some of this. It's only ——'"

"Yes?"

"It's like a memory of something that actually took place. I ought to have a wheal just below my eyes where the whip took me—it wasn't five minutes ago. I remember the dusty smell of that white road, and how the thing that hung on the signpost was—somehow—ugly and nasty. It's—it's awfully queer, Carrick."

"Yes!" Carrick sunk his hands in his pockets and walked away to the shadowy far end of the room. Mr. Newman sat in thought, flavoring the vivid quality of his vision, with his underlip caught up between his teeth. The great room was silent for a space of minutes.

"I say!" Carrick spoke from the other end of it.

"What?"

"That signpost you saw—it wasn't a signpost, you know."

"What was it, then?"

"It was a gallows," said Carrick—"with a man hanging on it."

There was a pause.

"Eh?" said Mr. Newman, and rose from his chair. "Carrick, what exactly did you do to me?"

"I sent you back a hundred years," Carrick answered in a measured voice. His excitement got the better of his restraint and his voice cracked. "Part of the—what was it you said you were, Newman?" he cried in a note of shrillness. "I tell you, man, you've proved a hundred things you never dreamed of—theories of mine. You've proved them, I tell you. I've dipped you back into the past as I dip my hands into water. What you saw was what happened; it was you—you, man, a hundred years ago. Oh, why did I stop at a hundred! A thousand—a dozen thousand years would have been as easy."

He came down the long room almost on a run.

"Newman," he said, taking the elder man by the arm with a swift, feverish hand, "we've got 'em—all those old diploma-screened fools that call us quacks—Kinzau, Berlier, Von Rascowiez, Scott-Evans—we've got 'em! We'll make 'em squeal. Before I've done with you, we'll see what the earth was like when it was in the pot, being cooked. You shall be a batwinged lizard again, a cave-dweller and a flint man. We'll turn you loose through history—our special correspondent at the siege of Troy—what?" He broke into high, uncontrollable laughter. "The Wandering Jew!" he babbled. "We'll show him!"

Mr. Newman heard him with growing wonder.

"Get yourself a drink," Mr. Newman said. "You're raving. I want to talk to you."

The word was enough; Carrick stopped laughing and walked away toward his desk. Mr. Newman, standing by the big armchair from which he had just risen, looked after him with a sudden liveliness growing in his face. The experience through which he had just come, abiding with him as so secure a memory, precluded the doubts he might otherwise have felt. Carrick's words and his excitement, so unusual in him, and the clear, unquestionable sense of recollection with which he summoned again to his mind the white, dusty road, the swaying body of the hanged man, the drum of the hoofs of the coach-horses—these stormed his reason and forced conviction on him.

"The siege of Troy, you said?" he asked with a nervous titter. The thing was gripping him.

Carrick had seated himself at his desk as though to steady himself by the sight of its prosaic litter. He looked

(Continued on Page 29)

ON MAIN STREET

A Decline in a Noble Industry

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

Little Alienists Who Ran Twelve to the Quart

TO AN innocent bystander, sitting back at a safe distance on the sidelines, it looks very much as though the expert insanity witness is going out of style in New York, where for years and years and years insanity experting has been at its best. I recall three fairly recent criminal cases of importance where insanity experts figured prominently that resulted disastrously—for the parties who hired the experts. The experts got their fees, no doubt, which was gratifying; but they lost their clients, which was distressing.

Quite a lot of scattering people seem to labor under the belief that expert insanity testimony is a comparatively new thing in criminal jurisprudence. No impression could be more erroneous, unless it is the one harbored by persons who push lawn-mowers for fun, that pushing lawn-mowers for fun is fun! Next to the alibi the insanity plea is probably the oldest defense there is; and certainly expert testimony was used as far back as the famous murder case of R. B. Robin, commonly known among his friends and round the clubs as Cock Robin, reported in Volume One of Goose on Evidence.

You will remember that after the defendant, Sparrow, shot up Cock Robin, it was the Fly with his little eye that saw him die. This Fly, I take it, was a fit example of the type of the well-meaning but slightly leather-headed citizen who turns up among the eye-witnesses and goes on the witness stand. You can imagine Mr. Fly getting all twistified and balled-up under cross-examination, and being sternly asked whether he wasn't the same identical Fly who, no longer ago than last summer, was accused of housebreaking and infanticide and kidnaping microbes—and whether it wasn't a fact that, at the supposed moment of the presumable commission of this seeming homicide, he was round the corner at the livery stable playing dominoes with a couple of friends; and his getting more and more confused in his answers, and being bullyragged by the lawyers a while and then by the judge a while—and finally departing from the scene a total wreck, leaving the impression behind that he is a born liar and always was one and the truth is not in him!

The Linnet on the Job

THEN there was the Fish, with his little dish, that caught the blood. This can have been no other than the bacteriological specialist who made a test of the red and white corpuscles, with a view to convincing the jury that the deceased really succumbed to pneumonia or fast living or acute alcoholism, and that being shot with an arrow had nothing really to do with it. The bacteriological specialist often has cold, fishy eyes and little side-whiskers like gill-fins—I know that from my own personal observation.

Also there was the Linnet, who'd be there in a minute—a Central Office Linnet, or fly cop, that was promptly on the job at the scene of the crime, looking mysterious and collecting clews and theories—and the Beetle, with his needle; and the Bull, who could pull; and the Owl, with his spade and trowel—and so on right down to all the Birds of the Air, that fell asighin' and aobbin' when they heard of the fate of the late Cock Robin. And these, one naturally assumes, were the Lady Birds of the Air, those temperamental, sentimental, highly emotional Lady Birds that bob up in every big murder case; and they probably aobbed not so much for the departed Cock Robin—because he was dead anyhow, and if his widow needed the money she could take in boarders—but on account of that poor, misguided, fascinating Mr. Sparrow, who was locked up in a cheerless old cell in a nasty old jail and not allowed to mingle with his friends, or anything! And they sent him flowers and tasty things to eat and sympathetic notes, and petitioned the governor to pardon him.

Nor is it any great difficulty to pick out the alienists. The Bull must have been the chief alienist for the state—he had the pull, you will recall—and there is frequently a great deal of bull about a murder trial in which insanity figures as the defense—bull pro and bull con, but mainly the latter. The Owl—vast, owl-eyed, pouter-breasted and filled out with dignity and importance until he threatened to rip—could have been no other than the principal expert for the defense. He had all the qualifications, including the habit of sleeping in the daytime; and you may figure him as taking his spade and trowel and digging down deep into the authorities and excavating a large assortment of long and gosh-awfully impressive Greek words and Latin phrases and German terms, for the mystification of the twelve dormice and tomtits and delicatessen dealers and tired real-estate brokers who will compose the jury. And you see him taking the stand at the proper moment and cocking his massive head to one side while the chief counsel for the prisoner—Br'er Fox probably assisted by Br'er Rabbit—turns loose a hypothetical question beginning, if it runs true to form, something like this:

"Assuming, doctor, please, that on the night in question—namely, as follows, the night of the ostensible death of the alleged Cock Robin—the defendant at the bar, Clarence Algernon Montmorency Sparrow, alias English Chip, had been eating a great number of things or else drinking them; and assuming that he did not wear the calm, reflectful cast of countenance of a man who is trying to decide whether he'll have his eggs fried on one side or turned over—but on the contrary that his hair was mussed and his eyes rolled in their sockets, precisely like a pair of white china doorknobs, only radically different; and assuming that he had a breath like a brandy sauce, and that, as the English say, a man's souse is his castle; and assuming further that you are going to get a large and nourishing fee if you make the right answer; and assuming that the defendant's Aunt Jane, in Wilkes-Barre, was as nutty as a fruitcake, and his grandfather, in Oskaloosa, had to wear cotton in his ears to keep his brains from blowing his side-whiskers off—and that they were acutely maniacal side-whiskers, as all side-whiskers necessarily are; and assuming that an Irishman wears red suspenders because the old hen crossed the road to get on the other side to find out how old Ann is and lay an egg and a half in a day and a half; and assuming quite a large number of other things of the same general nature or entirely otherwise, as the case may be; and assuming ——"

The reader, however, may supply for himself the remaining nine or ten thousand words from the hypothetical question of any properly regulated insanity defense, always bearing in mind that the main point is to confuse the jurors until they can't make heads or tails out of it, conceding that it ever had any heads or tails to start off with; and bearing in mind also that at the conclusion of the reading of it, which ought to be sometime day after tomorrow, Doctor Owl will make the answer that Br'er Fox has been expecting him to make—to-wit-to-whoo, that, on the occasion referred to, the unfortunate Sparrow was insane and didn't know what he was doing, but has since recovered his sanity and therefore ought to be turned loose and have his bow and arrows restored to him so he can go and do it some more.

Now there appears to be no known instance in New York, anyhow, of an alienist making the wrong answer from the witness stand. If he appeared for the state the man was legally sane and still is; if he appeared for the defense the man must have been insane at the time of the commission of the crime. So it may be taken as granted that, on this notable occasion, good old Doctor Squinch Owl, LL.D., M.D., C.O.D., delivered the goods.

The Owl Could Have Been No Other Than the Principal Expert for the Defense

The Battles of the Alienists

THE gentle art of expert witnessing reached its climax about five years ago. In a case I have in mind there were more alienists and better-paid alienists and busier alienists than in any case before or since. At times the prisoner could hardly wedge his way into court on account of the congestion of alienists of all sorts and shapes—big alienists, with a gross total displacement of half a ton, and little alienists who ran twelve to the quart; venerable, pursy alienists, so wrinkled that they looked clap-boarded, not to say clinker-built; and young, nervous little chickadee alienists, flitting from twig to twig and chirping happily; alienists with bushy eyebrows like box hedges, and alienists with whiskers vandyked down to a sharp point like evergreens in a cemetery; skinny alienists, contemplating the defendant with the selfish affection of a turkey vulture sitting on a fence waiting for old Dobbin to die; and round, plump alienists, at peace with the world and particularly with themselves—in short, all the known varieties of alienists and all getting well paid by the day for their alienating.

It must have cost somebody all the money in the world, because, next to a deckle-edge New York criminal lawyer, a good, reliable, experienced alienist broken to family use so any lady can drive him and warranted not to shy at passing objects is one of the most expensive luxuries a murderer can enjoy. Yet of late years round New York nearly every well-known and prominent murderer has been able to afford at least one or two.

Posterity owes a lot to these trials. Besides providing food, lodging, fine linen and new gold specs for a large mass of prominent alienists, one of them enabled a somewhat flustered alienist, who was being heckled under cross-examination, to compare a crazed mind to "a rudderless ship adrift without a balance wheel."

That trial presented an opportunity for the most marvelous exhibition of ground and lofty tumbling by expert witnesses that the world had ever seen. At the outset the defense had a lot of alienists ready to swear that, to the best of their several beliefs, the prisoner was legally insane when he killed his victim. The district attorney had others ready to swear that, in their opinion, he was perfectly sane at the time of the murder; but as the trial progressed the district attorney became convinced in his own mind that the accused was not mentally competent to confer with his counsel—or, in other words, that he was at the moment insane. Thereupon he halted the trial with a demand for a hearing before a lunacy commission. Immediately a strange situation presented itself—a situation which has had few parallels since Lewis Carroll wrote up a

certain other criminal trial for a work called Alice in Wonderland. The experts for the state got ready to testify that whatever the prisoner might have been in the immediate past he was now mad as a March hare; and the alienists for the defense were equally positive that, though six months before he had been violently insane, he was now probably the sanest and most intellectually gifted young man of his years in the land.

The lunacy commission, however, held that the prisoner was sane enough to be tried and all hands trailed back again to the court and to the trial jurors, who were supposed not to know anything at all about these other proceedings; and another magnificent display of professional and legal flexibility was put on before an admiring audience.

By reason of the ruling of the lunacy commission the district attorney's alienists were now justified in pronouncing the man legally sane and therefore liable to conviction, while the alienists for the defense, with equal propriety, could hold that, being insane when he killed his victim, the prisoner should be acquitted—but having subsequently recovered his reason he ought not to be locked up in an asylum after acquittal.

Before the tangle was finally unkinked more than one distinguished alienist had reversed himself so often that he must have felt like a quarter-mile track; and it begun to look as if the ultimate result would be the evolution of an expert witness ready to believe black was white on Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays, and white was black on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, but making no definite decision on Thursdays—Thursdays being his afternoons out. However, because the language of the statute defining legal insanity as distinguished from medical insanity made such a thing perfectly possible and perfectly proper nobody gave way to laughter at the time. The judge took it seriously, and some of the jurors took it so seriously that their heads hurt them; and even the alienists took it seriously, which was the biggest joke of all.

Toward their distinguished brethren on the other side they each and all maintained a strictly professional and entirely ethical gravity, which was impressive, oppressive and depressive.

Studying the Wild and Roving Eye

THEN take the case of Gallagher, the man who attempted to kill Mayor Gaynor and was tried last year. Gallagher's defense was the old reliable standby—insanity; and originally the alienists for both sides—the alienists for Gallagher and the alienists for the commonwealth—agreed that he was off mentally; though one or two turned round afterward without losing step and decided that he was plenty sane enough to know what he had done and to be punished for doing it. Nevertheless, the preponderance of expert testimony slanted heavily to the insanity plea.

Gallagher's trial opened one morning. The lawyer who had been appointed to defend him said the defense would be insanity. Inside of twenty minutes a lunacy jury was hearing evidence to that effect. Inside of two hours the jury decided that Gallagher was sane enough for all practical and present purposes. Next morning the trial proper started. By the strange operations of Jersey justice, which moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, some of the men who had been on the lunacy jury were now on the trial jury. Still the defense was insanity. Did the jurors accept the testimony of the alienists? They did not. Gallagher went to the state prison at Trenton, where he stayed until paresis developed as a result of an organic trouble of years' standing, and then he went to the asylum.

On top of this there came a few months later another distressful jolt. A fireworksy financier of New York was locked up after he had wrecked a bank. So on the eve of his arrest he went crazy in a striking, not to say spectacular, manner—went tumultuously and unanimously crazy, with all the frills fancy insertion down the front and three rows of real old-point insanity round the bottom. After he had been suitably locked up and was holding converse in his cell with little birds that nobody else could see, his lawyer engaged several alienists of the highest repute to examine him searchingly.

They called on the prisoner, harkened to his conversations, studied his wild and roving eye a while and then reported back that he was insane nine ways from the jack—or words to that tenor. The district attorney, being unconvinced, sent other and equally prominent alienists to look the captive over. Now this second group, unlike the first, were presumed to start in on the cold and unsympathetic assumption that the man was pretending; but they looked him over and then they too agreed without a dissenting voice that the man couldn't be any crazier than he was without coming apart. There could be absolutely no two ways about it—alongside of him June bugs were absolutely self-contained and logical. In all there were thirteen alienists—oh, sad and fateful number!—on record as saying that, in their respective opinions, this person was insane. They represented different schools of thought and theory; but for this once, anyhow, they could get together and put the thing through by acclamation.

The man's lawyer was a former district attorney now out of office and in private practice. Naturally he clamored for a lunacy trial for his afflicted client. A lunacy trial it was. Twelve hardheaded citizens were drawn to serve on the jury. Undoubtedly all twelve must have been from Missouri and points beyond. They listened to the solemn words of divers and sundry of the thirteen concurring alienists of note, took a look at the accused and in about fifteen minutes decided that he was good and sane—and rendered a judgment to that effect. Moreover, the judge on the bench commended them for their verdict—and the newspapers did too.

It was an awful dent for the entire experting industry and it was not to be borne in silence. The gorge of each one of those thirteen distinguished alienists rose. An alienist cannot put his card in the paper, because that would be unprofessional; but I am reliably informed that his gorge may rise. And on this occasion it sure riz! The lawyer's gorge likewise rose—rising to the height of the Singer Building and bursting with a loud report and a discharge of red, green, blue and lavender colored balls. The sight of these fourteen distinguished gorges—thirteen medical gorges and one legal gorge—all soaring in midair at one and the same time naturally made talk. Parties residing in the suburbs thought New York had started in to celebrate the Fourth of July six months ahead of time.

The active movement in gorges continued unabated for a considerable spell of time. The former district attorney made a speech to a wing of the County Medical Society, denouncing the jury that rendered the verdict and the judge who accepted it; the medical society applauded and the speaker came very nearly getting himself disciplined

Holding Converse in His Cell With Little Birds That Nobody Else Could See

for contempt of court. Various indignant persons wrote various indignant letters to various papers about it. And fourteen red-hot gorges continued to hover on the horizon until the prisoner's trial on one of the indictments against him was started, and then all of a sudden they dropped so hard that the evening papers that night quoted Prime Fancy Gorges at something like four points less than nothing at all—and no reasonable offer refused; for, by taking a plea of guilty and turning state's evidence against his confederates, the supposed maniac practically confessed that he was as sane as anybody.

The Art of Aping Insanity

HIS success lay in the fact that in his malingering he was supposed to have had good outside advice. Most of the men who ape insanity to save themselves from the consequences of their misdeeds make the mistake of pretending to suffer from all the different sorts of insane delusions and tendencies they can think up. Some one, though, must have told this man that the symptoms of different forms of insanity differ as widely and distinctly as the symptoms of different forms of disease, and he was shrewd enough to pick out a staple set of delusions—and stick to them. And because no form of insanity, with one exception, is necessarily characterized by any manifest change in the physical outer man, he was able to deceive the alienists.

Thereupon the public burst into a loud, long laugh, and when the public bursts into a laugh it is a bad sign. So now it actually looks as though, after flourishing so beautifully all these years, the business of expert insanity testifying is liable to go into a decline, though of course for the conscientious and skilled alienist there will still be a legitimate demand.

All the Known Varieties of Alienists and All Getting Well Paid by the Day for Their Alienating

The New Community Skyscraper

Its Five Basic "Ifs"—By James H. Collins

EDISON has pointed out the odd paradox that the great development of the automobile was made possible chiefly by its weakest mechanical feature—the pneumatic tire. This big rubber doughnut filled with air is costly and very often uncertain compared with other auto parts; yet the auto as we know it now could hardly have been perfected without it. The pneumatic tire is the great "if" of the whole automobile industry.

Most industries and inventions rest on an "if" somewhere. The modern skyscraper is no exception. It rests on that little word "if" five times repeated and interlinked, in this order of importance:

First—The steel skeleton.
Second—The deep foundation.
Third—The fast elevator.
Fourth—The telephone.
Fifth—The skyscraper population.

Steel-skeleton construction on raft-foundations made small skyscrapers possible by taking the weight of a building off the walls and transferring it to the whole area of the site. Old-fashioned masonry buildings of ten stories were possible, but the great thickness of their walls at the street level, necessary to carry the enormous weight above, restricted their rentable space and windows. Ten stories was about their limit for practical business purposes.

The steel-skeleton type of construction changed all that, because as the walls for each floor rested on the steel work of that floor, a fifteen-story building might be erected with walls only a foot thick at the bottom and six inches thick at the top.

After the skyscraper on raft foundations had been carried to about twenty stories, however, there began to be a limit of weight, for the tremendous tonnages of higher buildings involved settlement, tilting and other difficulties. One of the last and tallest buildings erected on a raft foundation was provided with hydraulic jacks under its columns, so that it could be kept level by raising any part affected. Finally the bridge builder was called into the skyscraper industry, and when he had put legs of concrete down to bed rock it was possible to carry tall buildings up to almost any height. Today the engineer says that he can put up a two-thousand-foot skyscraper if anybody can pay for it. It is purely a matter of cost and profit, not of engineering limits.

Building the Modern Business Tower

AS SOON as these structures began spreading up into the air and down into the ground the fast elevator became absolutely necessary, for there are now skyscrapers in which the man with an office on the top floor would have to walk up an eighth of a mile if he depended on the stairs. If the early elevators running a hundred feet a minute were still in use it would take him about fifteen minutes to ride up and back.

Furthermore, if the skyscraper and the elevator service were installed, but no telephones, it would still be an impossible structure. Communication by messenger between business houses in a skyscraper district is out of the question. There would not be enough boys. Nobody could pay them if there were. Streets would not hold them, much less elevators—the very elevator systems are run by telephone. It is difficult now to recall days when speaking-tubes prevailed and some firms had, connecting distant departments, a private telegraph wire operated by clerks who knew the Morse code.

Finally, the whole skyscraper would be impossible if there were no skyscraper people to fill it and carry on skyscraper business. Skyscraper people are new. Our cities thirty years ago had retail and wholesale merchants, manufacturers, bankers, lawyers, brokers. Business was done on an individual or partnership basis—the corporation was not yet developed.

Also business was largely local, and a firm did business in its home town or perhaps reached out over a couple of states. The manufacturer's office was at his factory and the broker had a warehouse for goods right at hand. The various trades gathered in certain streets, occupying individual buildings.

But today business is national, on a corporate basis and widely scattered, and a hundred thousand loose ends are brought together in the skyscrapers that have risen in our chief cities. The physical plant of many a big manufacturing company may be seen in its factories and distributing branches spread over a dozen states; but the executive plant will be found in an Eastern skyscraper. There the officers supervise, the directors direct, the sales force plans,

Steel Reenforcement for a Concrete Pile in the Woolworth Building Foundation

the technical men experiment, test, invent. The merchant now has his chain of stores in fifty cities, but his office is frequently in a skyscraper.

Machinery and supply men formerly did business in some street of their own, with their goods all round them. Now the goods are in a dozen warehouses about the country for convenience in making quick shipments, and the street has been compressed into a skyscraper, where office detail is attended to. Thus they preserve their community, grown too large for a street of its own at present land values.

Telephones and trolley systems, central stations and public-service corporations have sprung up from nothing in thirty years. They are managed from skyscrapers and their securities marketed and transferred there. Great advances have been made in engineering and in the selection and testing of materials used in industry. The engineers, chemists and technical men are in skyscrapers at the great business centers. Selling, publishing and advertising have been developed and furnish skyscraper population. Life insurance has quadrupled in twenty years, and not only furnishes skyscraper tenants, but provides funds to build many of the tall buildings. These are the skyscraper people, and the whole tendency in tall-building development today is toward bringing them closer and closer together in communities, so that all the executives and experts connected with a given industry or trade may be close to each other—probably in the same building.

The work of putting together the steel cage that forms the frame of the skyscraper is a detail most familiar and fascinating to the public. The speed with which this steel is erected almost surpasses belief. Recently a twenty-seven-story office structure was ready for tenants in less than a year after the contract for its erection was signed. Steelwork for a twenty-story building in Chicago has been erected in six weeks.

Such speed, however, is not more admirable than the way in which the builder often manages to put his skyscraper together in a small working space. Some antiquated structure is drawn from the middle of a downtown block, like an old tooth, and a skyscraper inserted in its place. The narrow street on the one open side of the site must not be blocked; even the sidewalk must be maintained. So the builder hauls his material from day to day as it is wanted. The work runs according to a schedule laid out beforehand. The distant steel mills furnish beams and girders to exact dimensions. Perhaps a storage place in the railroad yards is hired in which to hold steel for a few days as it comes in, and from there the various parts are hauled to the building, often being lifted from the truck to go direct into their places.

Picture Puzzles Made of Steel

THE longest and heaviest beams and girders are usually hauled on Sunday, when streets are empty; and if Rosa Bonheur could have seen a sixty-ton girder being transported on a twenty-ton truck by a string of thirty-six big draft horses she would undoubtedly have been inspired to paint a very different Horse Fair. The sight makes the most direct appeal to the imagination. A sixty-ton girder on its way to its place is an unwritten poem. Its weight and power and majesty arouse one's awe.

If the superintendent of the street-railway company happens to be round, the poem has light as well as shade, for these tremendous loads smash his manhole-covers. He will sometimes walk alongside the truck and curse the driver. This is purely comic relief, however, for the courts have decided that his manhole-covers must be strong enough to bear the traffic. Yet in the presence of such traffic the street-railway man may well be in favor of recall of judicial decisions.

As skyscrapers grow in height the steel columns grow in mass and strength, until the framework necessary in a structure such as the new Woolworth Building, New York, make the earlier steel skyscraper skeleton look somewhat like a wire bird cage. The work of erecting is peculiarly typical of American during and standard methods. Europe provides no sight like that of a great steel member rising five or six hundred feet into the air on a couple of spider webs, with a human fly riding on the load. Standardization has been applied to this steelwork to such a degree that it is now possible to construct an average skyscraper largely of stock parts shipped from the mill.

With increase of height, provision must be made for wind pressures on the building. Some structures are so ample, in proportion to their sites, that a rigid framework provides for this pressure. When the height runs up more than three times the base, however, the building becomes a tower and needs additional strength to resist wind. Sometimes the tower is anchored to its foundation columns of concrete, like the Singer Building, and becomes a cantilever bridge set on end. Again it is made rigid and heavy, as in the case of the Metropolitan Tower, and withstands wind chiefly by weight, like a tall chimney. In still other cases, as in the Woolworth Building, the steel cage is reënforced by diagonal braces that strengthen the fabric and distribute wind pressure over its frame.

How carefully these pressures are figured was shown by an incident in erecting the Municipal Building. Granite for its walls is so hard that under ordinary conditions five years would have been needed to quarry the vast quantity used. In this case, however, the contractors pushed the quarry work and got their stone in two years. Still, some of the granite for the upper floors was ready before that needed lower down. As each floor of a skeleton building carries its own walls, that upper wall might have been laid before the lower easily enough; but had this been done, the wind pressure against the upper stories would have centered great strains and probably led to the collapse of the steel cage. With the entire wall up, of course the strains were evenly distributed.

(Concluded on Page 38)

A Tale of Two Jacobean Chairs

Not a Detective Story—By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

YES, Mr. Lubliner," said Max Merech as he sat in the front parlor of Elkan's flat one April Sunday: "if you are going to work to buy furniture, understand me, it's just so easy to select good-looking chairs as bad-looking chairs."

"*Aber* sometimes it's a whole lot harder to sit on 'em comfortably," Elkan retorted sourly. On the eve of moving to a larger apartment he and Yetta had invited Max to suggest a plan for furnishing and decorating their new dwelling; and it seemed to Elkan that Max had taken undue advantage of the privilege thus accorded him. Indeed, Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company's esthetic designer held such pronounced views on interior decoration, and had expressed them so freely to Elkan and Yetta, that after the first half-hour of his visit the esteem which they had always felt toward their plush furniture and Wilton rugs had changed—first to indifference and then, in the case of Yetta at least, to loathing.

"I always told you that the couch over there was hideous, Elkan," Yetta said.

"Hideous it ain't," Max interrupted; "*aber* it ain't so beautiful."

"Well, stick the couch in the bedroom, then," Elkan said. "It makes no difference to me."

"Sure, I know," Yetta exclaimed; "but what would we put in its place?"

Elkan shrugged his shoulders.

"What d'ye ask me for?" Elkan cried. "Like as not I'd say another couch."

"There is couches and couches," Max said with an apologetic smile; "but if you would ask my advice I would say why not a couple nice chairs there—something in monhogany, like Shippendaler *oder* Sheratin."

Suddenly he slapped his thigh in an access of inspiration.

"I came pretty near forgetting!" he cried. "I got the very thing you want—and a big bargain too! Do you know Louis Dishkes, which he runs the Villy dee Paris Store in Amsterdam Avenue?"

"I think I know him," Elkan said with ironic emphasis. "He owes us four hundred dollars for two months already."

"Well, Dishkes is got a brother-in-law by the name Ringentaub, on Allen Street, which he is a dealer in antics."

"Antics!" Elkan exclaimed.

"Sure!" Max explained. "Antics old furniture and old silver."

"You mean a second-hand store?" Elkan suggested.

"Not a second-hand store," Max declared. "A second-hand store is got old furniture from two years old *oder* ten years old, understand me; *aber* an antic store carries old furniture from a hundred years old already."

"And this here Ringentaub is got furniture from a hundred years old already?" Elkan cried.

"From older even," answered Max; "from two hundred and fifty years old also."

"*Ich glaub's!*" Elkan cried.

"You can believe it *oder* not, Mr. Lubliner," Max continued; "but Ringentaub got in his store a couple Jacobean chairs, which they are two hundred and fifty years old already. And them chairs you could buy at a big sacrifice yet."

Elkan and Yetta exchanged puzzled glances, and Elkan even tapped his forehead significantly.

"They was part of a whole set," Max went on, not noticing his employer's gesture; "the others Ringentaub sold to a collector."

Elkan flipped his right hand.

"A collector is something else again," he said; "but me I ain't no collector, Max, *Gott sei Dank!* I got my own business, Max, and I ain't got to buy from two hundred and fifty years old furniture."

"Why not?" Max asked. "B. Gans is got his own business, too, Mr. Lubliner, and a good business also; and he buys yet from Ringentaub—only last week already-an angry cat cabinet which it is three hundred years old already."

"An angry cat cabinet!" Elkan exclaimed.

"That's what I said," Max continued; "'angry' is French for 'Henry' and 'cat' is French for 'fourth'; so this here cabinet was made three hundred years ago when Henry the Fourth was king of France—and B. Gans buys it last week already for five hundred dollars!"

Therewith Max commenced a half-hour dissertation upon antique furniture which left Yetta and Elkan more undecided than ever.

"And you are telling me that big people like B. Gans and Andrew Carnegie buys this here antics for their houses?" Elkan asked.

"J. P. Morgan also," Max replied. "And them Jacobean chairs there you could get for fifty dollars already."

"Well, it wouldn't do no harm supposing we would go down and see 'em," Yetta suggested.

"Some night next week," Elkan added, "*oder* the week after."

"For that matter, we could go tonight too," Max rejoined. "Sunday is like any other night down on Allen Street, and you got to remember that Jacobean chairs is something which you couldn't get whenever you want 'em. Let me tell you just what they look like."

Here he descanted so successfully on the beauty of Jacobean furniture that Yetta added her persuasion to his, and Elkan at length surrendered.

"All right," he said. "First we would have a little something to eat and then we would go down there."

Hence, a few minutes after eight that evening they alighted at the Spring Street subway station; and Max Merech piloted Elkan and Yetta beneath elevated railroads and past the windows of brass shops, with their gleaming show of candlesticks and samovars, to a little basement store near the corner of Rivington Street.

"It don't look like much," Max apologized as he descended the few steps leading to the entrance; "*aber* he's got an elegant stock inside."

When he opened the door a trigger affixed to the door knocked against a rusty bell, but no one responded. Instead, from behind a partition in the rear came sounds of an angry dispute; and as Elkan closed the door behind him one of the voices rose higher than the rest.

"Take my life—take my blood, Mr. Sammet!" it said; "because I am making you the best proposition I can, and that's all there is to it."

Max was about to stamp his foot when Elkan laid a restraining hand on his shoulder; and, in the pause that followed, the heavy, almost hysterical breathing of the last speaker could be heard in the front of the store.

"I don't want your life *oder* your blood, Dishkes," came the answer in bass tones, which Elkan recognized as the voice of his competitor, Leon Sammet. "I am your heaviest creditor, and all I want is that you should protect me."

"I know you are my heaviest creditor," Louis Dishkes replied. "To my sorrow I know it! If it wouldn't be for your rotten stickers which I got in my place, might I would be doing a good business there today, maybe!"

"*Schmooes*, Dishkes!" Sammet replied. "The reason you didn't done a good business there is that you ain't no business man, Dishkes—and anyhow, Dishkes, it don't do no good you should insult me!"

"What d'ye mean insult you?" Dishkes cried angrily. "I ain't insulting you, Sammet. You are insulting me. You want me I should protect you and let my other creditors go to the devil—ain't it? What d'ye take me for—a crook?"

"That's all right," Sammet declared. "I wouldn't dandy words with you, Dishkes. For the last time I am asking you: Will you take advantage of the offer I am getting for you from the Mercantile Outlet Company, of Nashville, for your entire stock? Otherwise I would got nothing more to say to you."

There was a sound of scuffling feet as the party in the rear of the store rose from their chairs.

"You ain't got no need to say nothing more to me, Mr. Sammet," Dishkes announced firmly, "because I am through with you, Mr. Sammet. Your account ain't due till tomorrow, and you couldn't do nothing till Tuesday. Ain't it? So Tuesday morning early you should go ahead and sue me, and if I couldn't raise money to save myself I will go *mechullah;* but it'll be an honest *mechullah*, and that's all there is to it."

As Dishkes finished speaking Elkan drew Max and Yetta into the shadow cast by a tall highboy; and, without noticing their presence, Leon Sammet plunged toward the door and let himself out into the street.

Immediately Elkan tiptoed to the door and threw it wide open, after which he shuffled his feet with sufficient noise to account for the entrance of three people. Thereat Ringentaub emerged from behind the partition.

"Hello, Ringentaub," Max cried. "I am bringing you here some customers."

Ringentaub bowed and coughed a warning to Dishkes and Mrs. Ringentaub, who continued to talk in hoarse whispers behind the partition.

"What's the matter, Ringentaub?" Max Merech asked; "couldn't you afford it here somehow a little light?"

Ringentaub reached into the upper darkness and turned on a gas-jet which had been burning a blue point of flame.

"I keep it without light here on purpose," he said, "on account Sundays is a big night for the candlestick fakers up the street and I don't want to be bothered with their trade. What could I show your friends, Mr. Merech?"

Max winked almost imperceptibly at Elkan and prepared to approach the subject of the Jacobean chairs by a judicious détour.

"Do you got maybe a couple Florentine frames, Ringentaub?" he asked; and Ringentaub shook his head.

"Florentine frames is hard to find nowadays, Mr. Merech," he said; "and I guess I told it you Friday that I ain't got none."

Elkan shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I thought might you would of picked up a couple since then, maybe," Max rejoined, glancing round him. "You got a pretty nice highboy over there, Ringentaub, for a reproduction."

Ringentaub nodded satirically.

"That only goes to show how much you know about such things, Mr. Merech," he retorted, "when you are calling reproductions something which it is a gen-wine Shippendaler, understand me, in elegant condition."

"You Would Look Shabby Too, Lady, if You Would be Two Hundred and Fifty Years Old"

"What is the Motto of the I. O. M. A.?" Pinkman Thundered. "'Justice, Fraternity and Charity'"

It was now Elkan's turn to nod, and he did so with just the right degree of skepticism as at last he broached the object of his visit.

"I suppose," he said, "that them chairs over there is also gen-wine Jacobean chairs?"

II

"I'LL tell you what I'll do with you, Mr. Merech," Ringentaub declared. "You could bring down here any of them good Fourth Avenue or Fifth Avenue dealers, understand me, or any connoozer you want to name, like Jacob Paul, *oder* anybody, y'understand; and if they would say them chairs ain't gen-wine Jacobean I'll make 'em a present to you free for nothing."

"I ain't *schnorring* for no presents, Mr. Ringentaub," Max declared. "Bring 'em out in the light and let's give a look at 'em."

Ringentaub drew the chairs into the center of the floor, and placing them beneath the gas-jet he stepped backward and tilted his head to one side in silent admiration.

"*Nu*, Mr. Merech," he said at last, "am I right or am I wrong? Is the chairs gen-wine *oder* not? I leave it to your friends here."

Max turned to Elkan, who had been edging away toward the partition, from which came scraps of conversation between Dishkes and Mrs. Ringentaub.

"What do you think, Mr. Lubliner?" Max asked; and Elkan frowned his annoyance at the interruption, for he had just begun to catch a few words of the conversation in the rear room.

"Sure—sure!" he said absently. "I leave it to you and Mrs. Lubliner."

Yetta's face had fallen as she viewed the apparently decayed and rickety furniture.

"Ain't they terrible shabby-looking!" she murmured, and Ringentaub shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"You would look shabby, too, lady," he said, "if you would be two hundred and fifty years old; *aber* if you want to see what they look like after they are restored, y'understand, I got back there one of the rest of the set which I already sold to Mr. Paul; and I am fixing it up for him."

As he finished speaking he walked to the rear and dragged forward a reseated and polished duplicate of the two chairs.

"I dassent restore 'em before I sell 'em," Ringentaub explained; "otherwise no one believes they are gen-wine."

"And how much do you say you want for them chairs, Ringentaub?" Max asked.

"I didn't say I wanted nothing," Ringentaub replied. "The fact is, I don't know whether I want to keep them chairs *oder* not. You see, Mr. Merech, Jacobean chairs is pretty near so rare nowadays that it would pay me to wait a while. In a couple of years them chairs double in value already."

"Sure, I know," Max said. "You could say the same thing about your whole stock, Ringentaub; and so, if I would be you, Ringentaub, I would take a little vacation of a couple years or so. Go round the world *mit* Mrs. Ringentaub, understand me, and by the time you come back you are worth twicet as much as you got today; but just to help pay your rent while you are away, Mr. Ringentaub, I'll make you an offer of thirty-five dollars for the chairs."

Ringentaub seized a chair in each hand and dragged them noisily to one side.

"As I was saying," he announced, "I ain't got no Florentine frames, Mr. Merech; so I am sorry we couldn't do no business."

"Well, then, thirty-seven-fifty, Mr. Ringentaub," Max continued; and Ringentaub made a flapping gesture with both hands.

"Say, lookyhere," he growled, "what is the use talking nonsense, Mr. Merech? For ten dollars apiece you could get on Twenty-third Street a couple chairs, understand me, made in some big factory, y'understand—A Number One pieces of furniture—which would suit you a whole lot better as gen-wine pieces. These here chairs is for connoozers, Mr. Merech; so, if you want any shiny candlesticks *oder* Moskva samovars from brass-spinners on Center Street, y'understand, a couple doors uptown you would find plenty fakers. *Aber* here is all gen-wine stuff, y'understand; and for gen-wine stuff you got to pay full price, understand me, which if them chairs stays in my store till they are five hundred years old already I wouldn't take a cent less for 'em as fifty dollars."

Max turned inquiringly to Mrs. Lubliner; and, during the short pause that followed, the agonized voice of Louis Dishkes came once more from the back room.

"What could I do?" he said to Mrs. Ringentaub. "I want to be square *mit* everybody, and I must got to act quick on account that sucker Sammet will close me up sure."

"*Ai, tsuris!*" Mrs. Ringentaub moaned; at which her husband coughed noisily and Elkan moved nearer to the partition.

"Would you go as high as fifty dollars, Mrs. Lubliner?" Max asked, and Yetta nodded.

"All right, Mr. Ringentaub," Max concluded; "we'll take 'em at fifty dollars."

"And you wouldn't regret it neither," Ringentaub replied. "I'll make you out a bill right away."

He darted into the rear room and slammed the partition door behind him.

"*Koosh*, Dishkes!" he hissed. "Ain't you got no sense at all—blabbing out your business in front of all them strangers?"

It was at this juncture that Elkan rapped on the door.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ringentaub," he said, "but I ain't no stranger to Mr. Dishkes—not by four hundred dollars already."

He opened the door as he spoke, and Dishkes, who was sitting at a table with his head bowed on his hands, looked up mournfully.

"*Nu*, Mr. Lubliner!" he said. "You are after me, too, ain't it?"

Elkan shook his head.

"Not only I ain't after you, Dishkes," he said, "but I didn't even know you was in trouble until just now."

"And you never would of known," Ringentaub added, "if he ain't been such a *dummer Ochs* and listened to people's advice. He got a good chance to sell out, and he wouldn't took it."

"Sure, I know," Elkan said, "to an auction house; the idee being to run away *mit* the proceeds and leave his creditors in the lurches!"

Dishkes again buried his head in his hands, while Ringentaub blushed guiltily.

"That may be all right in the antic business, Mr. Ringentaub," Elkan went on, "but in the garment business we ain't two hundred and fifty years behind the times exactly. We got associations of manufacturers and we got good lawyers, too, understand me; and we get right after crooks like Sammet, just the same as some of us helps out retailers that want to be decent, like Dishkes here."

Louis Dishkes raised his head suddenly.

"Then you heard the whole thing!" he cried; and Elkan nodded.

"I heard enough, Dishkes," he said; "and, if you want my help you could come down to my place tomorrow morning at ten o'clock."

At this juncture the triggered bell rang loudly, and raising his hand for silence Ringentaub returned to the store.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Paul!" he said.

He addressed a broad-shouldered figure arrayed in the height of Canal Street fashion.

Aside from his clothing, however, there was little to betray the connoisseur of fine arts and antiques in the person of Jacob Paul, who possessed the brisk, businesslike manner and steel-blue eyes of a detective sergeant.

"Hello, Ringentaub!" he said. "You are doing a rushing business here—ain't it? More customers in the back room too?"

He glanced sharply at the open doorway in the partition, through which Elkan and Dishkes could be seen engaged in earnest conversation.

"*Yow*—customers!" Ringentaub exclaimed. "You know how it is in the antic business, Mr. Paul. For a hundred that looks, understand me, one buys; and that one, Mr. Paul, he comes into your place a dozen times before he makes up his mind yet."

"Well," Paul said with a smile, "I've made up my mind at last, Ringentaub, and I'll take them other two chairs at forty-five dollars."

Ringentaub nodded his head slowly.

"I thought you would, Mr. Paul," he said; "but just the same you are a little late, on account this here gentleman already bought 'em for fifty dollars."

A shade of disappointment passed over Paul's face as he turned to Max Merech.

"I congratulate you, Mister —"

"Merech," Max suggested.

"Merech," Paul continued. "You paid a high price for a couple of good pieces."

"I ain't paying nothing," Max replied. "I bought 'em for this lady here and her husband."

It was then that Jacob Paul for the first time noticed Yetta's presence, and he bowed apologetically.

"Is he also a collector?" he asked, and Max shook his head.

"He's in the garment business," Yetta volunteered, "for himself."

A puzzled expression wrinkled Paul's flat nose.

"I guess I ain't caught the name," he said.

"Lubliner," Yetta replied; "Elkan Lubliner, of Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company."

"You don't tell me!" Jacob Paul said. "And so Mr. Lubliner is interested in antiques. That's quite a jump, from cloaks and suits to antiques already."

"Well," Merech explained, "Mr. Lubliner is refurnishing his house."

"Maybe," Elkan added as he appeared in the doorway of the partition, followed by Dishkes and Mrs. Ringentaub. "Buying a couple pieces of furniture is one thing, Merech, and refurnishing your house is another."

"You made a good start anyhow," Paul interrupted. "A couple chairs like them gives a tone to a room which is got crayon portraits hanging in it even."

Yetta blushed in the consciousness of what she had always considered to be a fine likeness of Elkan's grandfather—the Lubliner *Rav*—which hung in a silver-and-plush frame over the mantelpiece of the Lubliner front

"The Best of Them Suckers Could Agree Till They are Black in the Face"

parlor. Elkan was unashamed, however, and he glared angrily at the connoisseur, who had started to leave the store.

"I suppose," he cried, "it ain't up to date that a feller should have hanging in his flat a portrait of his grandfather—*olav hasholem!*—which he was a learned man and a *Tzadek*, if ever there was one."

Paul hesitated, with his hand on the doorknob.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Lubliner," he said solemnly; "to me a crayon portrait is rotten, understand me, if it would be of a *Tzadek oder* a murderer."

And with a final bow to Mrs. Lubliner he banged the door behind him.

"Well, what d'ye think for a *Rosher* like that?" Elkan exclaimed.

"The fellow is disappointed that you got ahead of him buying the chairs, Mr. Lubliner," Ringentaub explained; "so he takes a chance that you and Mrs. Lubliner is that kind of people which is got hanging in the parlor crayon portraits, understand me, and he knocks you for it."

Elkan shrugged his shoulders.

"What could you expect from a feller which is content at fifty years of age to be a collector only?" he asked, and Dishkes nodded sympathetically.

"I bet yer, Mr. Lubliner," he agreed; "and so I would be at your store tomorrow morning at ten o'clock sure."

III

"I DON'T doubt your word for a minute, Elkan," Marcus Polatkin said the following morning when Elkan related to him the events of the preceding night; "*aber* you couldn't blame Sammet none. Concerns like Sammet Brothers, which they are such dirty crooks that everybody is got suspicions of 'em, y'understand, must got to pay their bills prompt to the day, Elkan; because if they wouldn't be themselves good collectors, understand me, they would bust up quick."

"Sammet Brothers ain't in no danger of busting up," Elkan declared.

"Ain't they?" Marcus rejoined. "Well, you would be surprised, Elkan, if I would tell you that only yesterday already I am speaking to a feller by the name Hirsch, which works for years by the Hamsuckett Mills as city salesman, understand me, and he says that the least Sammet Brothers owes them people is ten thousand dollars."

"That shows what a big business they must do," Elkan said.

"*Vos*—a big business!" Marcus concluded. "This here Hirsch says not only Sammet Brothers' business falls off something terrible, y'understand, but they are also getting to be pretty slow pay; and if it wouldn't be that the Hamsuckett people is helping 'em along, *veratehat du*, they would of gone up *schon* long since already."

"And a good job too," Elkan said. "The cloak-and-suit trade could worry along without 'em, Mr. Polatkin; but anyhow, Mr. Polatkin, I ain't concerned with Sammet Brothers. The point is this: Dishkes says he has got a good stand there on Amsterdam Avenue, and if he could only hold on a couple months longer he wouldn't got no difficulty in pulling through."

Polatkin shrugged his shoulders.

"For my part," he said, "it wouldn't make no difference if Dishkes busts up now *oder* two months from now."

"But the way he tells me yesterday," Elkan replied, "not only he wouldn't got to bust up on us if he gets his two months' extension, but he says he would be doing a good business at that time."

Polatkin nodded skeptically.

"Sure, I know, Elkan," he said. "If everybody which is asking an extension would do the business they hope to do before the extension is up, Elkan," he said, "all the prompt-pay fellows must got to close up shop on account there wouldn't be enough business to go round."

"Well, anyhow," Elkan rejoined, "he's coming here to see us this morning, Mr. Polatkin, and he could show you how he figures it that he's got hopes to pull through."

Polatkin made a deprecatory gesture with his hand.

"If a feller is going to bust up on me, Elkan, I'd just as lief he ain't got no hopes at all," he grumbled; "otherwise he wastes your whole day on you figuring out his next season's profits if he can only stall off his creditors. With such a hoping feller, if you don't want to be out time as well as money, understand me, you should quick file a petition in bankruptcy against him; otherwise he wouldn't give you no peace at all."

Nevertheless, when Dishkes arrived, half an hour later, Polatkin ushered him into the firm's office and summoned Scheikowitz and Elkan to the conference.

"Well, Dishkes," he said in kindly accents, "you are up against it."

Dishkes nodded. He was by no means of a robust physical type, and his hands trembled so nervously as he fumbled for his papers in his breast pocket that he dropped its contents on the office floor. Elkan stooped to assist in retrieving the scattered papers, and among the documents he gathered together was a cabinet photograph.

"My wife!" Dishkes murmured hoarsely. "She ain't so strong, and I am sending her up to the country a couple months ago. I've been meaning I should go up and see her ever since, but ——"

Here he gulped dismally; and there was an embarrassed silence, broken only by the faint noise occasioned by Philip Scheikowitz scratching his chin.

"That's a *Rosher*—that feller Sammet," Polatkin said at length. "Honestly, the way some business men ain't got no mercy at all for the other feller, you would think, Scheikowitz, they was living back in the old country yet!"

"When I am Dusting the Samples I Must Got to Whistle; Otherwise the Dust Gets in My Lungs"

Scheikowitz nodded and glanced nervously from the photograph to Elkan.

"I think you was telling me you got a couple ideas about helping Dishkes out, Elkan," he said. "So, in the first place, Dishkes, you should please let us see a list of your creditors."

With this prelude Scheikowitz drew forward his chair and plunged into a discussion of Dishkes' affairs that lasted for more than two hours; and when Dishkes at length departed he took with him notices of a meeting addressed to his twenty creditors, prepared for immediate mailing by Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company's stenographer.

"And that's what we let ourselves in for," Scheikowitz declared after the elevator door had closed behind Dishkes. "Tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock the place here would look like the waiting room of a depot, and all our competitors would be rubbering at our stock already."

"Let 'em rubber!" Elkan said. "If I don't get an extension for that feller my name ain't Elkan Lubliner at all; because between now and then I am going round to see them twenty creditors, and I bet yer they will sign an extension agreement, with the figures I am going to put up to them."

"Figures!" Scheikowitz jeered. "What good is figures to them fellers? Showing figures to a bankrupt's creditors is like taking to a restaurant a feller which is hungry and letting him look at the knives and forks and plates, understand me!"

Elkan nodded.

"Sure, I know," he said; "but the figures ain't all."

Surreptitiously he drew from his pocket a faded cabinet photograph.

"I sneaked this away from Dishkes when he wasn't noticing," Elkan declared; "and if this don't fix 'em nothing will!"

IV

"SAY, lookyhere, Lubliner," Leon Sammet cried after Elkan had broached the reason for his visit late that afternoon, "don't give me that tale of woe again. Every time we are asking Dishkes for money he pulls this here sick-wife story on us, understand me; and it don't go down with me no more."

"What d'ye mean don't go down with you?" Elkan demanded. "Do you claim his wife ain't sick?"

"I don't claim nothing," Sammet retorted. "I ain't no doctor, Lubliner. I am in the cloak-and-suit business, and I got to pay my creditors with United States money, Lubliner, if my wife would be dying yet."

"Which you ain't got no wife," Elkan added savagely.

"*Gott sei Dank!*" Sammet rejoined. "*Aber* if I did got one, y'understand, I would got *Verstand* enough to pick out a healthy woman, which Dishkes does everything the same. He picks out a store there on an avenue when it is a dead neighborhood, understand me—and he wants us we should suffer for it."

"The neighborhood wouldn't be dead after three months," Elkan said. "Round the corner on both sides of the street is building thirty-three-foot, seven-story elevator apartments yet; and when they are occupied Dishkes would do a rushing business."

"That's all right," Sammet answered. "I ain't speculating in real-estate futures, Lubliner; so you might just so well go ahead and attend to your business, Lubliner, because me I am going to do the same."

"But lookyhere, Sammet," Elkan still pleaded. "I seen pretty near every one of Dishkes' creditors and they all agree the feller should have a three months' extension."

"Let 'em agree," Sammet shouted. "They are their own bosses and so am I, Lubliner; so, if they want to give him an extension of their accounts I ain't got nothing to say. All I want is eight hundred dollars he owes me; and the rest of them suckers could agree till they are black in the face."

"*Aber*, anyhow, Sammet," Elkan said, "come to the meeting tomorrow morning and we would see what we could do."

"See what we could do!" Sammet bellowed. "You will see what I could do, Lubliner; and I will come to the meeting tomorrow and I'll do it too. So, if you don't mind, Lubliner, I could still do a little work before we close up here."

For a brief interval Elkan dug his nails into the palms of his hands, and his eyes unconsciously sought a target for a right swing on Sammet's bloated face; but at length he nodded and forced himself to smile.

"*Schon gut*, Mr. Sammet," he said; "then I will see you tomorrow."

A moment later he strode down lower Fifth Avenue toward the place of business of the last creditor on Dishkes' list. This was none other than Elkan's distinguished friend, B. Gans, the manufacturer of high-grade dresses; and it required less than ten minutes to procure his consent to the proposed extension.

"And I hope," Elkan said, "that we could count on you to be at the meeting tomorrow."

"That's something I couldn't do," B. Gans replied; "but I'll write you a letter and give you full authority you should represent me there. Excuse me a minute and I'll dictate it to Miss Scheindler." When he returned, five minutes later, he sat down at his desk and, crossing his legs, prepared to beguile the tedium of waiting.

"Well, Elkan," he said, "what you been doing with yourself lately? Thee-ayters and restaurants, I suppose?"

"Thee-ayters I ain't so much interested in no more," Elkan said. "The fact is, I am going in now for antics."

"Antics!" B. Gans exclaimed.

"Sure," Elkan replied; and there was a certain pride in his tones. "Antics is what I said, Mr. Gans—Jacobson chairs and them—now—cat's furniture."

"Cat's furniture!" Gans repeated. "What d'ye mean cat's furniture?"

"Angry cats," Elkan explained; and then a great light broke upon B. Gans.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "You mean Henri Quatre furniture?"

"Hungry cat *oder* angry cat," Elkan said. "All I know is we are refurnishing our flat, Mr. Gans, and we are taking

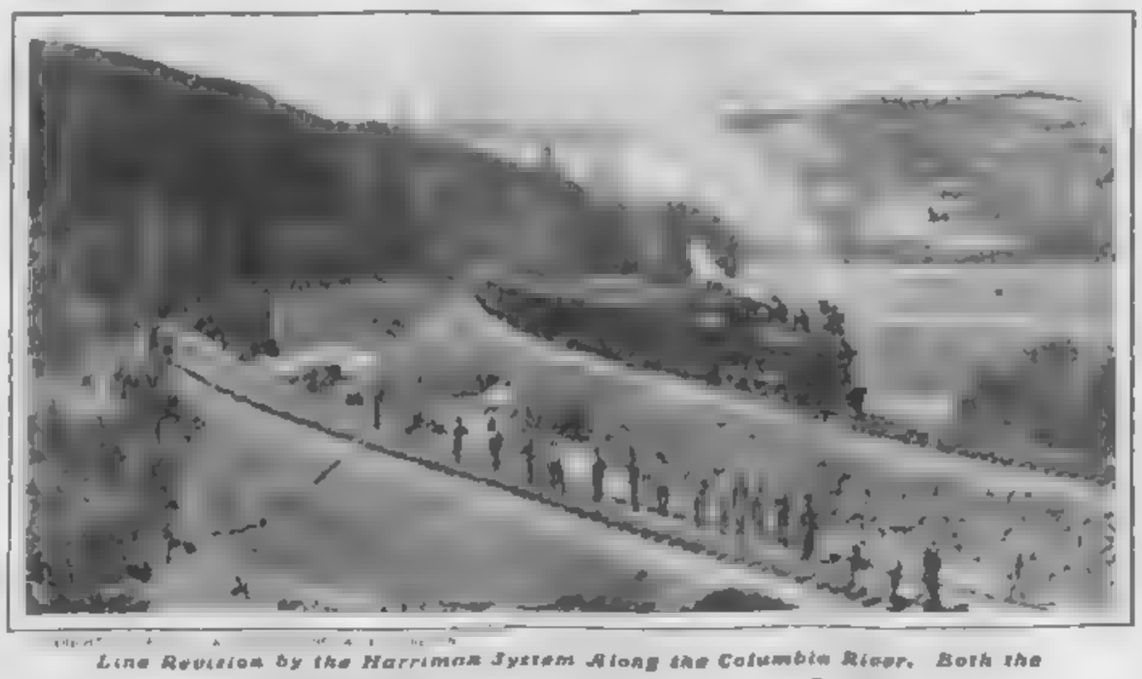
(Continued on Page 45

THE RAILROADS AND PANAMA

By Edward Hungerford

WITHIN the past eighteen months the era of transcontinental railroad building in the United States has halted. Within that same time two additional routes—the Western Pacific, of the Gould group of lines, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound, a western extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, completed through to the Pacific Coast—have taken their full places as through transcontinental carriers of freight and passengers. The Canadians are still busy spinning two additional transcontinental routes through to the Pacific, but there may not be another route completed through the United States to its western shore for some years to come. The Northwestern system, a traditional rival of the Milwaukee, sharing territory with it at almost every point, despite a recent traffic alliance with the Northern Pacific as a defense against the Milwaukee's extension, may yet become still more envious of Pacific Coast possibilities and extend its long finger, that now rests at Lander, Wyoming, through to the Puget Sound country. Northwestern method has been to make easy progress across the plains, west from the Missouri River. It has quietly laid a few miles of track at a time, but it has headed steadily west all the while, until today it is at the very foot of the tall slopes of the continental divide.

The late E. H. Harriman must have worried about the Northwestern. Though the Union Pacific's logical eastern terminus should have been Chicago, hard legal battles in the United States Supreme Court fixed it years ago across the Missouri from Omaha—at Council Bluffs, Iowa. From that point it reaches Chicago—one of the very greatest traffic hubs in the country—over half a dozen connecting lines. Of these, the Northwestern has captured more than the lion's share of the business. The Chicago-Omaha line of the Northwestern has formed one of its most profitable stems; and the Northwestern is, in turn, one of the most profitable of the Vanderbilt properties, though not operated directly in consonance with them.



Line Revision by the Harriman System Along the Columbia River. Both the Old and the New Tracks May be Seen in the Picture

The Contest Between Harriman and Hill

WHEN Harriman saw that the Northwestern was hungry to go farther west into Wyoming, the shrewd eyes of this great railroad man must have seen its ambition to reach the Pacific. Experienced railroaders—those keen fellows who see in every little act of the big carriers a chess-move toward a large strategic end—said that the Harriman hunger for Illinois Central was not a bit more for its valuable main stem from Chicago south to New Orleans than for the well-placed branch that ran at right angles to it, from Chicago to Council Bluffs and Omaha. The Illinois Central today owns the only independent railroad bridge across the Missouri between those cities. Its strategic position is strong; and, if he had succeeded in fully closing his fingers on the property, Harriman could have quickly put an end to Northwestern aspirations for the Pacific by holding over its head the possibility of losing forever the rich tribute that the Union Pacific was paying to it at the east bank of the Missouri.

Harriman, however—apparently the one man of this generation who might have succeeded in bringing all of the railroads of the United States under a common management—is gone; and, as we shall see in a moment, his removal from the western field has stirred the carriers there to fresh competitions. The Santa Fe has awakened from sluggish inaction to a hungry desire to enter into the coast service between San Francisco and Los Angeles and San Diego, while J. J. Hill looks with more and more covetous eyes upon the Golden Gate. Within the past few months new interests in control of the Rock Island have shown a real desire to stretch that road to the Pacific.

The acquisition by them of the El Paso & Southwestern, one of the so-called Phelps-Dodge properties, is believed to be a move toward that end. Of all this more in good time; for the moment, consider the strategic location of the several transcontinentals.

Farthest to the south is the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific, stretching a busy trail by two lines from San Francisco to Los Angeles and then coming east over a busier one, skirting the Mexican line for miles and finally ending at New Orleans, where it connects with its own steamship line to New York, as well as with various through railroad routes north and east. For many miles the rich Santa Fe parallels the Sunset Route; finally it turns northeast and threads up through Northern Arizona and New Mexico into Kansas City and, beyond that, into Chicago—this last feature giving it a distinct advantage over the Harriman roads.

Southernmost of the lines entering San Francisco from across the tops of the Sierras is the new Western Pacific. This is the western link of the Gould roads, the Denver and the Rio Grande, the recently rejuvenated Missouri Pacific and the Wabash. It was to have been the western link of the first single transcontinental group in the country, but the complications in the Pittsburgh terminal situation cost the Goulds the Western Maryland, after their fingers were fairly upon it, and upset their plans. Their troubles have multiplied until now, when the Wabash is also in the hands of receivers and their control of Missouri Pacific visibly shaken. At the time of writing this it is generally understood that the Rock Island and the Burlington—this last one of the Hill roads—have combined toward helping the mid-country Gould roads in taking the burden of the Western Pacific. This burden has not been slight, for it is always a difficult matter to launch a new transcontinental.

The Western Pacific more or less closely parallels the central route of the Harriman system, from Kansas City and Omaha to San Francisco. The Union Pacific forms the main stem of this central route. At Ogden it virtually has three forks—the Southern Pacific connection, through to San Francisco, first comer of all the transcontinentals; the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, better known as the Clark road, southwest to Los Angeles; and the Oregon Short Line, northwest to Portland, Tacoma and Seattle. At these three cities J. J. Hill's two great roads, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, have their coast terminals; and right up there in the extreme northwestern corner of the land came the first clash between Harriman and Hill. It came soon after the little man with the shrewd eyes behind the great spectacles had tried to wrest Northern Pacific away from the man who likes to call himself Empire Builder, and in so doing scored one of the very few failures of his career.

After that Harriman sat silent for a time. He never forgave big "Yem" Hill; and so, after that silent time was past, he sought to invade the rich Hill terminal territory in Western Washington. He sprang a line north from his properties at Portland; and while his draughtsmen were still busy he purchased expensive terminals in both Tacoma and Seattle and began the erection of modern piers and freight sheds, as well as of the two handsomest passenger stations of their size in the land. Almost any full-blooded American town likes to see a new railroad come to its door. We have not yet become convinced of the idea that transportation monopoly is a good thing for our business souls, and Seattle and Tacoma warmed to Harriman as they saw his extensive preparations. Before his tracks were laid, however, the hard panic of October, 1907, was upon the land; and for a moment the Napoleon of railroaders saw himself with expensive terminals in two great cities of the Pacific Coast—and without rails to reach them! In such a predicament he made a truce with Hill and arranged for trackage rights on the Hill roads between Seattle and Tacoma. The entrance into Western Washington was probably the most expensive move that Harriman ever made.

A River Cañon for a Railroad Bed

IT WAS expensive because it stirred J. J. Hill to recriminations—recriminations that are still in progress. The man who was harbor-master of St. Paul forty-seven years ago and who is its railroad master today, went down into Oregon—exclusive Harriman territory—and bought one or two unimportant little lines, as well as an interurban trolley reaching north into Portland. His next step was to bring those properties into connection with the rest of his railroads; and to do that it was necessary for him to strike a line boldly south from the valley of the Columbia River, where his new direct route from Portland to Spokane was just finding its way.

It is one thing to say that a line must be struck south from the high-walled valley of the Columbia and quite another thing to find the path. A river cañon seemed to afford the only possible path for Hill, and the only river cañon that was available was the lonely chasm of the Deschutes River, leading inland to a country that was little better than a wilderness. He sent his surveying gangs covertly up the valley of the Deschutes River. He was poaching on his neighbor's property and rather proud of it. Harriman had not hesitated very long on the threshold of the state

How the Silent Darling Pushed His Road Through to the Coast. The New $640,000 Bridge of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound Over the Columbia River, at Beverly, Washington

of Washington—and any one with half an eye might know that Washington was a part of the domain that Hill had chosen for himself.

At that very hour the Harriman system showed an unexplainable desire to get to the Deschutes River. It was practically the sole railroad occupant of Oregon, though, owing in part to the peculiar configuration of the state, in nowise could it be said to serve the state thoroughly. Two attenuated main-stem railroads ran south and east from Portland and hugged the state's boundaries closely. Neither of them penetrated far into the interior country.

So J. J. Hill's move was the more daring, particularly in view of the fact that in the last years of his life Harriman had spent money in his masterly fashion for the complete rebuilding of his busy line through the Columbia River Valley, with a view to increasing its lines capacity for serving future laterals to be extended into the Central Oregon country. That is the new view of the farsighted traffic man of any one of the big transcontinentals. The chart which hangs over his desk shows graphically that the traffic originating along the main stem of his line has been an abnormal thing, particularly when it is compared with the traffic charts of any representative trunk line of the eastern or middle portions of the land. It has shown a thin red line, connecting two great red blotches at the terminals, and it has sometimes been called a "traffic bridge." To thicken that line between terminals has been the reason and excuse for traffic-making devices in the West—an enormous propaganda of exploitation: farming trains, presents of full-blooded bulls to shrewd stockraisers, and schemes of like import. Every traffic man, every president of the big transcontinentals, has given himself heart and soul to the "normalizing" of that red traffic line. The removal of traffic bridges is today one of the greatest problems that each of them has to face.

Better Service for the West Coast Means More Line Revision by the Harriman System Along the Columbia

Boschke's Nine Points of the Law

ALMOST overnight, then, the Hill and the Harriman systems developed a determination to build high-grade railroads down into the deep chasm of the Deschutes. While the Harriman lines, acting in the field under the able generalship of their engineer at Portland, Mr. George W. Boschke, gathered together construction trains and men ready for orders from headquarters at New York, Hill prepared to build another of his great bridges across the Columbia, at the entrance of the Deschutes, just a few miles above the picturesque Dalles. His surveyors had struck reconnaissance lines like a spider's web through the valleys at the intersection there of the Deschutes and the Columbia. The question was: Which of these possibilities would finally become real railroad routes?

The Harriman system—what was then known as the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company—had for some years before held to a hope of eventually tapping the Deschutes country among other laterals and had surveyed a rough route. Hill had more than a hope. He had in John F. Stevens, an engineer distinguished in the early phases of the American work at Panama, a strategist of his own mettle; and he began preparing to build up along the Deschutes River, without even the shadow of ceremony—calmly appropriating for himself the path long since chosen by his rivals. Those rivals were not idle. The Harriman generals first tried to offset Hill in the courts—and failed. Then they turned over the fight to Boschke.

Boschke moved with the silent quickness of "Yem" Hill himself. The Stevens forces began laying Hill tracks on the right-of-way they had appropriated for themselves when Boschke's construction trains began moving toward the mouth of the cañon. To any ordinary engineer it must have seemed as if there was no possible space for a second railroad in that narrow place; but Boschke was no ordinary engineer. He built the Galveston sea wall—the wondrous barrier which has already bidden the treacherous Gulf turn back when it sought to repeat history and reënact the great calamity of September, 1900.

So into the Deschutes country he moved his construction trains and his armies of well-trained men, and where there was no room for a railroad he made room. That meant blasting, hard-rock work for miles and miles, and the construction of a fearfully expensive railroad; but a fearfully expensive railroad to construct is generally a very economical railroad to operate, and Boschke's line up the Deschutes is no exception to that rule. It was hard work finding a safe ledge for its narrow trail; but, once found, its track became a marvelous succession of slender grades and curves which are the delight of engineers and the smug content of operating folk.

They are still telling the story of the battle of Maegley's Junction—how, in all that network of lines, a Hill trestle was aiming itself directly across a future Harriman main stem at an angle that gave small comfort to Boschke. If the Hill line, its grade already established by a long trestle leading from one of the great Columbia River bridges that the Empire Builder sometimes is forced to construct, was permitted to stay at that level, it meant that the Harriman road must alter its grade for miles—at no slight expense. On the other hand, Hill and his men knew that any change in the grade of their new line meant an alteration to the whole Columbia bridge. That was unthinkable to them.

There must have been things unthinkable to Boschke; but on a Saturday night, when the sort of justice that sits in courthouses was nodding for a few hours, he moved his construction trains and men up against the Hill trestle where it blocked the oncoming track of the Harriman route, and between eight in the evening and six the following morning he had cut it away, running through the rough notch the railroad of the general for whom he fought. That track is still there and at the level that Boschke located it!

Those battles for the location of the rival lines in the Deschutes Cañon have been the bitterest that American railroad builders have known in many years. Now the questions naturally arise: Why this battle for the Deschutes River? Why the strategy of master railroaders to gain the possession of a lonely Oregon cañon, the vestibule to a still lonelier land? Can the Empire Builder have his eyes on California? Is the Deschutes a mere link in a new railroad chain from the Northwest down into San Francisco harbor? Ask the Empire Builder himself—he alone really knows; and yet today he will deny that he is seeking the Golden Gate as the zenith of his aspirations.

"Take a soup plate and put it bottom up," he will say to you. "Then you will have Central Oregon—a rimmed-in, high-set plateau; a new land, in area somewhat larger than Ohio; a territory capable of infinite development. My railroads must reach a territory of that sort."

His explanation is ingenuous, but your true Californian refuses to believe it. He will tell you the difference between the Washington of today and the California of today; how the steady process of denuding the hills of the Puget Sound country for timber has gone forward on such a scale that its agricultural development must remain arrested for many years; how agricultural possibilities are already ripe in Northern California. One single concern is developing an irrigation project in size equal to half the area of Connecticut. The promise is more than good for a competitive railroad through to San Francisco from the North. That is your Californian's belief as to why Hill was so anxious to thread the Deschutes and the Harriman management so very anxious to thwart him. It was part of the master game of railroad strategy that the Empire Builder has been playing with his great antagonists, even after their guiding mind was forever put to sleep. And when J. J. Hill plays strategist he never makes full announcement of his plans in advance.

Scheming and Building for the Future

IT HAS been strategy, generalship of tremendous wit and foresight and daring, played on a tremendous scale over an area greater than the aggregate of several of the great nations of Europe. One move upon the geographic chessboard of the West has been followed by another. The Hill lines approach nearer the California line. The Harriman property plans an extension from Seattle north to the Canadian line and within the quarter the Empire Builder binds Denver and Cheyenne with a line of his own, a link in a chain of solid Hill route from Galveston and the Gulf country to Butte and the mountains of Montana. A line of sleepers is established here and withdrawn there; a routing of fast freight placed across this state or that; there are moves and countermoves, each significant to the men who are playing the game; contracts by the dozen; traffic agreements by the score, signed and put away from curious eyes in heavy safes.

"The game?" is demanded of you. "What is the game?"

"The Panama Canal," you return. "They are adjusting themselves to meet its interstate conditions. Now we know why the Harriman system is double-tracking twenty-five hundred miles of its line."

You are right—and you are wrong. The Harriman system is double-tracking the Union Pacific main line, with its Southern Pacific and Oregon Short Line connections, because its territory demands the traffic relief quite as much as because of the necessity for the quick haul of preference freight when the big ditch is finished and ships are sailing from New York to San Francisco in fourteen days or less. The people of Colorado,

(Continued on Page 40)

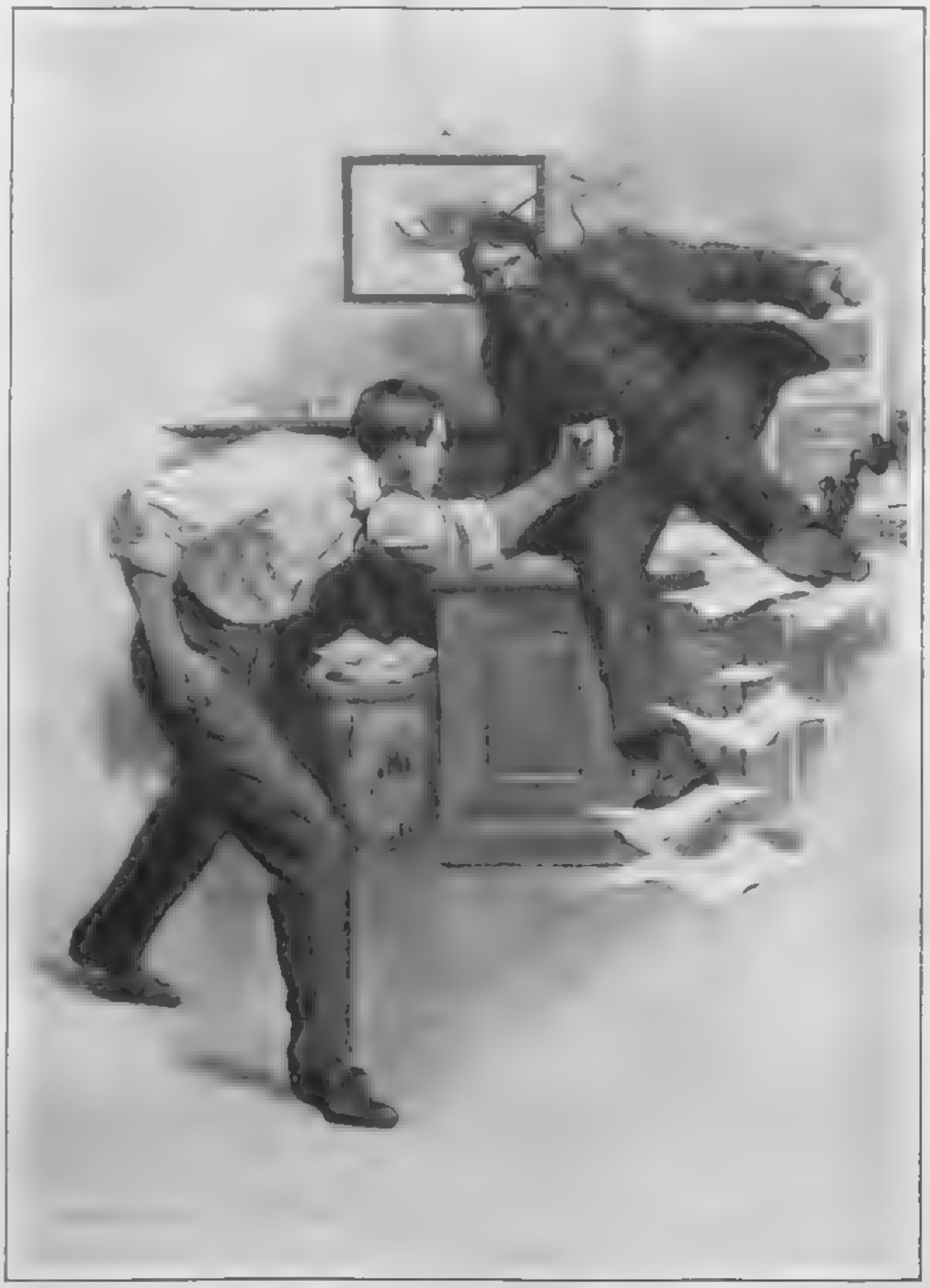
The Union Pacific Extending its Facilities, and a Tracklaying Machine Placing a New Line Across Wyoming

FROM HIM THAT HATH

The New Collector Tries Shirtsleeve Diplomacy

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



Sawyer Gamely Hit Out as He Came

FOR a young man whose blood circulated healthily, whose digestive organs performed their functions irreproachably and whose nerves were mere connections between muscle, spine and brain, Alonzo Sawyer was in a depressed frame of mind. For two weeks Alonzo had traversed the highways and byways of the city, bearing within his breast pocket that which set the faces of his fellow men sternly against him—either faces or backs; it was an oblong container of marbleized cardboard secured by a rubber band and corpulent with statements of overdue accounts. It produced sour and suspicious looks, anger, dismay, contemptuous and impolite treatment, even abuse, and as Alonzo was of a sociable nature and accustomed to glad smiles, kind words and welcome, the condition naturally was depressing.

"It gets my goat!" remarked Alonzo *sotto voce*.

He was sitting within a little mahogany pen awaiting the leisure of the manager of the collection department. He was a well-built, clean-shaved young fellow, with closely cropped red hair, a wide, humorous mouth, a gray-blue eye that could twinkle, and a square, firm chin—so far personable that the young woman at the typewriter desk near by favored him with several sidelong and not disapproving glances. Alonzo, hazily conscious of them in his meditation, responded with an absent-minded wink.

To dun! To pester, harass, wheedle and threaten people as a daily matter of business; to use every art of cajolery or intimidation; to force the unfortunate to give up money that they needed for other purposes—a fine occupation for a hitherto decent man! Here he was, Sawyer—one who had been looked up to by his mates on the campus as of the elect, hymned to the clank and plunk of accompanying banjos as "Good old Sawyer—drink her down," a royalty among honest, open-handed roisterers; here he was, a professional dun; taking, for a beggarly guerdon of twelve dollars weekly and a five-per-cent commission, candy from the mouths of innocent children and new spring hats from the heads of tender women! Directly or indirectly, it amounted to the same thing. It was robbing the poor; and giving a receipt for the robbery was no mitigation of the crime.

It depends so much upon the point of view. Twenty feet away, in the seclusion of his private office, sat Mr. Robert Pettibone, the manager of the collection department. Mr. Pettibone was large and corpulent. He wore muttonchop whiskers of formal trim and a ferocious scowl. While Alonzo Sawyer was thinking the thoughts above set forth, Mr. Pettibone was clenching one pudgy hand and bringing it down on his desk with a furious thump, crumpling a letter in the other as he did so.

"The insolent, scoundrelly deadbeat!" he exclaimed gutturally. "The brazen-faced, bullying, libelous pirate!"

Mr. Pettibone was referring to a debtor.

He threw the crumpled ball of a letter into a waste-basket with the vicious impulse of a half-brick hurtled at a hated head; then he fingered his chin reflectively. At last he pressed the button of a buzzer and an office boy answered the summons. "Mr. Sawyer is out there—the new collector. Send him in."

A moment later the new collector entered the room and laid his marbleized container, with its sheaf of bills, on the manager's desk.

"Herewith and hereby I beg to tender my resignation," he said. "I guess I've now had an elegant sufficiency."

"What!" exclaimed the manager. "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Sawyer? I supposed you, at least, were quite satisfied."

"Meaning that you haven't been?" said the redheaded young man. "Well, I don't blame you. At the same time, Mr. Pettibone, I can't help feeling that you've handed me a prize assortment of desiccated turnips to squeeze the ruddy bleed out of—not to mention the fact that I've made exactly a dollar and eighty-five cents in commissions for the two weeks I've been working, which is a trivial matter, that goes against the grain with me in other respects. Now most of the accounts you have given me are against people who are hard up; and when a man is hard up it's cruelty to ask him to pay a bill."

Mr. Pettibone fingered his chin once more.

"Sit down for a few moments, Mr. Sawyer," he said. "Hm-m! I suppose you have another position in view."

"Yes, sir," replied Alonzo readily. "I understand that there are a few vacancies for able-bodied men in the street-cleaning department."

"Now don't do anything rash, Sawyer," said the manager kindly. "Of course it's rather discouraging to a beginner to start in on a batch of doubtful accounts, but it's a way we have of trying a man out. I don't mind saying I was very favorably impressed with you at the time I engaged you. I consider myself a judge of men, and I judged that you had the energy and tact to carry you far in the business world. I expected great things of you and I still do. Just a moment, please. Now you are discouraged; and I don't know that it's unnatural. Of course you were joking in what you said about hard-up delinquents. Ha-ha! I like a joke myself; but seriously, you know and I know that a delinquent deserves no consideration. He'll tell you that he can't pay; but he must be made to pay. He must be hounded and driven and garnisheed and attached until he does pay, otherwise the foundations of the business world would be shattered. You see that clearly, of course."

"Just what does all this bring us to?" inquired Sawyer.

"The point is that I want you to try it a little longer," said the manager. He took a slip of paper from a pigeon-hole and handed it to Alonzo. "Now here's an account owed by a man who has got money a man who is able to pay and won't," he continued. "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door and here's your opportunity. You collect that bill—eighty-seven dollars and interest—and it will mean a great deal regarding your advancement here." He eyed the young man narrowly. "I think I can promise you a transfer to some other department if you wish; but it will take tact and diplomacy."

"What's the trouble?" inquired Sawyer, looking over the items. "Does he dispute the account?"

"No," replied the manager, "he doesn't dispute it. He simply declines to pay it; and everything he owns is tied up in such a way that even if we got judgment we couldn't recover on it. He knows it, the ——" Mr. Pettibone's bland expression left him for an instant and his thin lips were compressed in an ugly manner.

"Seems to me that tact and diplomacy won't be of much use in this instance," objected Alonzo.

"Nevertheless, I trust you to exercise them," said Mr. Pettibone. "By the way," he continued, "you seem to have a fine physical development—pretty well muscled. I should imagine, if I ever speculated on such matters, that you could put up what is called a pretty good scrap."

Alonzo grinned.

"I don't like to brag, but I have been considered hard to handle," he said. "Do I understand that if he won't pay I'm to take it out of his hide?"

"Tut, tut!" said the manager, wagging his head with mild reproach, but smiling a little. "That would be very unbusinesslike—really a reversion to barbarism. No; though under certain circumstances it may be not only justifiable but commendable to fall back on such rough and primitive methods, we wouldn't instruct our agents to resort to them. No. We can only counsel tact and diplomacy. Of course we may have to pursue this—this person through the courts and put him to what trouble and expense we can; but I hope not. The process is slow and costly, and the results not so satisfactory as a settlement of some sort brought about by a—well, as I remarked before, a tactful and diplomatic man."

"My full name is Alonzo T. D. Sawyer," remarked the young man. "I beg you to note the middle initials." He almost involuntarily raised himself on his toes and flexed

his biceps. "You watch me! You're sure he can pay it if he wants to without depriving himself of necessary luxuries?"

"Perfectly sure," answered the manager; "and you can throw off the interest and retain all but ten per cent of the principal amount as your commission."

Alonzo raised his eyebrows. "That's liberal," he remarked. "I think he'll want to pay that bill. I need the money. You may expect a report sometime this afternoon."

. . . . . .

Alonzo stopped at the cigar stand near the foot of the elevators and haughtily waved back the box the cigar man set out as he approached.

"None of those ropes, thank you, Neddy," he said. "I admit that under the stress of adverse circumstances I have compromised with my taste so far as to use 'em a few times, but prosperity's sun is now bursting through the dun clouds. Get that? 'Dun' clouds. You may set out the three-for-a-quarter brands and let me make the selection."

The cigar man complied with the request.

"Getting prosperous—eh?" he observed. "That's good."

"I am getting so prosperous that I claw down seventy-eight simoleons and thirty centavos for three or four minutes' work," Alonzo answered complacently. "That's the rate of compensation for my services now. Knocking off the thirty cents and extending the time limit to five minutes, that makes about nine hundred and thirty-six dollars for a one-hour day. I guess, on second thoughts, I can afford a ten straight, Neddy."

"Go as far as you like," said the cigar man. "I've got some special Vuelta Abajo Perfectos at fifty cents straight. So long as you've got the money, I'll humor you."

"That reminds me," said Alonzo. "Neddy, suppose I owed you for a thousand of those fifty-centers and told you to go to Gehenna when you asked me for the money—you knowing, as you do, that I am making at the rate of nearly double that amount a day. What would be your opinion of me?"

"Cheer up," said the cigar man. "You won't never owe me a dollar."

"Don't get funny," Alonzo admonished. "I'm asking you because I want to know. Wouldn't you think I was a low-down, larcenous hulk? Wouldn't you call me a soiled rag of humanity—a sneaking, swindling son of a seacook? Wouldn't I be a degraded, dirty dog in your candid estimation?"

"Well, words to that effect, perhaps," admitted the cigar man.

"Certainly," Alonzo declared. "That's my idea about it. A man of that description deserves no consideration. He needs a licking, with all the trimmings; that's the only thing to do to bring him to a proper sense of his own improper conduct. He ought to have a biff in the eye to begin with, followed by a wallop on the jaw and a stiff jolt in the slats. If a man contracts a debt it's his business to pay it. If he won't he must be made to; otherwise you'll notice the foundations of commerce crumbling and its pillars tottering to their fall."

"You're gettin' quite het up about it," remarked Neddy.

"I am," Alonzo confessed. "Makes my blood boil to think of it. I'm filled with righteous resentment when I hear of anybody who calls himself a man declining to pungle up in discharge of an honest debt. I want to climb his frame and slam him on the floor until he's all raveled out. That's the way it affects me. I suppose it's the result of early training. My father had a horror of debt. I used to think he was supersensitive about it when I was in college. Well, be good, old top. I must go where duty calls me."

He swung on to the front platform of a street car and saluted the motorman in a friendly manner and by the name of Bill.

"Hello yourself!" responded the motorman.

"I'd like to ask you a question if you don't mind breaking the company's rules," said Alonzo. "You look to me like a man of energy and a man of tact and diplomacy—a reflective sort of a man, with the judicial temperament."

"Aw, quit your kidding!" said the motorman. "If you want to know whether I'll accept one of them seegars stickin' out of your vest pocket, say so, and I'll tell you. I ain't going to be offended." Alonzo handed over the cigar, which the motorman dropped into his cap, observing that he would smoke it after dinner. "If there's anything else on your mind, sport, you might as well get it off," he added.

"What would you do if a man owed you money and wouldn't pay it?" asked Sawyer.

"How much money?" asked the motorman.

"Eighty-seven dollars," replied Alonzo. "We'll say he's got his property in his wife's name and you can't sue him; but he could pay if he wanted to."

"How did you ever get eighty-seven dollars to lend him?" inquired the motorman.

"Once I had so much money that I used to go out and scatter it to the feathered songsters in the bosky glade," Sawyer explained.

"Well," said the motorman, "sometimes if you take a guy like that by the nape of the neck and squeeze hard enough he'll come across—or you might upend him and

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MY LADY'S GARTER

XVIII

Three Men Put Out for the Maid of the Sea

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

UNDER the watchful eyes of two of Meredith's satellites, August von Derp stepped into a dory on Peggotty Beach and rowed out to where the Pyramid was lazily swinging back and forth with the tide.

"Hello, aboard!" he hailed.

There was no answer. The dory bumped gently against the motor boat and Von Derp took a half-hitch round a chock. Again he hailed; still there was no answer. After a moment of hesitation he made fast, scrambled over the side and proceeded to thump lustily on the sliding door that led into the cabin. Meredith's men on shore watched him curiously as he pushed open the door and vanished down the companionway.

For a minute or more Von Derp stood motionless in the deserted cabin with eyes darting hither and thither. Everything indicated that Bruce had departed hurriedly. The dessert dishes and coffee cups were still on the table; even the photograph of the Countess of Salisbury's garter lay where Von Derp himself had placed it. On the floor, soaking wet, was the clothing Bruce had worn the night before. He hadn't taken time even to wring them out.

All these things Von Derp saw and understood. Whatever had been his purpose in boarding the Pyramid, there remained no doubt of his intention now that he had found her owner absent. It was to search. He went at the job deliberately with a vast attention to detail. First there were the drawers of the gravity table. He pulled one open, stared into it until he had photographed the arrangement of its contents in his mind, then proceeded to haul everything out.

There were some thirty or forty phonograph records, two or three books in which he took no interest after glancing at the blank pages in front, a sextant, and a pair of pipes in a morocco case which bore the stamp of a dealer in St. Petersburg. Also there were writing materials—pens, pencils, paper, blotting paper and an airtight inkwell. All these things Von Derp examined minutely, paying particular attention to the blotting paper. Finally he shook his head and began to replace the various articles in the drawer. It was a tribute to the accuracy of his memory that when he had finished even Bruce would never have known the drawer had been opened.

The big drawer on the other side of the gravity table contained only navigation charts, and to these Von Derp paid no attention. Instead he began systematically ransacking the lockers beneath the berths on the port side. Here he found table linen, bed linen, articles of personal apparel, a huge box of smoking tobacco and another huge box of cigarettes. As Von Derp noted the brand he smiled.

Without haste Von Derp turned his attention to the lockers on the starboard side. Apparently these were filled with clothing—overcoats, sweaters, flannels, tweeds, evening dress, shoes, collars, ties—all those things that make the outward man. Wherever there was a pocket Von Derp's deft fingers found the bottom of it. He didn't shirk the labor, although nothing came of it.

The starboard lockers gone over to his satisfaction, Von Derp leaned back in his chair and thoughtfully regarded the remaining lockers—those under the long seat in the bow. Once he started to light a cigar, but thought better of it, for he blew out the match he had struck and dropped it on the floor; after which he picked it up and thrust it into his pocket. With the cigar fixed between his teeth he turned his attention to his work again.

Here, for the first time, Von Derp found locks to oppose him. With the thin edge of his knife blade he conquered the first lock without trouble—to find that the locker was empty save for a shooting-belt with shells, a shotgun, a revolver and three boxes of cartridges. He stared at these things without touching them then carefully relocked the door. Silently, patiently, systematically as before he began work on the second locker. It yielded at last, and he found inside only a tin case, this too locked.

There was a little smile of satisfaction on his face now—obviously here was something promising at last. It was ten minutes before Von Derp laid back the top of the tin case without force and without having defaced it with one tiny mark. Inside he found a roll of bills, seemingly four or five hundred dollars. He looked at them without touching them, closed and locked the tin box, replaced it in its receptacle, then locked that.

There remained only the slim chance of finding the thing he sought, whatever it was, in the little galley. No, here was still another chance—another locker beside the engine hood.

Von Derp raised the lid; it was a toolbox. He was about to turn away when he caught sight of a book of some sort thrown in carelessly with the tools. He dug it out—Engine Troubles was the title—glanced at the blank

pages in front and replaced it. A black smudge of oil on one hand was his reward for thoroughness. He wiped it off as best he could with his handkerchief.

The galley was here almost behind him. He turned and glanced in, and bracing himself with a hand on either side of the narrow door, stood for a moment appraising the contents of the tiny nook. It was as complete a miniature kitchen as he had ever seen, and generously stocked with stuffs secured in racks. Obviously there was little need to search here, but ——

Von Derp started forward eagerly with a glitter of triumph in his eyes at something he had seen. It was a spindle on which were several sheets of paper. He slipped off the first. It was nothing more important than a laundry list, setting forth in due form that Bruce Colquhoun was possessed of so many collars and shirts and socks and so many other things—certainly nothing to arouse the tense interest Von Derp displayed.

It was not a printed slip, but a memorandum written evidently by Bruce himself for his own information. There was something sardonic in Von Derp's manner as he drew out his pocket-book, folded the slip carefully, placed it therein, then stowed it away again. In his eagerness he failed to notice that he had dropped another slip of paper.

When Bruce came aboard the Pyramid half an hour later he found Von Derp stretched out at length in a deck chair smoking luxuriously and gazing out upon Bass Cove with beatific satisfaction upon his face.

"Hello!" Bruce greeted.

"Good morning," Von Derp returned. He arose ceremoniously and bowed with a perfect mechanical action. "I ran out to pay my dinner call, found the boat deserted and made myself comfortable here. I was almost asleep."

Bruce regarded him absently for a moment, and his eyes swept the immaculate figure from the yellow hair to the white buckskin boots.

"Glad you came out," he remarked at last. "I want a little talk with you. Pardon me just a moment."

He disappeared down the companionway and shot a quick, searching glance about the cabin. Evidently he was satisfied, for he returned immediately.

"They tell me," Von Derp remarked lazily, "that it's seven miles in an air-line to that wireless mast on Brant Rock. It looks as if one might throw a stone and ——"

"Mr. von Derp, you'll pardon me if I seem impertinent, won't you?" Bruce interrupted. "There are some things I'd like to know about you."

There was an expression of polite surprise on Von Derp's face—nothing else.

"For instance?" he queried.

"I'd like to know who you are, where you came from, and satisfy myself that you're only what you seem to be!" Bruce stated it crisply, pointedly.

"I am August von Derp, son of Wilhelm von Derp, junior partner in the banking firm of Hegeman, Von Derp & Co., of Amsterdam, Holland," was the precise reply. "I came to this country on a jaunt, just knocking about, you understand; and among other letters of introduction I brought one to Mr. Brokaw Hamilton in New York. He and my father are associated in business some way. I presented the letter to Mr. Hamilton and he sent me along up here with his family."

The eyes of the two men met unwaveringly—Von Derp's shallow, languid under his lemon-colored brows; in Bruce's there seemed to be only tense curiosity.

"I'm afraid I don't understand the last part of your question," Von Derp continued after a little. "Am I only what I seem to be? By that you mean just what?"

"She is as Sweet and Simple as the Delicate Flower That Blossoms Unseen Beside the——"

"I beg your pardon, really." There was crisp courtesy in Bruce's manner. "I'm afraid sometimes I'm too direct in what I say." Worried lines appeared suddenly in his smooth brow. "I can't explain, but it is very necessary that I know all about men with whom I come in contact. I've done you an injustice. Pardon me."

Von Derp waved his exquisite hands as if to dismiss the subject.

"I'm only curious to know what you think I might have been—or what you think I am," he said.

"I don't know that I can answer that question," Bruce told him frankly. "There was something in your manner last night when you chanced upon that photograph of the Countess of Salisbury's garter that—that I don't know what I did think. I merely got an impression that your interest in it was more tense than it would have been in an ordinary person."

"I think I comprehend," and Von Derp nodded understandingly. "You yourself being under suspicion—I refer to it only because you did—you thought perhaps that I might be a detective, say?"

"No, it was hardly that."

"Or even perhaps The Hawk?"

Bruce made a quick gesture of impatience.

"It's absurd, all of it," he declared flatly. "If you'll be good enough to overlook what must seem to be an uncalled for interest in your affairs, I'll be deeply obliged. I should have known, of course, that as a guest of the Quains—the Hamiltons —— Please pardon me." He arose abruptly. "I'm tired to death. Will you join me in a little Scotch?"

Bruce vanished down the companionway, and immediately some subtle change came into Von Derp's face. It was a curious hardening of his expression, a cunning glint in his shallow eyes. Bruce reappeared with the glasses and decanter.

"I wonder," Von Derp observed, "if you would answer the same questions."

"What questions?"

"Who are you? Where do you come from? Are you only what you seem?"

"You have the advantage of me"; and there was a trace of bitterness in Bruce's tone. "I can answer no questions whatever about myself."

"I wonder"—Von Derp sipped appreciatively at the drink—"I wonder if you could answer a question as to what actually happened last night when you left the dinner table and returned dripping wet."

"Nor can I answer that," Bruce replied with darkening expression. "I can only say I anticipated a grave danger to all of us, and nothing happened. That danger still threatens me. That's all."

Oddly enough it came to pass that two men who had regarded each other with open suspicion shook hands cordially when Von Derp took his leave. Bruce spent the afternoon tidying up the Pyramid and tinkering with her engine. Just before sundown he wrote a brief note to Cicely, and followed by one of Meredith's men walked over to the village post-office.

Night came, a night of overhanging clouds, tangibly dark and moistly warm. From the deck of the Pyramid Bruce could see the bobbing nightlight of the Maid of the Sea, less than a hundred feet away seaward; and on shore, above the murmur of the ebbing tide, he heard her pilot, left in charge by Meredith, in loud conversation with old Captain Barry. There was no mistaking their voices. Wherefore it came upon him suddenly that the pilot, anxious for a bit of human companionship, had left the Maid of the Sea deserted for the moment. He came to his feet quickly, and after a long scrutiny of the skies went below and pulled on his bathing trunks.

This done, Bruce placed a record in the phonograph and started it. Old Captain Barry and the pilot of the Maid of the Sea paused to listen. One record finished there was a pause of perhaps five minutes, then Bruce put on another and started that. As its first strains reached the ears of those ashore, Bruce slid silently over the side of the Pyramid into the water and struck out, swimming rapidly for the Maid of the Sea.

The record was still playing as he clambered up her side, darted into her cabin, disconnected her gasoline supply, stuffed the supply pipe with cotton and slid back into the sea. He had almost reached the Pyramid again when the record stopped. Up her side he clambered, and thirty seconds later a new record was playing. Watchful as they had been, Meredith's men on

Wherever There Was a Pocket Von Derp's Deft Fingers Found the Bottom of It

shore had perceived no break in the music longer than was necessary to change a record.

It was less than a minute later that the great engine of the Pyramid sputtered as she was cranked, then settled down to a roar; the waves curled away from her bow and she was speeding into the open. There came a sudden hubbub on shore, a scampering of the pilot and of Meredith's satellites, some picturesque profanity, and then three men put out for the Maid of the Sea, rowing madly. Bruce, running dark, looked back once just before he rounded Second Cliff.

"It will take them an hour to get her going," he remarked to himself contentedly, "and by that time I ought to be off Hull."

So the hare was on her way again; the hound wallowed helplessly in the trough of the sea.

. . . . . .

There was another great robbery in the suburbs of Boston that night, this time in Cambridge. The Weldon Blakes were the victims in this instance, losing jewels valued at about twenty thousand dollars. In this case, as in the other, a note was found:

My compliments to Mr. Meredith. THE HAWK.

From gloomy contemplation of Bruce Colquhoun's daring escape in the Pyramid, Meredith was aroused to this new robbery. Stranger than any other feature of it—to him at least—was the fact that this second note was in a handwriting totally different from the first! He scuttled off madly to get on it the opinion of an expert, Doctor Harvey. Again the tedious examination and comparison, after which:

"There are marked resemblances in this second note to the specimen you submitted with hieroglyphs in the corner," the expert declared, "but they are not by the same hand. There is great dissimilarity in the first note and the second, but they are by the same hand."

Meredith went to Professor Wayne.

"This second note," that learned gentleman asserted, "is unquestionably in the same handwriting as the specimen with the hieroglyphs in the corner. That first note, therefore, was not written by the individual who wrote either this second note or the hieroglyph specimen!"

Meredith went away holding his head.

XIX

DEAR MISS QUAIN: I forgot to mention that there is a charm upon that ring—"Whosoever hath this ring shall love me forever and be beloved of me!"

Sincerely, BRUCE COLQUHOUN.

Cicely read the note again and yet again, the while a wistful tenderness crept into the blue eyes and the tyrannical curve of her red lips softened. It was not a surprise, this note; in her own mind she likened it to the writer—impertinent, mysterious, fascinating. Of course she would snub him for it when she met him again—that was his due for daring to write such a note; but after all the foolish little ring was very dear to her. He had worn it; it had come to her warm from the touch of his hand! "Shall love me forever and be beloved of me!" And even at that he might be a thief, a murderer!

Skeets came bustling in, fresh from his matutinal worship at the shrine of Mercy Dale. Cicely roused herself from a gentle reverie.

"Skeets, you don't love me, do you?" she demanded suddenly.

Skeets didn't know the answer. He stood stock-still twisting his hat like a bashful schoolboy, and looked her over questioningly.

"Why, ye-yes," he faltered, "I suppose I do."

"Suppose you do!" Cicely repeated disdainfully. "Tell me the truth. You don't love me!"

"Well—er—since the other day when you were so distant and—er—frigid, as it were, I don't quite ——"

"Say it right out," Cicely commanded. "I don't love you, so you won't hurt my feelings."

Skeets drew a deep sigh of relief, after which he assumed a near-melancholic expression and balanced himself on one foot.

"Since you put it that way," he confessed, "I don't mind saying that I'm not as strong for you as ——"

"In other words, since Miss Dale hauled you out of the water ——"

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" Skeets broke in irrelevantly, his poetic soul in his eyes. "Fresh, sweet, simple, unspoiled and ——"

"I know," Cicely nodded understandingly. "Now that we understand each other I'll tell you something. My mother has a telegram from my father in which he declares that I must marry you at once! Must! Do you understand?"

"Must?" Skeets repeated the word rebelliously.

"I'm sure I don't want to marry you and I don't think you want to marry me."

"Well, let's don't!" It was a clever thought—for Skeets. "You know," he rushed on, "my father told me if I didn't marry you he'd give all his millions to the Fiji Islanders. Gad! You know, I think I'll let him do it. What would money be to me if the woman I loved ——"

"It's a bargain then?" Cicely asked. "We won't?"

"We won't!" Skeets promised. They shook hands on it. Then came the thought: "Is there another man?"

"Why?" Cicely parried.

"It's not Von Derp?"

"No, it's not Von Derp!"

"Good!" Skeets commented. "I don't like his yellow whiskers." He started upstairs but paused at the door. "By the way," he added, "that chap we had dinner with was The Hawk."

Cicely came to her feet, crumpling the note in her slender fingers. For a scant instant her heart stood still and words failed as she stared at the poet. He was frightened at her pallor and took a step forward.

"Has he been arrested?" Her question was almost inarticulate. "Has he confessed?"

Men are stupid creatures; ask any woman. Cicely's obvious agitation meant nothing to Skeets save in so far as it was a manifestation of outraged pride. They, Cicely and her mother, had dined with a thief and murderer!

"No, he has neither confessed nor been arrested," he explained. "But he made a get-away last night that left Detective Meredith and the flock of men he had on watch gasping for breath. He swam from the Pyramid to the Maid of the Sea—they found his bare footprints on deck—and disconnected the carburetor, after which he stuffed the supply pipe with cotton. It took three men four hours to get the engine going. By that time—pasat!—the Pyramid was gone!"

"Then why"—Cicely was breathing quickly, her hands were still clenched—"Why do you say he is The Hawk?"

"Oh, the mere fact that he ran away like that proves it," Skeets informed her. "But I wouldn't lose any sleep about it. He was an impertinent ass anyway!"

Skeets went on upstairs. For a long time Cicely sat motionless, torn by emotions she had never known before. Finally she could stand it no longer. She flung a veil about the sensuous brick-red hair and started toward the beach. It just happened that Meredith, who had run down to Satuit in a rage to call off his ferrets—and incidentally to address them at some length on the general subject of stupidity—met her in the road.

"Well, he got away," he greeted her.

"You are the very man I wanted to see," said Cicely. "I want to ask you one question—and you must answer it. Is Mr. Colquhoun a thief?"

"I wish I knew," said the detective ruefully.

"Or a murderer?"

"I can only say, Miss Hamilton—pardon me, Miss Quain—that I believe he is both a thief and a murderer."

"But you don't know?"

Meredith was gazing at her curiously. He shook his head.

"I don't know!" he confessed.

"And the mere fact that he ran away is not a confession of guilt?"

"It's against him of course," Meredith said judicially, "but it is not a confession. Lots of innocent men get frightened and run away from us."

"And he is gone?" Cicely rushed on. "You've been unable to find him?"

"There's no trace of him yet," he said. "Ultimately, of course, we'll get him."

The crumpled little note slid from Cicely's nerveless fingers to the ground; the detective stooped courteously to pick it up. A glance at the superscription on the envelope and his eyes opened wide. With a little cry Cicely snatched it from his hand.

"That note is from Colquhoun." It was not a question. "I know his handwriting."

"It is, yes." There was calm defiance in Cicely's manner.

"Will you give it to me?"

"No."

"May I see it?"

"No."

"Will you tell me what's in it?"

"I will not!" indignantly.

The detective plucked a white-headed flower from a near-by weed and whipped it idly against his knee.

"If," he asked—"If that note contained information as to the present whereabouts of Colquhoun, would you allow me to see it?"

"No."

"Will you give me your word of honor"—and he was studying her white face tensely—"your word of honor that it contains nothing, directly or indirectly, that would give a clew to his whereabouts?"

"I will do that, yes—my word of honor!"

"That is sufficient."

Meredith bowed courteously and went on up the road busy with his own plans. His fruitful field of investigation had suddenly become barren. He'd run by the post-office, order his mail forwarded, and clear out of Satuit. For the present at least there was nothing to be learned here. At the post-office he had another surprise. In his mail there was one envelope bearing the return address of a big New York hotel, but the postmark showed it had been mailed in Boston on the previous night. The envelope had been directed on a typewriter. Meredith opened it. Inside he found a single sheet of paper, evidently a scrap of wrapping paper; and roughly outlined upon it was a sketch of some sort. It seemed to be the interior plan of a residence marked off into rooms, halls, closets—and against one of these closets was a blue cross. Here and there in the sketch were other cabalistic hieroglyphs. Beneath the sketch were some figures, and one word, arranged in this fashion: "21 Willow —— 7/3."

On the night of the second day following—specifically the night of July third—Detective Meredith and one of his able assistants crept silently into the big mansion, Number 21 Willow Street, in a suburb of Boston, and stationed themselves, one on each side of the closet against which the blue cross appeared in the sketch. The occupants of the house, Calhoun Manning and family, had been called to New York by a telegram early in the day.

Stationed outside the building were four of Meredith's men, their orders being to interfere with no one who might enter the house, but to stop and hold any one attempting to leave it. So the trap was set!

The Record Was Still Playing as He Disconnected Her Gasoline Supply

Ten o'clock struck, then eleven, twelve, one. Patiently the men waited, revolvers and flashlights in hand. The faint noises of the night had died completely now; the silence was tense—it was the stillness of the tomb. All at once, without having heard a sound, Meredith knew there was some one else in the room. His muscles grew taut! Five seconds, ten seconds! There was a faint creaking in the direction of the table in the center of the room!

Simultaneously the electric flashes of Meredith and his aid blazed in the direction of the table. Sitting upon it, placidly swinging his perfectly shod feet, was Von Derp! There was an unlighted cigarette in his lips, slightly parted in a smile that crinkled the corners of his eyes. His hat was pushed back so that the yellow fringe of his hair showed, and with one gloved hand he plucked thoughtfully at the point of his lemon-colored beard.

"Is that you, Meredith?" he inquired quietly.

"Yes, but ——"

"Sh-h-h-h! Not so loud!" Von Derp warned. He slid from the table and came toward the detective. "And shut off your light!"

"But—but what are you doing here?" Meredith was stammering in his amazement.

"Shut off your light, you fool!" It was a hissing command, as unlike the mathematically courteous Von Derp as one could imagine. "And be silent! He may come yet, and I want him as much as or more than you do!"

Insolence is bad medicine at times. It was in this instance. Meredith's face flushed and he spoke to his assistant in a velvety undertone:

"Just throw on those electric lights, Stallings." Silently Stallings obeyed the order, and Von Derp, himself bathed in light, could see the two detectives for the first time. In the right hand of each was a revolver. He smiled cynically.

"You want him as much or more than we do!" Meredith repeated, his keen eyes fastened upon the placid countenance before him. "You want who?"

"Colquhoun—The Hawk!"

"Why do you want him?" Meredith pursued doggedly.

Von Derp's face showed clearly his astonishment at the question. "You know who I am, don't you?" he inquired.

"I know who you say you are," Meredith replied. "There is no better time than the present and no better place than here for you to give a detailed account of yourself: and among other things you might explain your presence in this house at this time!"

Von Derp thrust one gloved hand into the breast pocket of his coat and two revolvers clicked ominously in his face.

"Why, you two are regular policemen, aren't you?" he mocked. "Permit me to introduce myself." He took out an engraved card and handed it to Meredith. "I flattered myself that you knew me all along."

Meredith read the card:

HERR AUGUST VON DERP

IMPERIAL SECRET SERVICE OF GERMANY — BERLIN

Von Derp questioned the two men with his eyes; the mocking smile still played about his lips.

"Any one can have cards engraved," Meredith pointed out.

Von Derp laughed.

"You are—what is it you Americans say?—you are a Missourian, I see." Again he thrust a gloved hand into his breast pocket, this time to produce a packet of papers. To Meredith he handed these. "My credentials signed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Germany." Meredith glanced down the printed form to the signature. "And further," Von Derp continued as he threw back his coat and waistcoat and showed a small metal shield on his suspenders, "my badge of office."

Without a word Meredith folded the paper and returned it to Von Derp, who accepted it with a smile and restored it to his pocket.

"I beg your pardon," Meredith said simply as he thrust his revolver into his pocket; Stallings did likewise. "May I ask why you are here?"

"I told you," was the reply. "I, too, want Colquhoun, The Hawk."

"How do you know he is The Hawk?"

"I don't know it any more than you do. I only suspect it."

"And why do you—why does Germany want him?"

"Because he is believed to have in his possession certain Crown jewels of Germany," was the astonishing reply. "When I say I want him I am not strictly accurate—I merely want the jewels."

Meredith didn't ask for details; there came again into his face a shadow of suspicion.

(Continued on Page 34)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 20, 1912

The New Parties

WE ARE to have not only one new party but two; and it is high time!

In 1908 there were seven million and a half Republican voters in the country. Last month Mr. Taft was nominated by five hundred and sixty-one delegates, of whom two hundred and eight came from ten rock-ribbed Democratic states in the South that contain, all told, less than four hundred thousand Republican voters. He received one hundred and thirty-two ballots from Iowa, Indiana, Michigan and New York, where voters had been carefully denied a fair chance to express their choice, but where the complexion of Republican thought must be, on the whole, about like that in neighboring states that held primaries.

In ten Republican states voters were given a chance to express their choice; and in these states Mr. Taft was rejected by two to one—carrying only one of them, Massachusetts, and that by a small margin. These ten states contain three and a quarter million Republican voters; but the issue was settled for them by the Southern mercenaries and the Northern bosses. A very small coterie in command of the machinery outweighed millions of mere voters.

There is no need to go behind these returns. Obviously we have here a true-blue Tory party, dedicated to the principle that the wise and right-minded minority should rule. We welcome this new party. Unquestionably a great many people want just such an organization and they can bring to it an influence greater than their mere numbers would give, including the eager support of many newspapers. There is a fair field for just such a party; and if this party will occupy that field fairly we shall be happy to treat it with the utmost respect.

On the other hand, there has long been need of a clear-cut, out-and-out genuinely democratic and insurgent party. That such a party will eventually grow out of the occurrences at Chicago seems unquestionable. It is high time! The names of the old parties have lost all meaning. Either name might stand indifferently for progress or reaction—for La Follette or Bryan, or for Murphy or Barnes. A liberal or a conservative might vote either ticket, according to circumstances. We have long needed a party division that corresponded to actual division in political thinking.

Business and Politics

MANY experienced observers have remarked that the first half of 1912 witnessed the bitterest and most uncertain presidential contest since the Civil War. Moreover, the most conspicuous figure in this contest was the special bogyman of Big Business, carrying universal ruin and desolation in his capacious bosom—while Mr. Bryan, almost as direly portentous, stood in the middle distance on the other side. It is an odd circumstance that, though other and lesser presidential contests have had some repressive effect upon business, this one has had none whatever. To record-breaking foreign trade, bank clearings and railroad earnings we have referred before; but in a field that takes a long look ahead—namely, in building operations—records have been broken also. In May alone permits issued in a hundred and twenty-three cities involved an aggregate outlay of a hundred million dollars, and for five months the total was four hundred millions.

There is, of course, a good reason for this. The infant on the merry-go-round screams in fright upon first experiencing the sensation of motion, yet soon learns that it is not only harmless but pleasurable. After some years of complete stagnation, motion in politics filled us with vague alarms. We are getting used to it now and find that it is perfectly harmless. Legitimate business has discovered that there is no danger to it in any political proposition that is now conspicuously before the public.

A Russian Awakening

RUSSIA has millions of citizens who are annually exposed to famine if a crop should fail, essentially as peoples of Western Europe were in the Middle Ages and as the people of India still are. Along with this Dark Age and Oriental condition, however, Russia is also a modern and Occidental Power. It is a pleasure to note that she is not neglecting her duties and opportunities in the latter respect, however much she may neglect them in the former. The dreadful fact that the empire possesses only nine battleships, with seven more building, has been pressed upon the Duma with irresistible eloquence; and that body has thoughtfully passed a naval bill carrying an appropriation of six hundred and forty-five million dollars. "We must not permit ourselves to be outdistanced by Germany in the Baltic!" declared Admiral Prince Lieven; and the Duma saw the force of that. Neither, of course, must Germany permit herself to be outdistanced by Russia, or Great Britain by Russia and Germany combined. Whether anybody could have persuaded the Duma to appropriate six hundred and forty-five million dollars in a single bill for any work that was actually useful to the inhabitants of Russia is doubtful.

Meanwhile the rather ominous weakness in the bonds of the chief nations of Europe continues. Late in June both British consols and German imperial three-per-cents made new low records—the former selling below seventy-six and the latter at eighty. What would become of national credit at the first interchange of twelve-inch shells between these nations is a more and more interesting question.

Business for a Canal

ABOUT two years ago directors of the Suez Canal decided upon a reduction of tolls amounting to twenty per cent, to be extended over three years. Reduced tolls went into effect with the beginning of last year. A report for that year recently issued shows that tonnage passing through the canal increased by one and three-quarter million tons, and revenue increased by four million francs—leaving a surplus above expenses of more than ninety million francs, out of which a dividend of one hundred and sixty-five francs a share was paid on capital stock that represented the cost of the ditch. The reduction in tolls was commonly said to be in anticipation of the opening of the Panama Canal; but it was sound business policy independently of that, for it increased earnings, and along with earnings the usefulness of the canal increased.

We wish to see the Panama Canal regarded as a business undertaking in transportation, because we believe that the highest usefulness of the canal will be developed while seeking the greatest earning power for it—revenue and use going hand in hand.

Fruit as a Specialty

SOMEWHERE from thirty to forty years ago, to our knowledge, a very earnest and thoroughgoing body of American scientists made a fruit survey. They discovered that almost every householder raised fruit or melons. Beginning with Simpson's early cherries and ending with Brown's winter apples, there was scarcely an evening when luscious products of the tree or vine might not be had in abundance.

We are reminded of that by a recent census bulletin, which says that the number of deciduous fruit trees in the United States has decreased by nearly seventy millions in ten years, and the area planted to small fruits has fallen off by more than ten per cent. The total output of deciduous fruit has only about held its own. The total output of small fruits has declined.

The truth is that amateurish fruit-growing does not pay and is going out of vogue. The unpruned, unsprayed, unplowed apple or cherry orchard that nearly every other farmer used to have may be depended upon to furnish a bit of scenery, but not to furnish good fruit. As a rule, only fruit of first-class quality can be marketed profitably nowadays; and first-class quality demands far more than merely setting out the trees and trusting to Nature. As with people, the more civilized a fruit tree is the more intelligent care it requires. When the worthy Labadist brothers, Dunkers and Sluyter, tramped across Long Island and the length of Manhattan Island in the latter part of the seventeenth century they were astonished by the excellence and abundance of the peaches growing everywhere and used largely to fatten swine; but it takes a whole college of scientists to protect and develop peach trees now. Raising fruit in a merely incidental, careless, thoughtless way is not worth while.

A Conservative Suggestion

THE conservatives at Chicago insisted upon nominating Mr. Taft, who was beaten two to one at the primaries. The conservatives at Baltimore insisted upon presenting Judge Parker to the country as the typical Democrat the person most fit to "keynote" Democracy's aims and aspirations at this juncture. As a presidential candidate, it may be recalled, Judge Parker was more overwhelmingly defeated than any other man who has run for that office on a major ticket since the Civil War.

Conservative statesmanship appears to be an essentially simple affair. Its grand aim consists in discovering and embracing that candidate whom the people most decisively do not want. Some day, we expect, Thomas Fortune Ryan will learn that Eugene V. Debs has run for the presidency three times and never received as many as five hundred thousand votes; and thereafter conservative statesmanship will insist upon appropriating Mr. Debs and putting him forward on all occasions as its ideal embodiment of the popular will.

Finding out what her boarders would not eat and then giving them plenty of it was the recipe to which a certain landlady attributed her brilliant success. Mr. Ryan and the few others in whose capacious hands conservative interests seem so largely to lie have evidently applied this recipe to politics; but they erred in overlooking a gentleman who had demonstrated that he can command still fewer suffrages than Mr. Taft or Mr. Parker.

Pragmatic Reform

THE deeper reforms—some of those mentioned in the New Testament, for example—make little progress because they demand immediate personal sacrifices. With any reform, the first thing is to show that it will positively benefit somebody without positively injuring anybody who is in a position to resist. If it will not meet that test it may as well be dropped. As regards the effective members of society, the reform must pay or it is not workable.

The lesson is taught by the first American reform and the first—and greatest, perhaps—of American reformers. Las Casas, friend and defender of Columbus, devoted a singularly noble life to abolition of Indian slavery. He won over court and church. Leading Spanish colonists of the New World were so moved by his eloquence that they agreed to coöperate with him in lifting the yoke of servile labor from the red man—provided enough negro slaves were imported to take the place of the freed Indians. From the beginning, extension of negro slavery went hand in hand with restriction and final extermination of Indian slavery.

Reform is always quite practicable if it can be carried out without devolving a burden upon a politically efficient class. Otherwise it is generally impracticable. We urge pragmatism upon all reformers.

Reporting the Crops

ON CORN, wheat and oats the census figures for 1899 were larger than those of the Department of Agriculture by twenty-four million acres as to area and eight hundred thousand bushels as to yield—a difference of sixteen and twenty-five per cent respectively. The Department of Agriculture—without accepting the result of the census farm-to-farm enumeration as accurate—then made certain adjustments in its figures; but on the three chief cereals its report for 1909 was larger than that of the census by ten million acres as to area and a quarter of a billion bushels as to yield.

The Department has since incorporated the census figures for 1909 in its reports, and it may be urged that a few million acres more or less in a given year make no great difference; but it is obviously important to know whether the production of cereals in the United States is increasing or decreasing, and at what ratio relatively to population. The census report says that the area in the three chief cereals increased only one-half of one per cent in ten years, which would help to explain the high cost of living; but the Department of Agriculture—taking the figures of 1901, after adjustments based on the census report of 1899 had been made, and of 1911—says the area has increased by twenty-three million acres, or fourteen per cent; while its original reports for the census years 1899 and 1909 give an increase of thirty-five million acres, or twenty-three per cent—more than equal to the increase in population.

All through the reports of the Department of Agriculture, as checked up by the census, equally glaring contradictions may be found. This is what the bleachers call "rough work." Apparently the reporting system of the Department of Agriculture needs overhauling and extending.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Wisdom of Job

ABOUT all philosophy and politics have in common is the initial letter. A few men have succeeded in being politicians and philosophers, but no man ever was a philosopher and a politician. The reason is plain. If a man is a politician he may carry a small side line of philosophy, but it is utterly impossible for a philosopher to keep any politics in stock. The two things do not jibe. They jape.

Humor runs in the same class. No person can survive long who is a humorous politician, but political humorists are allowed to make speeches for the ticket and to pay their own expenses. The literal-minded public argues—perhaps justly—that a man with a sense of humor cannot have a sense of responsibility. A person who sees a joke has no business running for office, for the only joke the public can see in the circumstances is the joker. And as the greatest safety players in the universe are the candidates for the free and untrammeled suffrages of the people, we have a series of public men who are as solemn as a minority stockholder in a losing concern.

At that, humor and philosophy are closely allied. Philosophers will not admit it, but humorists will. Philosophers are great on analyzing the philosophy of humor. That Frenchman, Bergson, wrote a book explaining the philosophy of laughter, and others have gone into the matter extensively. They do not get the right viewpoint. The philosophy of humor isn't essential, but the humor of philosophy is remarkable. Take any of the pragmatic boys, or the inductive boys, or the empirical boys, or the absolute boys, and read a page—any page—of their laborings. You will see what I mean. The humor of it lies in its seriousness. They are joshing us.

Thus, having introduced politics, philosophy and humor into the discussion, it is now proper to inquire, What is the object of the meeting? To that I must reply, The object of the meeting is the subject of it, which might be tortured into a grammatical joke if one had the time. In other words, such conclusions as are here presented had for their inspiration—if such it be—one Job Hedges, of New York, who is by way of being a philosopher, a politician and a humorist, and who—casting convention to the winds, heedless of the precedent of the ages, regardless of the literalness of the public mind—will be a candidate for governor of New York State should the Republican party of that imperial commonwealth know its business.

A Remarkable Combination

It seems that Job, who has been wheelhorsing in New York for many years, and in every campaign has been sent out with the dull candidate for high public honors as an antidote, an anti-soporific, has accumulated a large number of friends who desire to watch him keep bachelor's hall in the Executive Mansion at Albany, and said friends insisted that Job should make a try. Wherefore he is making a try.

I presume if a poll of dinner-goers in New York and the adjacent territory were taken on the burning question, Who is the most popular after-dinner speaker in these parts? Job Hedges would be away up in the first flight, and mayhap leading, for Job is a good after-dinner speaker, a real one, inasmuch as he has ideas and humor, and not humor and no ideas. Also, if the crowds who go to political meetings throughout New York State and elsewhere were asked about their preference for a political talker, Job would land near the top of the list again.

A Candidate Worth Watching

NOW the reason for this isn't because Job is excruciatingly funny, or a jokester, or a storyteller, or a rip-the-stars-out-of-the-sky spellbinder. The reason for it is that he has good, cold common-sense, has an epigrammatic way of expressing himself, and is no bunco-steerer. He can get a smile, but, as he says himself, "It isn't difficult to create a smile, but a smile created for the purpose of the smile and not for the thought behind it is lost time." He has a sense of humor, a clear perspective, a philosophical outlook. Hence he always has something to say, and his manner of saying what he has to say—his style—has given him great vogue and great influence.

Many men see things clearly, but not many men tell things clearly. The seeing apparatus and the telling apparatus do not coördinate. Job sees clearly and tells lucidly. Moreover, he tells honestly and tells courageously. He has been in New York politics for twenty years or so, and has acted as balance wheel on many occasions. After all, a sense of humor is merely a proper perspective. No man with a proper perspective can be a hypocrite, if for no other reason than because of the joke he would be playing on himself. It takes a serious citizen to fool himself. That is no frivolous job. And most of us are right serious when it comes down to putting a point on it.

When you get a man like Job, with a clean-cut perspective, with an understanding of the needs of the people, who is so much bigger than the professional politicians and has a hatred for sham and shams and a contempt for the innate hypocrisy of the political game as it is played—a man who has taken the trouble to tell the people about themselves when he might have been jollying them along with funny stories—it is well enough to look him over carefully. Job is different from most politicians.

There is nothing spectacular about him, nothing frothy, nothing superficial. He has gone his way about New York City for twenty years, puncturing many bubbles, showing up many shams, chasing many frauds out into the open and conveying much wisdom to the populace in witty phrase.

He has made a study of politics from both sides, the in and the out. Two years ago he put some of the results of his observations in a book called Common-Sense in Politics. The text of that book was this: "While charges of inconsistence, maladministration in office, and graft are occupying public attention it may be pertinent to remark that the political crime of the present day is not larceny, but hypocrisy." On that proposition Job is entitled to go up to the head of the class. Some day something as bogus as our present-day professional politics will be discovered, but nothing so shammy as it has been found yet.

They gave Job a dinner in New York a time ago, in celebration of his fiftieth birthday. Three hundred of the big chaps in New York were at the dinner, and some of them made speeches about Job. Chauncey M. Depew said: "Job can be humorous without leaving a sting or a burn." That expresses it pretty well. Also he can be truthful without doing himself any harm. Also he can be philosophical without being a bore. And witty without making enemies. And a politician without dealing in bunco. A remarkable combination.

Job was born in 1862, and graduated from Princeton in the class of 1884. He has had several political places, but always resigned before his term was up. He was secretary to Mayor Strong, city magistrate and deputy attorney-general, but left each place because he wanted air. He practices law in the daytime and is aphoristical at night. It is probable he knows as many people in New York City as any one other man, and probable he has talked to as many as any other.

His candidacy will be worth watching. He starts as a philosopher, a wit, a talker who isn't always suffocatingly serious, with a known sense of humor and a taste for expressing it—qualities that usually do not lead to political preferment. He starts also as a broad-minded student of public affairs who understands the needs of New York, not a factionist, and has a heap of sanity and sense. It will be interesting to see where he comes out. His position is that he is capable of being governor and he wants the place; nor does he consider himself incapacitated because he is able to express himself in an extraordinary instead of an ordinary fashion. He goes plumb against the political maxim that to be successful in politics you must not let your conscience, your convictions, your comment embarrass you, and must never make a joke, tell a story or be other than densely dull and serious. The smugsters and the literal-minded boys will have a hack at him, but maybe they are not all smugsters over there.

A Close Shave

A BLUE-GRASS judge was sent up to the Kentucky mountains to try a lot of murder cases growing out of a desperate and bloody feud. He took with him as his official stenographer a young man named Wilkins, who dressed nattily and, in strong contrast to the silent mountaineers, did quite a good deal of talking.

On his first Sunday morning in the mountain hamlet Wilkins felt the need of a shave. He had no razor and there was no regular barber in the town; but he learned from the hotelkeeper that there was an old cobbler a few doors away who sometimes shaved the transients.

Wilkins went to look for the cobbler. In a tiny shop he found an elderly native with straggly chin whiskers and a mild blue eye. The old chap got out an ancient razor from somewhere, stropped it deliberately, and was soon scraping away. Wilkins felt the desire for a little repartee coming over him.

"This is a mighty lawless country up here, ain't it?" he began in the way of opening up some conversation.

"I don't know," said the old chap mildly. "Things is purty quiet jist at present."

He paused to put a keener edge on his blade, then went on with his work.

"Well," said Wilkins, "you can't deny, I reckon, that you have a lot of murders in this town?"

"We don't gin'rally speak of 'em as murders," said the old cobbler in a tone of gentle reproof. "Up here we calls 'em killin's."

"I'd call them murders all right," said Wilkins briskly. "If shooting a man down in cold blood ain't murder, then I don't know a murder when I see one, that's all. When was the last man killed, as you call it, here in this town?"

"Last week," said the venerable cobbler.

"Where'bouts was he killed?" continued Wilkins.

"Right out yonder in the street in front of this here shop," stated the old man, with the air of one desiring to turn the conversation. "Razor hurt you much?"

"The razor is all right," said Wilkins. "What I want to know is the truth about the killing of this last man. Who killed him?" he demanded.

The cobbler let the edge of the razor linger right over the Adam's apple of the inquiring stranger for a moment.

"I killed him," he said gently.

There was where the conversation began to languish.

A Tub of Rosewater

THE small son of Victor Rosewater, editor of the Omaha Bee and recently Republican national committeeman for Nebraska, was desirous of sailing boats in the bathtub of the Rosewater home.

"You cannot," said Mrs. Rosewater. "Father is taking a bath just now."

"Why is father taking a bath?" demanded the boy.

"Why do you take a bath?" countered Mrs. Rosewater.

"Because I have to," replied the son.

A Wide-Awake Place

JAY HOUSE says the first time Heck Simmons and Pete Nall, of a tiny Kansas town, ever went to Kansas City they got in about six o'clock at night.

Along about nine, after they had seen the sights, Heck said he was tired and was going to bed.

"Good Lord!" expostulated Pete. "You just come from the best place to sleep in all the world!"

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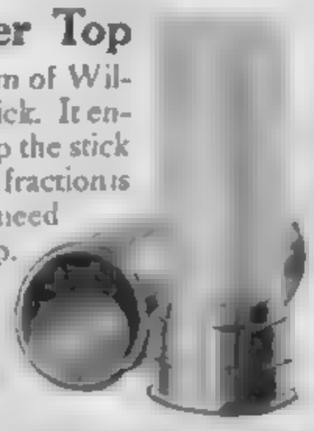

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HOW'S BUSINESS AND WHY

ENCOURAGING information for business men came to hand in June through the monthly reports of the United States Steel Corporation regarding unfilled orders upon its books, the statistics of the American Copper Producers' Association, and the reports of the Agricultural Department of the Government regarding crops—not to mention statements of building permits for leading cities and some other matters from time to time reported upon. If the business situation were to be judged entirely by these statistics it might readily be concluded that business affairs were upon an altogether sound and satisfactory basis—which, however, is scarcely the case.

Looking at these things or others, one writer declares that the leaders of industry feel sure of business expansion; in fact, he says: "The business situation continues to loom bright. Sentiment is growing more confident. The big leaders of industry feel sure in their minds of big crops and big business expansion. There has seldom if ever been a time when conditions were more ripe for business betterment. We have been through a long period of readjustment. Shelves are bare everywhere. The policy of hand-to-mouth buying has prevented any overstocking. The steel industry has surprised even the most sanguine. The revival has reached the stage when the matter of delivery has become more pronounced than has that of price. Mills are severely taxed to supply wants. In copper the strength is genuine. It is caused by the depleting stocks. But for the labor unsettlement and the political uncertainties we probably should be experiencing a boom. Those are the restrictive features, and yet they are not sufficient to check greatly the incoming tide." Such is the optimistic view of certain affairs as they apparently exist at the time of writing; and it is worth while to make note of the data upon which the view rests, first looking at the figures submitted by the Steel Corporation and then passing to other statistical and miscellaneous information.

The Great Metal Markets

The unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation on May 31, 1912, were 5,750,983 tons, showing an increase of 86,983 tons for the month compared with 5,084,761 tons on the thirty-first of last December, 3,113,187 tons one year ago, and a high record of 8,489,718 tons at the close of December, 1906. The amount at the end of May last was the largest since December 31, 1909, when it was 5,927,031 tons. The increase in tonnage during May indicates a volume of new business exceeding shipments by about 3000 tons a day. Shipments are understood to have averaged about 42,000 tons a day during May, which means a distribution of 1,134,000 tons during the month; and, since the output of finished products was approximately 1,114,000 tons, or at an average daily rate of a little over 41,000 tons, stocks of some of the subsidiary companies were apparently drawn upon. The product of steel ingots in May was about 55,000 tons a day, or 1,485,000 tons for the month. The volume of new business in finished products is estimated to have been slightly over 1,220,000, or at an average daily rate of a little over 45,000 tons, which means that the new business taken was slightly more than the capacity of the mills.

Operations during May appear to have been at the rate of about 92 per cent of total capacity. Recent appropriations for new furnaces will mean an increase in open-hearth capacity, but this will be at the expense of Bessemer capacity; so that, when the extensions are completed, the full rated capacity of the corporation will differ slightly from that of the present time. For brief periods during May the corporation produced steel ingots at the rate of 95 to 96 per cent; but interruptions caused a change, so that the total finished output was slightly less than it was in April. Since June came in, the railroads have placed smaller contracts for equipment and fewer large contracts have been given by manufacturing interests; but specifications continue heavy. The rising tendency of prices has a natural effect and increases specifications.

The statement of the American Copper Producers' Association for May showed stocks of copper on hand June 1, 1912, to be 49,615,643 pounds, a decrease of 15,450,386 pounds for May. Production in May was 126,737,836 pounds; domestic deliveries, 72,702,277 pounds; foreign deliveries, 69,485,945 pounds—making the total deliveries 142,188,222 pounds, the difference between that and production equaling the decrease in stocks for May. The average daily production in May was 4,054,666 pounds compared with 4,182,164 pounds a day in April. Production at the Baltimore refinery was interrupted by strikes, which are now believed to be over; so the efficiency of the works will be increased. Deliveries on domestic account for several months, as well as exports, apparently have been in excess of the melting; but whether this surely indicates actual consumption is in doubt. It is said the features of the producers' statement outside of production are largely discredited, owing to the violent speculative movement which has been indicated by the cornering of standard copper stocks at London and by manipulation of the copper share markets.

The price of refined copper has risen to 17½ cents, and considerable sales were reported at about that figure, though the market appeared to grow dull at that price upon realization of profits by speculators who had bought at lower prices and upon subsidence of demand from consumers. The visible supply of refined copper would scarcely last a month if consumption were equal to the deliveries and if the refiners were suddenly to cease production. Nevertheless, there seems to be no apprehension of a failure of supply, and nobody is heard talking of a famine in the metal, as there sometimes is when a campaign is on in the copper share market, which there is not now—at least none of an active character. There have been intimations of a deal of some sort in connection with the Amalgamated Copper Company, but it has not reached the light as yet. It is queried what effect the completion of a deal of that sort would have upon the metal market. It is openly declared at the moment that "speculators dominate the copper situation"; and it does look that way, even admitting the improved phases of the statistical situation. The current discussion in regard to electrifying various railroads at terminal and other points comes as a cheering note to every one interested in the copper industry, though it is realized that developments in that line are necessarily slow because of the excessive cost of betterments of that character.

Comparative Building Figures

Building operations are considered by some people a good index to business conditions. The American Contractor printed reports from some 50 cities for May, showing an increase of 21 per cent in the value of permits compared with the same month last year; and for five months of 1912 a gain of 9 per cent is shown in contrast with like months in 1911. Bradstreet's report, covering 96 cities of the United States, shows a value of permits amounting to $64,698,282, a decrease of 10.4 per cent from April, but a gain of 6.9 per cent over May of last year. In 55 of the 96 cities reported there were gains in May over a year ago, losses being reported in 41 cities. The entire gain in May this year over last year of 96 cities is accounted for by an increase of over $5,000,000, or 30 per cent, in the city of New York—Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx. Other large cities showing gains in May were: 102 per cent in Buffalo, 128 in Oakland, California, 169 in Toledo, 40 in Milwaukee, 19 in Los Angeles and 18 in Cleveland. Among the large gains reported by the American Contractor for five months of this year compared with last were: 149 per cent at Chattanooga, 57 at Buffalo, 56 at New Orleans, 45 at Fort Wayne and 42 at Detroit. Among the larger decreases were: 37 per cent at Baltimore and 35 each at Milwaukee and Minneapolis.

The Government found the condition of cotton near the end of May quite as good as had been expected. The average percentage was 78.9 of normal compared with 87.8 on the same date in 1911; 82 in 1910, and 81.5 as the average for the last ten years. The condition was better this year than upon the same dates in 1907, 1905 and 1903. The best condition in May during the last ten years was 95.1 per cent in 1902. The record at reporting periods in past years shows an inclination of percentages to deteriorate as the season advances; but this year it is hoped that there may be improvement, since the season was very wet, cold and late in opening, and the weather subsequently improved. The highest condition this year was in Virginia and California, states which produce comparatively little cotton. On the other hand, North Carolina and South Carolina, which produced good crops last year, showed a better percentage last May than in May, 1911. The condition in Texas, which is by far the largest producer, was 86 per cent this year against 88 last year and compared with a ten-year average of 80. No report has been made upon cotton acreage; but it is considered reasonably certain there will be from 7 to 10 per cent reduction in acreage and that the crop will hardly exceed 13,000,000 bales.

Major Crop Conditions

The Government report for June on wheat, oats, rye and barley was in some particulars satisfactory and in others disappointing. The condition of winter wheat was stated as 74.3 per cent compared with 79.7 on May first, the figures being quite below what had been hoped for and confirming recent reports of deterioration in districts both east and west of the Mississippi River. The acreage was given as 26,744,000, indicating a yield of 13.9 bushels an acre, or 367,841,600 bushels as the entire crop. This compares with 14.4 bushels an acre indicated on May first, and a total crop of 370,713,600 bushels. The acreage on June 1, 1911, was reported as 31,867,000, and the indicated crop was 15.3 bushels an acre, or 479,915,100 bushels. The condition of spring wheat—95.8 per cent—compares with 94.6 last year, the acreage this year being estimated at 19,201,000 against 20,757,000 in 1911. The estimated yield of 12.8 bushels an acre suggests a crop of 245,772,800 bushels compared with 284,370,900 bushels last year, when the average yield was 13.7 bushels.

The estimated acreage of both winter and spring wheat in June, 1912, was 44,945,000 compared with 52,124,000 a year ago. The estimated crop on the first of June was 628,000,000 compared with 674,146,000 bushels estimated last year. The harvested return last year of both crops was 621,338,000 bushels.

Oats showed a condition on June 1, 1912, of 91.1 per cent compared with 85.7 in 1911. Acreage was 37,844,000 against 35,250,000 in 1911. The estimated yield is 1,048,279,000 bushels compared with 976,425,000 bushels last season. The harvested crop in 1911 was 922,298,000 bushels; that of 1910—the record crop—was 1,186,341,000 bushels. The reported condition of barley was almost perfect, or 99.3 per cent compared with 90.2 last year and 90.8 as a ten-year average. The indicated yield an acre was 25.2 bushels compared with 21 last year and 24.8 as a five-year average. The estimated total production is 192,000,000 bushels compared with 160,240,000 last year. Rye deteriorated in May, the condition on the first of June being 87.7 per cent compared with 88.6 last year and 89.7 as the ten-year average. The indicated yield an acre is 16 bushels compared with 15.6 last year and 16.3 as the five-year average. The condition of hay was made 89.8 per cent compared with 76.8 last year. The condition of pastures was stated as 93.7 per cent against 81.8 last year and 89.3 as a ten-year average.

New York reports weakness in the print-cloth market and mills willing to consider contracts at slight concessions—say 5 cents for 64's and 4¾ cents for 38½-inch 64 by 60's. Trade is said to lack snap at New York. Conditions at Fall River are declared steadier. A large producer of women's goods has advanced one number of broadcloths 2½ cents a yard, and certain black kerseys 5 cents a yard to 85 cents; and will, the report adds, advance colored kerseys 10 per cent very soon. The advance in producing costs is assigned as a reason for marking up prices of these goods.

Trading in sole leather has shown an increase in activity not shared by other varieties. Upper leather, which had its active period a short time since, is quiet now, but with sales at top prices. The more favorable weather stimulated demand for light shoes and factories have been fairly busy on re-orders. Salesmen have gone after orders for fall and winter goods. Though prices of leather have risen, it is claimed they are not at a parity with the advance in hides. It is estimated that the American Hide and Leather Company will do a business of about $20,000,000 this year. The company has been handling its sole leather directly through its own selling organization since the first of January instead of through agents. The production of its sole-leather tanneries is about 2400 sides daily, amounting to about $2,000,000 gross a year, to which are to be added the upper-leather sales in making up the $20,000,000.

Retail trade in dry-goods lines, as in boots and shoes, was interfered with by the unusually cold weather, but improved somewhat as the weather became more seasonable. The high cost of living is blamed somewhat for lessened expenditure for wearing apparel this season. Out of 55 commodities, the prices of which are kept continuously by a publication of good repute, 12 advanced, 19 declined and 24 were unchanged in May. Wheat, corn and flour rose to new high figures, while pork advanced $1.75 a barrel. Changes were slight in dairy products, while in drugs and chemicals there was a tendency downward. Changes in textiles were hardly worth mention. Resumption of operations in the anthracite coal field has taken place in a small way, with shipments light, the same as they were in April and May. Consumers will have to pay the advance in wages to the hard-coal operatives.

Railroad earnings were displaying a gratifying tendency at the end of May, 34 roads reporting $18,281,221 gross for the fourth week of the month, an increase of $1,464,551 compared with last year, or 8.01 per cent. Net returns are not so satisfactory as the gross receipts. The United States Supreme Court has rendered a decision that the coal roads may not lawfully carry coal for themselves at a less price than for others. The idle freight cars upon the railroads of this country and Canada on May 23, 1912, numbered 116,-201 against 130,098 two weeks earlier; 138,-881 on April twenty-fifth; 79,389 on April eleventh; and 3043 on March thirteenth—the date of the smallest number this year. On May 10, 1911, the number was 167,398. The car statistics suggest a more active freight movement this season than last season, though it is not known how the equipment this year compares with that owned on the earlier date.

Failures and Bank Clearings

New corporation charters of $1,000,000 or more, each taken out in Eastern states during May, were $145,284,000 against $281,457,000 in April and $163,195,000 in May of last year. Add those of other states and include charters as small as $100,000 each, and the footing for May is $239,-531,000 against $370,184,000 in April and $326,144,000 in May of last year.

Reverses in business during May were large—no less than 1109, with liabilities of $12,875,879—the number being unequaled since the present century came in; but liabilities were larger for the month in 1911, 1910, 1909, 1908 and 1905, the largest amount having been $26,844,459, in May, 1908. To the small margin of profit in the conduct of business may be attributed somewhat of this large list of commercial reverses.

Little apprehension is felt regarding the supply or price of money. Should seasonable firmness in rates appear later in the season, it will not be wholly unexpected; but nothing beyond that is thought of at present—and even that is far from assured. To quote money at 3 to 4½ per cent is about right at this time. There is plenty of money in the country. On the first of June the circulation a head was about the best—$34.61, estimating the population at 95,516,000. Of the total circulation—$3,643,374,000—there was just about half in gold coin and bullion, or $1,813,036,000. The amount in national banknotes was $745,492,000 compared with $728,478,000 on the same day a year earlier.

Bank clearings in May were $14,701,-990,152 against $13,359,794,346 in 1911, making for five months $71,592,447,176 compared with $65,346,881,495 for like months last year. The increase for the month was 10 per cent over last year and for five months 9.5. The May clearings were the largest recorded in all time for that month, and in but six separate months in the past have the clearings been larger than for May of this year. There is no trouble about the volume of bank clearings, and, with prices of most things high, they will likely continue large for a considerable time—especially if there are large loans to corporations, municipalities and states to be financed, as has lately happened.

The unsatisfactory factors of the situation are quite a few and important, and negative many or most of the more favorable factors. Among the former are to be mentioned the crop factor, scarcely so favorable as certain prominent men would claim; the factor of the high cost of living, which no one is able to deal with speedily and successfully, and which may not be adequately dealt with save through a panic; the factor of unsatisfactory manufacturing and commercial profits, which may run on a permanently lower basis than heretofore; the factors of social and labor unrest, not easily quieted, but which the politicians—whose activities comprise, temporarily at least, one of the most troublesome factors of all—profess to be striving to dispose of through radical legislation. That chaos reigns in these things as rarely in the past is among the most obvious facts: and there is no telling how or when harmony will take its place—though that it will do so eventually is among the certain things assured by economic progress.

The Golden Flood

IT IS the enormous increase of the output of the wonderful mines of the Rand, in South Africa, that is chiefly accountable for the gain in the world's total production of gold during the past few years. Those mines in one year have yielded no less than $175,000,000 worth of the precious substance, and the stream of gold from that source is steadily gaining in volume. The supply accessible is apparently beyond the possibility of exhaustion; one might as well talk of digging away a mountain. There is good reason to suppose that ten years from now the yield of the Rand deposits will reach $300,000,000.

The deposits in question are the sands of an ancient seabeach. Perhaps 60,000,000 years have elapsed since the waves of the ocean broke upon it. Meanwhile there have been great geologic changes; and what appears to view at the present time is merely an exposed edge of the beach, a few feet wide, which slants down for miles, presumably into the bowels of the earth. The beach originally was much like any other beach, being composed of sand and pebbles. Today the sand has solidified into quartzite, through which the pebbles are scattered like nuts in a cake; in fact, a fragment of the stuff, grayish or whitish, looks very much like nutcake.

Beaches everywhere are formed of rock fragments brought down to the sea by rivers; but it happened that the ancient rivers in this South African region also carried a great deal of gold originally derived from rocks, and this gold was scattered in fine particles all through the sand. Thus it comes about that the yellow metal in the Rand deposits today is disseminated with uniformity through the quartzite matrix; the pebbles contain none of it.

Some authorities argue that the recent flood of gold, by making the sole standard of value cheaper, has been accountable for the rise in the prices of commodities. Whether this be true or not, it has certainly made the use of the yellow metal much more common in the arts; and it is safe to say that people—the women in particular—are wearing ten times as much of it, in the shape of jewelry ornaments, as they did forty years ago.

My! what a fine soup for summer!

ALL these delicious vegetables—sixteen of them—with their fresh, right-out-of-the-garden flavor, beside all the other good things. And you needn't heat up the house nor yourself to make

Campbells'
VEGETABLE
SOUP

All you need is boiling water.
You get the nourishing properties of rich beef-stock, of sweet potatoes and white potatoes, carrots, yellow turnips, peas, Lima beans, corn, okra, ham, imported macaroni "alphabets"—32 different ingredients in all, and so perfectly blended they make a soup as palatable and tempting as it is nutritious.
Here's where you cut down living-cost. Order a dozen at a time.

"I'll barber this town 'till its whiskers are gone!
Then whisk in for Campbell's Clam Chowder", said John.

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consomme	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

Overland

A Foreword About 1913

And a Word of Advice to the Buyer

THIS will probably throw a little scare into some, but for the man with money to invest in an automobile it is good, sound, practical advice:

Most of you will remember that just before the 1912 season opened, we advised the public to wait and see what we had to offer before they bought.

We promised to save them considerable money. We told them how we could. And we did. Everyone knows that we

made good on this. Tens of thousands followed our advice and profited by doing so. Our famous $900 Touring Car took the country by storm. It proved the equal of any $1200 car shown during the entire 1912 season. To date we have had to refuse thousands of orders for this model and more are still pouring in.

Our advice for 1913 is the same as it was for 1912. Wait for the Overland announcement.

We will make our 1913 announcement on August 17th. On this date the world at large will awaken to still more car for still less money.

Our 1912 production was nearly 25,000 cars. Our 1913 production will be 35,000 cars. This great production increase makes possible additional value and a still lower scale of prices. As our production increases, the cost per car decreases, which accounts for our ability to give more acknowledged car value for less money.

A few weeks' wait cannot make much difference to you; yet it will make a big difference by saving you considerable money.

On August 17th you will get all the facts, specifications and particulars. Buy *The Saturday Evening Post* on that date. Watch the newspapers in your city.

On that date the new Overlands will be in every city in America—ready for your demonstration.

August 17th will be the red letter day of the 1913 automobile year.

Remember the date and . . . . . wait!

The Willys-Overland Company

Toledo, Ohio

Carry This Pen in your *White Vest*

No. 14 Sterling Silver Mounted $5.00

YES, upside down in your white vest pocket.

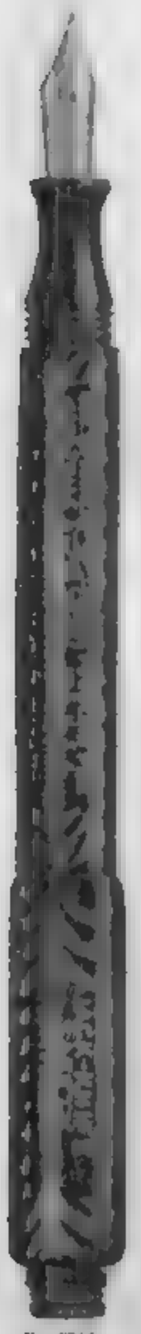
Or slip it in your trousers pocket along with your jack knife and keys.

Or drop it in the bottom of your outside coat pocket.

In short, carry it in any of the hundred places where you expect a fountain pen to leak

That's why it is called the Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen—because you can carry it anywhere your jack knife can be carried, and it won't leak a bit more than your jack knife leaks. Neither will it slip out of your pocket when you stoop over.

PARKER
Jack Knife Safety FOUNTAIN PEN



No. 23½ Beautifully Chased Barrel $3.00

Every automobilist should have one in the outside pocket of his duster. Every professional man, every travelling man, every tourist, every vacationist, every lady who goes shopping, should carry one. Handy as a pencil, slips flat into purse or bag.

Many sizes and handsome styles, from 3¾ inch *pen knife* size for ladies to 5¾ inches long for the man who wants a full size pen to grip. Prices $2.50, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and upwards.

A scientific principle keeps the Parker Jack Knife Pen from leaking. It contains the Capillary Attraction principle which makes every Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen write as smooth as glass, and never leak or "sweat" in your pocket.

Parker Spear Head Ink Controller gives absolutely uniform and easy ink flow. 14k gold pens with polished Iridium points write without hitch, skip or blot.

Get a Parker from your dealer on 10 days trial. If you don't find it the handiest writing contrivance you ever saw, dealer will promptly refund. We protect him from loss.

If your dealer does not carry Parker Pens, write us for catalog. But start getting a Parker *today*.

Parker Pen Company
90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

New York Retail Store, 31 Park Row, opposite Post Office

THE AMERICAN SPENDERS

(Concluded from Page 7)

J. Rand Folsom bought land near a country club and built a simple habitation which the primitive souls of the seventies would have called a mansion or a country seat. There Mrs. Folsom, with house guests and dinner parties, entertains quite as elaborately as she does in her town house.

Nevertheless the Folsoms of this generation have their own traffic with country hotels. You must not think that Mrs. Folsom is an idle person. As a matter of fact she follows two careers. First, she keeps up with the whirl of New York life. As any one who has tried it can testify, a full season of New York tries the strongest set of nerves. Then the supervision of her children, servants and the correspondence that falls to one of her station in life almost make a career in themselves. This necessity springs from her state of grinding poverty. The really rich in her circle have stewards or housekeepers to assume the burdens of running their houses, and secretaries to write their letters; but she—since she cannot keep even a footman—what is the use of asking Mr. Folsom for a housekeeper or a secretary? By Lent she is just a bundle of wilted nerves. At about that period, then, the Folsoms pack up and travel either to Palm Beach or the Riviera for a rest. In Saratoga of old the Frederick Folsoms had two little rooms without bath; at Palm Beach the J. Rand Folsoms have a suite with bath. The older Folsoms traveled to the watering place in the berths of a first-class Pullman sleeper. The modern Folsoms must have a private drawing room. The older Folsoms, when they went to Europe, occupied a plain stateroom in a real ship. The modern Folsoms demand a suite, with private bath, in one of our elaborate floating hotels.

Mrs. Folsom feels that she dresses rather simply at five thousand dollars a year. Her mother-in-law, at little more than half that sum, made a better showing among her contemporaries; and fabrics, except wool, are rather cheaper now than then. The more rapid change in fashions has something to do with this difference, but the craze for impermanent, expensively simple hand-made garments, and for the mark of famous makers, forms probably the greatest item. Mrs. Folsom exhibited as a bargain last winter a nightgown she had bought at a special sale for sixteen dollars. Usually she pays from twenty-five dollars apiece up for her nightgowns; the rest of her lingerie costs in proportion. The simplest walking hat at her milliner's is forty dollars; and, at that, she makes no special display of laces and furs. Note this item when comparing her wardrobe with that of Mrs. Frederick Folsom; where the elder lady dressed for the four seasons, Mrs. J. Rand Folsom must dress for five. That winter season at Palm Beach or the Riviera demands an equipment of light clothes—which explains the January display of expensive and highly specialized summer clothes in the Fifth Avenue shops. Many of the garments in this extra wardrobe will not stand up for next summer's campaign at the country place—the packing and unpacking, to say nothing of the wear, will have taken out all freshness.

The Price of Disappointments

It is an open secret along the shopping district of Fifth Avenue that the most elaborate gowns and the most expensive furs are generally purchased by and for women who do not frequent society—not by many a mile. Nevertheless, Mrs. Folsom's intimates include one woman who admits that she spends ten thousand dollars a year on her wardrobe; another who pays fifteen thousand dollars a year for hats and neckwear alone, and still another who admits that she squanders ten thousand dollars a year on her "disappointments"—garments which she likes well enough to buy when she sees them in the shop but which she never wears because they do not appeal to her when she tries them on at home.

And at that—contrary to the impression one would gather from the yellow newspapers expensive dressing does not cut an unduly large figure in the budgets of high society. The lavish personal decoration of the body belongs to the past, vulgar stage in an aristocracy of wealth. When Rome began to gather the fruits of world domination, her fat knights and senators spent their new incomes on Tyrian purple garments, jewels and Lucullian feasts. In two generations more they were scouring Greece for objects of art wherewith to decorate villas at Herculaneum or Lake Como—a form of luxury less obvious to the vulgar eye, but far more expensive. So our suddenly sprung American aristocracy of wealth has passed the stage when rich dressing and royal entertainments seem the highest good to be got from their millions. They are "going in" for more refined satisfactions—less tangible to the makers of scare headlines and seven-column halftone cuts, but a world more costly.

Fads and Fancies That Come High

J. Rand Folsom, who has properly figured very little so far in these annals of a family budget, finds his life hedged about by the things he cannot afford to do. No longer is there any such thing in New York as one high social circle. Society is heterogeneous. It has split into groups and sets, which are in themselves hazy and indefinite. Now the set to which J. Rand Folsom belongs—his country club forms its nucleus—is distinguished not so much by blood or native ability as by wealth. It resembles somewhat the oldtime "smart set" of which we once heard so much. Some of the members play polo. J. Rand Folsom, in his younger, livelier years, would have liked to take up that game, for he rides well. In his father's day Newport had just begun to introduce polo to America. A report of a game played in the seventies includes this item: "The Buffalo players stood a poor chance with the Newport team, because the latter had an extra set of ponies and were able to rest their tired steeds in the middle of the match."

Nowadays a polo team may change ponies three or four times in the course of a match. One of our millionaires spent a quarter of a million dollars to win an international event. And the frugal seventies never knew such ponies as these—specially bred, educated, selected and trained. In short, if you would play polo you must maintain a stable of ponies, with all the expense which that implies. J. Rand Folsom might, indeed, become a follower and hanger-on of some richer man's stables, exercising the ponies to keep them in condition and borrowing them for match games. Two reasons prevent: his mediocrity at the game—for Crœsus wants only star ponies and star players about his stables; and his personal pride. J. Rand Folsom would like to own or rent a steam yacht. Impossible again. The rent of a yacht for the season would cost more than the annual family trip to Palm Beach; and the rent is insignificant compared with the expense of upkeep. He would like a shooting box. That also is far beyond his means. Mrs. Folsom remarks with truth that she does not see how they get invited anywhere—they have so little to offer in return. The answer, of course, is that they are charming people, a decoration to any gathering. Still, their position in life is humiliating. In return for yachting trips, for week-end shooting parties, they can offer only the very bread and boiled beef of social intercourse—home dinners and week-end parties at a plain country place.

At times J. Rand Folsom grows bitter with the thought that he is not able even to sustain a fad. Several men in his circle breed fancy stock for the horse show or the county fair; one goes in for aeroplanes; another is a patron of automobile racing; the rest collect. The very richest of these collectors strip the European galleries and libraries of paintings and first editions. The baser sort get along with Etruscan vases, or Chippendale furniture, or scarabs. Or they pursue similar bypaths of dilettanteism; in fact, there is so much collecting nowadays that it takes an original mind to discover a new specialty. It appears that everything has been thought of except Rogers groups; but his five clubs—his father had two—and the incidental restaurant and café expenses a good-natured man about town is obliged to meet, seem to eat up all that part of the family income he is able to devote to his own uses.

. . . . . .

Yet Mollie, about to come out in society, is after all the main perplexity. Mr. and Mrs. Folsom reproach themselves a little for their carelessness about her future. The emergency has caught them unaware, they should have foreseen it five years ago. Still, how could they know that the cost of living was going to advance so fast? It looks very much as though they must "bluff" Mollie's début.

The first expense is already upon them. Last spring Mr. and Mrs. Folsom went to the Riviera instead of to Palm Beach, and they took Mollie along. When they returned to open the country place they left her in Europe with a chaperon, by way of finishing her education. The real trouble will begin with the opening of next season. The actual début will take place at a tea. That will not be expensive.

Most expensive of all is the dinner dance—a large entertainment including every one with whom the family comes into close social contact, and especially the younger set. People like the Folsoms must invite at least two hundred and fifty guests. They have not enough room in their house, of course. It is necessary to hire the ballroom and private dining rooms of the big restaurant which specializes in such affairs. The place must be decorated—if possible on some original plan. The young people will dance all night; and, of late, the hostess has provided not only dinner and a midnight supper but a second supper—or breakfast, if you wish—at dawn. In the language of the vulgar she "puts up for three squares." The proprietors of these restaurants all testify that such affairs are less elaborate now than a few years ago. From this they deduce that society is spending less money, which, as I have tried to show above, is a false conclusion. No more do even the wealthiest families plan a whole scheme of decoration on a basis of orchids; no more are cotillon favors of gold. Yet even a simple decoration of hothouse roses, say, mounts into the thousands when you are dressing out a ballroom and a banquet room. With the three meals, the music, the wines—all at the absurd prices of the New York restaurants—one can scarcely escape with credit for less than ten thousand dollars. The Folsoms lack that ten-thousand.

When Mollie Comes Out

Then, too, Mollie must be clothed. She has become a young woman; from now on she will need as great and expensive a wardrobe as her mother. It is all very well to talk of girlish simplicity. That variety of conversation had some standing in court at the time when Mrs. Frederick Folsom was a girl. Then a simple girlish frock meant muslin. Now it means embroidered lawn, with filet lace, fitted with the last device of the modiste's art. Moreover, there are many staples and ornaments that Mrs. Folsom carries over from year to year, but which must be provided new and all together for Mollie, now suddenly become a woman. Except for the little pins and rings she used to wear at school, she has no jewelry. Her simple, girlish ornaments must come from her mother's jewel case. The Folsoms will have them reset to disguise their origin. Mrs. Folsom, as it happens, owns no pearls to speak of. Mollie will need a string of pearls to go with her simple, débutante frocks. That cannot be bluffed. Finally, by the beginning of next season Mrs. Folsom will reopen the old debate concerning the footman. This time I think she will win. To know that the other débutantes have a man on the box, while his little daughter has none, is enough to melt the heart of the most penurious parent.

Then, even if Mollie has the luck to marry early and well, the Folsoms must consider their second daughter. Scarce will Mollie be finished with her début before they must prepare to do the same thing for Beatrice! And, before Beatrice is out of the way, the boys will be nearly finished at their exclusive, high-priced private schools in New Jersey or New Hampshire. They will enter Harvard, where J. Rand Folsom, to save the face of his family, must maintain them in little palaces of private dormitories, provide them with automobiles, and give them enough spending money besides to buy a whole education for two young men of moderate desires. Decidedly, in these days of increased cost of living, it takes money to bring up a family with decency!

THE MAN WHO SAW

(Continued from Page 9

up now, his face composed and usual in the light of the reading lamp.

"Or anywhere," he said shortly. He nodded two or three times impressively; he was master of himself again. "It's true, Newman, I can do it; I've opened the door. We must have a few more tests and verify the method by trying it on another subject. Then we'll go to war with the professors."

"Ye-es," agreed Mr. Newman absently. "Anywhere, you said? You can open my eyes at any period in time? You can do that, Carrick?"

"Well ——" began Carrick, and paused. "Why?" he demanded. "What have you got on your mind?"

Mr. Newman came slowly down toward him until he leaned across the top of the desk facing the younger man. He was smiling still, but a fire had lit in his eyes; something adventurous and strong looked out through them. The elderly stout man was braced and exalted like a martyr going to the stake.

"Can you?" he repeated. "Can you, Carrick? Say, can you do that?"

"Unless ——" hesitated the other, staring at him. "But—you must have been somewhere, at any time. Yes, I can do it."

Mr. Newman's eyes looked over his head and beyond him.

"Then," he said, and a deep note reverberated in his even voice—"Then show me the day on which Christ died!"

He continued to look past Carrick at the shadowy end of the room, still smiling his strange and uplifted smile.

Carrick moved in his chair with a half gesture as of irritation.

"Look here," he said. "Pull yourself together, Newman. There are limits, you know, after all."

. . . . . .

Two days elapsed before the evening on which the attempt was to be made; Carrick, alleging difficulties and dangers with long scientific names, had refused to try it earlier. He had been unwilling to try it at all.

"I don't want to mix up a matter of clear science with your religious emotions," he had declared. "And I've got a certain amount of religion of my own, for that matter. I manage to believe in it without corroboration. What's the matter with yours that you can't do the same?"

But it was not corroboration Mr. Newman desired. He had not so much argued as insisted; and it had been difficult to reason with his manner of one buoyed up, exalted, inspired. He had had his way on the sole condition that he should wait two days—"and give sanity a chance," Carrick had added.

At the stroke of nine on the appointed evening Mr. Newman was standing within the door of Carrick's study, his hat in his hand, a white silk muffler about his neck instead of a collar.

"I was careful to eat very little at dinner," were his first words.

Carrick, who had been looking forward to his arrival with nervous dread, glanced up sharply with an affectation of annoyance at an interruption.

"More fool you!" he barked in his harshest voice. Mr. Newman smiled and laid his hat down on the table and began to unwind his muffler.

Carrick frowned at him.

"I'm rather busy tonight, Newman," he said. That had no effect. He rose. "Besides, something has occurred to me and—it is not safe, you know."

Mr. Newman laid his muffler beside his hat; without it he had a curiously incomplete and undressed appearance. He turned round.

"Oh, yes, it is," he contradicted mildly. "As safe as it was on Monday, at any rate!"

"Ah!" Carrick caught him up eagerly. "But that wasn't safe either. I hadn't thought of this then. You see we don't understand yet how the thing applies. What is it that becomes conscious in the period you see? Is it you in an earlier incarnation? If so supposing I—I let go of you at a time when you are dead! What happens then? Do I get you back or—or what?"

He tried to make the consideration graphic, driving it at Mr. Newman's serenity with a knit brow and a moving forefinger.

Mr. Newman shook his head. "I don't know," he answered, unmoved by Carrick's fervor. "I can't tell you that; but you leave me where you found me—in the hands of my God!" With the same quiet cheerfulness he crossed to the big chair, turned it to face the wall and sat down in it. "I'm quite ready," he said.

Carrick was still standing by the table. He was frowning heavily; the proceeding was utterly against his inclination. When Mr. Newman spoke Carrick sighed wildly—a sigh of resignation, of defeat.

"I warned you!" he said, and wiped the palms of his hands on his trousers for what he had to do.

A man less honest than Carrick, finding himself in the like predicament, might plausibly have contrived a failure. Nothing easier than to tell Mr. Newman that nerves, a mental burden, or what-not, stood in the way of the adventure. But Carrick got to work forthwith.

Mr. Newman, supine in his chair, knew the preliminary stages of the process well. They took longer than usual tonight; both of them were unkeyed and had to compose themselves to the affair. But at last the visible world, the wall before him, commenced to dislimn—it shifted; it became mist, writhing and tinged with faint colors, which submerged his will and his consciousness until they sank, gathering impetus, into a void below—the vacancy of the spirit that looses its hold on the body and is rudderless. He knew the blackness that is death, the momentary throes of entering it, the shock, the sense of chill, the dumbness.

"Ah!" Carrick saw that his head fell and ceased his labors. He stood, gaunt and perplexed, contemplating the body from which he had expelled the will, the life—the soul. It was a plump body, well clad, well fed—a carcass that had absorbed much of its world. It had cost labor and the pains of innumerable toilers to clothe it, nourish it, maintain it—guard, comfort and embellish it. And an effort of ten minutes was enough to drain it of all save the fleshly, the mere bestial. The habit of his mind impelled him to sneer as he stood above it, to moralize in the tone of cynicism. "*Ecce Homo!*" were the words he chanced upon; but the flavor of them troubled him when he remembered the goal of the journey upon which that absent spirit had departed.

"Oh, Lord!" said Carrick in a kind of whispering panic.

He cast scared looks to and fro as though he feared the great room might contain a spy upon him. It was empty, save for him and that witless body. He put his hands together with the gesture of a child and shut his eyes tight.

"'Our Father,'" he began, "'which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name.'"

The place was as still as a church; he recited his prayer aloud in a quiet, careful voice that echoed faintly among the bookshelves.

He had got as far as "Thine is the kingdom"—no farther—when Mr. Newman stirred; Carrick gabbled the words to an end hastily before his friend opened his eyes. Mr. Newman came back to consciousness with a rush; his body inflated with life, his still face woke; and his vacant eyes, meeting Carrick's and recognizing him, suddenly lit with sense—and terror!

"I say!" exclaimed Carrick. "Will you have some water?"

His hand groped for the glass on the mantelshelf, but he continued to look at Mr. Newman—and presently he forgot the glass. Terror was the word, the terror of a man who finds—unawaited, ambushed in his being—depths and capacities unguessed and appalling. A blank, horror-ridden face fronted his own until Mr. Newman put his hands before his eyes and shuddered.

"What is it?" cried Carrick. "Old chap, what's up?"

"My God!"

It was not an expletive, but a prayer, a supplication. Mr. Newman dashed his hands from his face and sprang up. Carrick caught him by the arm.

"I say!" he cried. "It's rot! It's a fake—it must be! Whatever happened, it's not a sure thing. Pull yourself together, Newman. I—I may be wrong; perhaps it's all an induced—you know—an illusion. I say, look here ——"

"No!"

Gently but with decision Mr. Newman put Carrick's friendly hand away. "It's not illusion," he said.

He walked away. Carrick stood staring after him, a battlefield of compunctions and a growing curiosity. Mr. Newman was

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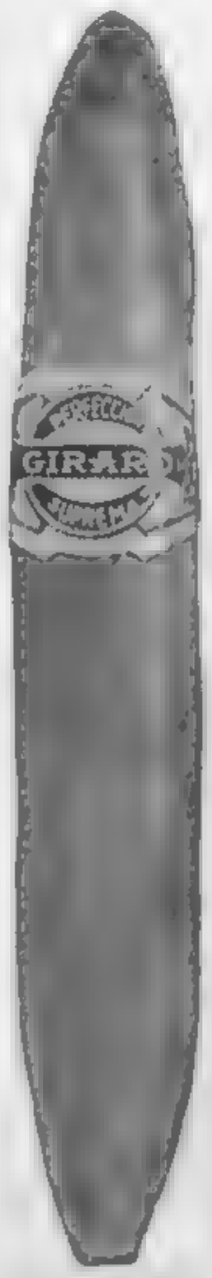

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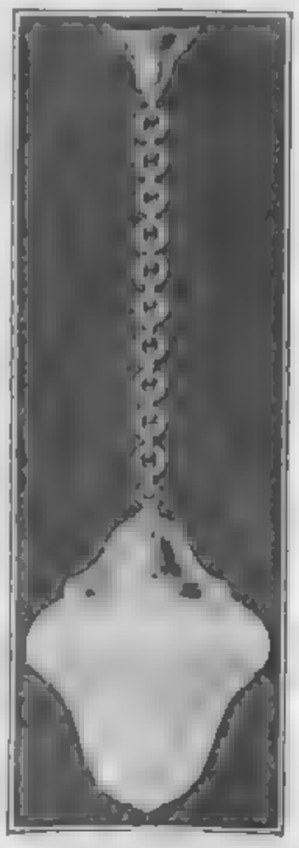

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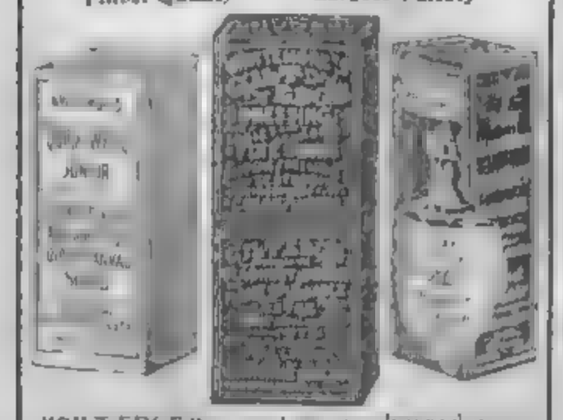
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wrestling with his trouble in the shadows; minutes passed before he came again into the lamplight. His face was blanched, but something like a stricken purpose dwelt on it.

"I'll tell you," he said. Then, wildly: "Oh, man! Why did you let me? This trick of yours—it's the knowledge of good and evil; it's the forbidden fruit. Why did you let me?"

Carrick stammered futilely; there was no answer possible to give.

"I am a Christian," went on Mr. Newman as though he appealed for justification. "By my lights I serve God. I try not to judge others. I've not judged you—have I, Carrick? You—you don't go to church; but I make a friend of you—don't I?"

"Yes," said Carrick.

"Then—why?" cried Mr. Newman. "Why, of all people, should I —— Oh, Carrick, I don't know how to tell you!"

Let Carrick's answer be remembered when his epitaph is written.

"Then don't tell me," he said. "I don't want to hear."

Mr. Newman shook his head. He had come to a standstill at the side of the big chair. He looked old and stricken and sad.

"Ah!" he said. "But listen to me."

He remained standing while he told his tale, with eyes that sought Carrick's listening face and fell away again.

"It took you longer than it usually does," he said—"to send me off, I mean. I expect I wasn't so good a subject as usual. I know I was full of a sort of gladness and expectation, for I didn't doubt that you could do it. I had a feeling that I was going to see—really to see, with mortal eyes—Him; my Redeemer; the Son of God! I wasn't afraid—only joyful with a great solemnity. I carried it with me, that joy, into the fog and the darkness; it was all that I knew when the utter night surged up and gulfed me, and even life was forgotten. I was to see Him like the pure in heart who are to see God. I had had that in mind since Sunday evening; the curate preached on it; and I—I thought my heart was pure."

His fearful eyes fluttered to Carrick's face and sank.

"The light came as it came before," he went on quickly and miserably. "First a sense of something that was not mere darkness, infinitely distant, but swooping down upon me at an unimaginable speed, broadening more quickly than the sense could follow—and then it was daylight all about me; and I was in the world, seeing, hearing and—yes, and speaking—speaking, Carrick. Oh, my God!"

He shivered and put a hand out to the arm of the big chair. Carrick said nothing.

"It's so clear," said Mr. Newman. "If it weren't so clear I might persuade myself that it was an illusion, a vision—but it's not. It happened. The first thing I knew was that it was very hot. A sun stood in the sky; its rays beat on me and they were strong. I was in a crowd of people, and they—we, that is—we all stood facing a building, a white building with a great door. There were many of us; I was thrust between two big, hairy men, and there was a great noise. Everybody was shouting. I was shouting too. I had both my arms raised above my head, with my fists clenched—like this ——"

Mr. Newman raised his shut hands as high as he could; his tragic face compelled Carrick's eyes.

"But my arms were bare and very brown, I noticed. I was shouting vehemently, frantically, in some strange tongue. It was a language I do not know; but I knew what I was shouting—and I know still."

He stopped. Carrick waited.

"What was it?" he asked at last.

For answer Mr. Newman raised his arms again, the hands clenched, in a sudden and savage gesture.

"I was shouting like this," he said, and raised a voice that Carrick did not recognize: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

He dropped his arms and stood staring at Carrick; then covered his face with his hands.

Carrick stood aghast and shaken. At last he went to his friend and took his arm.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Motor Car—Why it Runs

OUR friends, the statisticians, advise us that for the year ending in June we Americans shipped to foreign parts a trifle over twenty-seven million dollars' worth of automobiles, not mentioning those we built for home consumption or for our own territories. This is just about twenty-seven times as many automobiles as we shipped ten years ago, and it would seem to indicate that we are not hopelessly involved as a commercial nation, in spite of the current perils from Washington, from Oyster Bay and other seaports.

As to how many automobiles there are in use in this country it would take a good little guesser to make the estimate large enough. In net increase of manufacture we lead the world in this regard, in spite of the fact that France got off so well in the lead. France stamped her language upon all the main parts of the automobile before the Anglo-Saxons took much notice of what was going on. For this reason a great many have learned the French language to the extent of knowing that the chassis is not where you get into the limousine, and that a chauffeur is not a new kind of carpet-sweeper. Very probably you speak French and own an automobile, even if you had to mortgage the house. At least, being wholly friendly, we will suppose such to be the case. After a knowledge of the French parts of speech, a slight knowledge of the parts of the car, therefore, may not prove amiss.

Though the French people lead in aviation and automobile matters, England being rather slow about getting into either the airship or the automobile business, we must give chief credit for the modern autovehicle to the Germans, for the reason that the idea of the gasoline engine—or petrol motor, as they call it abroad—was the device of a German, Gottlieb Daimler. Before Daimler's time locomotives and such road cars as were in use had depended upon steam as motive power. Steam had to be produced in a boiler and piped thence to a cylinder in which a piston played. Now Daimler conceived the idea of generating a swiftly exploding gas and applying it directly to the cylinder itself. This cut out the boiler and a lot of other mechanism. Also, it brought into use a new source of power—that made of air and gasoline mixed. Both air and gasoline are as yet easily obtainable and cheap, Mr. Rockefeller not having yet thought of getting hold of the air.

Daimler's invention was the forerunner of the modern gasoline engine—much used, much abused, much anathematized, but a very great and useful invention indeed. This new machine has made possible new phases of locomotion, whether on the water, in the air or on the land. It is not absolutely perfect or free from trouble, but it is a great basic invention; and it has added much to the world's energy, incidentally altering in many ways the world of commerce and the world of pleasure. Without Daimler we should have no airship, no motor boat and no motor car in the city; nor would we be able to pump, churn, saw or plow so easily and cheaply as we now do on the farm.

If more men would study the gasoline engine fundamentally there would be less grief and fewer accidents. In reality it is very simple in principle. It would be difficult, even for a Philadelphia lawyer, to make plain in print all the intricacies of the modern high-power car; yet that car can be reduced in analysis to a few essential ingredients. The first of these is the revolutionary discovery that the vapor of gasoline when mixed with air and ignited is capable of enormous expansion. Perhaps Mr. Daimler discovered this fact by watching some greenhorn of a servant girl light the kitchen fire. In any case he saw that if you could confine the servant girl in some small space after she was lit up you could get up quite a bit of power. Daimler confined this expansive gas directly in the head of the cylinder itself, letting it in from the generating chamber, which we now call the carbureter. The latter is something of which you hear much talk and which you ought to be able to recognize on a dark night if you own a car.

In the typical early gasoline engine, and indeed in the modern car as well, the head of the piston was acted upon directly by the gas explosion in the carbureter. Naturally, when the explosion occurred the gas expanded enormously and the pistonhead was driven out with much force. The piston chamber has two valves in it, the first known as the inlet valve, opening inward and not outward. The mixture of gas and air was drawn inward by the suction stroke of the piston. The back stroke of the piston then closed the valve and compressed the gas. The compressed mixture then was touched off by a spark.

The Four Strokes Explained

This is the simplest but not a complete description of the Daimler idea. As a matter of fact, the engine was rigged with a flywheel and the whole cycle of the engine, as the engineering phrase is, was completed not in two but in four motions or strokes of the piston. Though since then we have put in use two-cycle engines, the four-cycle is more usual. In it there is only one gas explosion to four of the piston strokes—two down and two up. These are the suction stroke, the compression stroke, the explosion stroke and the exhaust stroke. The flywheel carries the engine over the dead center, which must exist whenever there is a full reversal of the direction of the piston stroke. Of course by "four" cycle we do not mean four-cylinder, for each cylinder has its four-stroke cycle.

Taking each stroke of the engine by itself, which is desirable, since we all want to understand what is the cause of any engine trouble that may occur, we come first to the suction stroke. You have to start this yourself when you crank up your car. Say the gas chamber is empty and the piston is at the top of its stroke. By manpower you make the flywheel revolve. The piston starts down and leaves a partial vacuum in the combustion chamber. The two valves—inlet and exhaust—work one against the other. When the piston goes down it opens the inlet valve and the gas is drawn into the chamber. At the end of this stroke of the cycle the piston is at the bottom of the cylinder, which is full of gas.

Now we get the compression stroke. The flywheel carries the piston upward again. The inlet valve is now closed; indeed, both valves are closed. We have our gas trapped in the cylinder. The whole force of the flywheel is now working the piston against this trapped gas, so that the latter must compress unless there is a leak or a burst. The idea is to fire that charge at just the moment when it is most compressed and most highly irritable, so to speak.

We come then to the third or the explosive stroke of the piston, which takes place just as the piston is past the center and starting back from the column of compressed gas. We touch off this gas by the spark at the psychological moment. This blows the piston back and throws more force into the flywheel.

The last member of the cycle of our engine is the exhaust stroke. The piston on its return stroke now forces out the burned gas through the exhaust valve and enables the engine to do its work all over again.

Without going into a technical description, it must be plain that the two valves—the inlet and exhaust—let in fresh vapor and let out burned vapor respectively. The origin of force is the explosion of the vapor while compressed. The flywheel distributes this force across the dead centers. Of course, in actual application, suction is seldom depended upon to open the valves, and they are operated mechanically by the play of a shaft geared to the main crankshaft and going only half as fast.

How Dirt Makes Trouble

Calling the mixing chamber of your engine the carbureter, it is obvious the gasoline must be fed into this. It comes from a tank through a fine needle valve. We need not mention the many forms of vaporizers. Obviously, since you must have gasoline vapor mixed with air, the valves must not be clogged in the least respect by dirt or anything else. You filter your gasoline when you pour it into the tank, using chamois, which will let gasoline through and keep water out. Water in gasoline may stop an engine as quickly as dirt. The vapor must be mixed with air in the carbureter with absolutely automatic regularity and infallibility. Having the vapor mixed and compressed in the cylinder, it is obvious also that it must be ignited with absolute rhythm, regularity and automatic precision. The saying is that nine-tenths of the trouble with gasoline engines comes out of bad igntion. Therefore the owner of a car ought carefully to study his ignition—which is known as the spark. The old way of touching off the compressed vapor was much like that of lighting a Fourth of July firecracker. The charge was fired by a tube of platinum, which was heated outside the chamber by a flame. Gradually it was discovered that open flames and gasolined garages did not work well in combination. Then they began to use electric ignition. If every one fully understood the theory of this there would be less trouble with motor boats, automobiles and airships.

The earliest applied use of the electric "jump spark" was in high-tension form, the current being developed by a battery carried on the car. Since it was more difficult fully to penetrate the gas when compressed, makers put on what is called an induction coil, to stiffen up the current. Also, a commutator was installed, mechanically operated and so timed that the spark touched off the gas just about when it was most compressed. The commutator, or whatever name you care to give to the spark device, was under the control of the driver; so the latter could advance or retard the spark, thus changing the rhythm of explosion—see any short story by Rudyard Kipling.

The more modern application of magneto installation on the car, the latter generating its own electricity, does not alter at all the general theory of ignition.

To the amateur driver the sparking device represents a little row of plugs screwed into the top of the cylinders and made fast with nuts. Each of these has an insulating tube of porcelain or some other non-conductor. The wire goes through this tube and at its projecting point is furnished with a non-fusible tip, from which the live spark jumps through the compressed gas.

Of course you know that electrical currents, like all the rest of the world, go by twos. The spark has to jump from one point or pole to another; and this current must not be weakened by loss through faulty insulation, which is only another name for faulty ignition.

The amateur driver quickly finds the desirability of keeping his spark-plugs clear of carbon or soot.

Getting the Feel of Your Car

A little experience with this row of spark-plugs will show you that the whole engine depends upon the automatic and infallible recurrence of this igniting spark. Its broken circuit rhythm must come in precisely with that of the opening and closing valves of the ascending and descending piston. When you hear the rapid, apparently almost continuous explosions of the engine, and know that their rhythm depends on the perfect functioning and fitting in of the sparking mechanism, you can understand how simple and yet how delicate is the pulse of this giant in the cylinder—how easily disarranged. There is something to handling a car besides going out on the boulevard with a demonstrator.

You ought to understand at least this much about your car, even if you intend to hire a chauffeur. You do not hire a groom wholly to ride your horse for you. If you go in for any form of sport you ought to understand a few of its fundamentals—ought to understand your gun, your horse, your car. Study, therefore, the rhythm of your engine, which means everything—the four-stroke rhythm of the piston; the half-time rhythm of the valve mechanism; the rhythm, also, of the spark. Learn the why and wherefore of each, as Daimler did. When you once feel, as though it were a personal matter, the necessity of the proper interrelations of these different rhythms, you begin to get the feel of the car into your system and to understand what is wrong when she stops under you at any time. If you did not know the fundamental theory of your engine you would not know where to look for the cause of any trouble—and might abuse rather than honor the memory of Gottlieb Daimler.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles on the automobile and its workings. The second will appear in an early issue.

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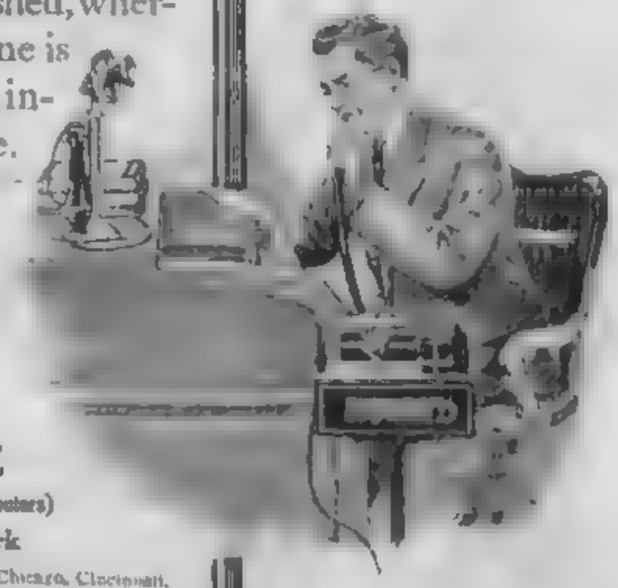

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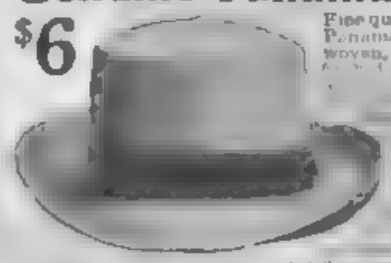

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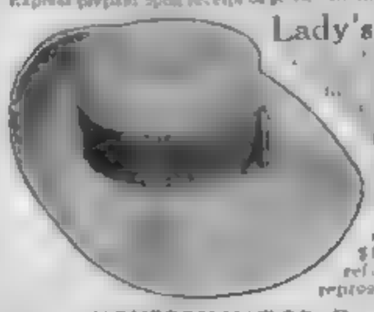

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Secure—hold every sheet—top, bottom, middle.
Cheap—cost little, can be used over and over.
Samples, 5 sizes, free on request.

THE De LONG HOOK AND EYE CO., 654-658 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia

MY LADY'S GARTER

(Continued from Page 21)

"May I ask," he questioned, "how you happened to suspect that he would be here tonight?"

"May I ask"—and for an instant there was a return of the mocking smile to Von Derp's lips—"how you happened to suspect it?"

"I received anonymously a rough sketch giving the street and number and a date. I worked it out. It seemed to point here."

"It was I"—and Von Derp paused to light his cigarette—"who sent you the sketch. I credited you with intelligence enough to know what it meant, and you've vindicated my judgment. I knew you wanted to catch The Hawk red-handed and had authority to arrest him—I have not. I merely wanted to be here when he was taken." He smiled ambiguously. "Also I thought you'd know the handwriting on the sketch. It is mine."

"Oh!" said Meredith after a long pause. "Stallings, turn out the light. We'll wait a while."

Von Derp made an impatient gesture with one hand.

"Of course The Hawk won't venture here now," he complained. "He's no fool. He won't walk into a house where a light has been burning for half an hour."

"We'll wait a while," Meredith repeated.

So the three men waited. They were still waiting when the sun shot her first rays ahead into the dark. Nothing happened. Von Derp, Meredith and Stallings left the house together.

"There's one little thing I neglected to tell you," Von Derp remarked casually. "I made it a point to search the Pyramid the other day on a chance of finding something to interest me, but I didn't. However, there is something aboard the boat that might interest you."

"What is it?"

"A photograph of the Countess of Salisbury's garter."

Meredith's eyes opened wide, but he was silent.

xx

UNANNOUNCED, Skeets walked into his father's office in New York, put down his hat, and deposited himself on a chair evidently for a long stay. Old John Gaunt looked up from his desk, then continued his writing.

"Hello," he greeted; "where do you come from?"

"Massachusetts," was the reply.

"What have you been doing up there?"

"I went up there," Skeets particularized, "to carry out your wishes and win Helen Hamilton. I'm back now to say that I can't marry her because I don't love her."

"What!" John Gaunt roared, and he whirled round in his swivel chair. "You don't love her? You say that after all that gush you spilled in here about her?"

Skeets blushed modestly.

"I—I find that I was mistaken," he stammered. "I interpreted my feelings for her in the light of a stronger emotion."

"And all those poems you've been writing to Helen?" his father went on. "I ran through the files of your magazine the other day to see if you were a good editor, and on every other page was something 'To Helen!' I will say this for 'em—they're funny! Gad! I don't know when I've enjoyed anything more!"

"As I said, I interpreted my feelings for her ——" Skeets undertook to explain with dignity.

"They remind me of that introductory verse to one of Bill Nye's books," old John Gaunt interrupted. "Ever read it? It goes something like this"—and he quoted ponderously:

"Go, little booklet, go,
Bearing an honored name,
Till everywhere that you have went
They're glad that you have came."

"I'm sure there is no comparison ——" Skeets began defensively.

"No, but you're improving," his father replied. "I think toward the last they're funnier than your first ones were. You're all right, Sammy."

"Not Sammy, please, father!"

"And so, Samuel you've found that you don't love Helen Hamilton?"

"Not in the way I thought I did—no."

"Why?"

"I don't know." Skeets confessed helplessly. "My viewpoint seems to have undergone some psychological change."

Bent Bones

Do Your Feet Have Them?

THIS X Ray photograph shows what narrow, pointed shoes do to the bones of the feet. Shows why such feet have corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, etc. Shows why *foot comfort* is impossible in such shoes.

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Weight 650 pounds.

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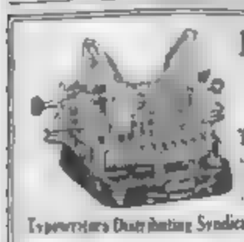

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"And you won't marry her. 'Won't' was the word you used?"

"I can't marry her. That was the word—'can't'! She doesn't love me!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed John Gaunt. "She doesn't love you after all that chatter about ——"

"It seems that she, too, misinterpreted——"

"She doesn't love you; you don't love her. Now is it possible for you to love anybody? Really love anybody?"

"It is." Skeets was quite firm about it.

"For instance?"

"I do love somebody."

"Who?"

Skeets picked up his hat and stroked it thoughtfully.

"A few days ago, Father, Cicely—that is, Helen—was nearly drowned while swimming. In my efforts to get to her I was nearly drowned. I was rescued by a girl and ——"

"I know the rest of it. Who is she?"

"She's the daughter of a lobster fisherman in the little town of Satuit in Massachusetts. She is well educated—worked her way through college, and all that—and is as sweet and simple as the delicate flower that blossoms unseen beside the ——"

"I get you," his father interrupted. "What does she look like?"

"She's very much the same type as Cicely—that is, Helen," Skeets explained. "Her hair is deep red, her eyes blue—blue as the ——"

"Is she a good, clean American woman?" his father demanded. "Is she folks?"

"Yes, American to the core—a direct descendant of Mayflower ancestors and——"

"What's her name?"

"Miss Dale." Skeets hesitated. "Mercy Dale!"

"Her name is what?"

"Mercy."

"Mercy?"

"Mercy."

"Help! Where'd she get it?"

"It's not an unusual New England name. I admire it very much."

John Gaunt turned in his swivel chair and scribbled industriously for five minutes. Then:

"And you won't marry Helen Hamilton?"

"No," firmly.

"In spite of my expressed wishes?"

"I'll give up the money."

"You'd deliberately make a pauper of yourself for the sake of this—what's her name? Say it again?"

"Mercy Dale!" Suddenly Skeets went white.

"And then, I suppose, you'd go out and dig ditches and plow fields to support her?"

"I would, yes."

Old John Gaunt swung round in his chair again and leaned back and laughed.

"Good boy!" he said admiringly. "You know, Sammy, I don't give a continental whoopee whom you marry, so long as she is a good, clean American woman. You've got the real Gaunt spirit. Good boy!"

Of necessity poets are psychologists, but Skeets couldn't quite fit any theory that happened to be round loose to this actual condition. He was pondering it when his father went on:

"The only reason I wanted you to marry Helen Hamilton anyway was to slip one over on her father. And now even that doesn't matter. Believe me, Sammy, I've got him in a deal and sewed buttons all up and down him, front and back. First thing he knows I'll own his railroads. He called me a coal-heaver, you'll remember. I've got him on the run. You know," shrewdly, and the eyes of this masterful old giant of finance snapped, "I've an idea that he'd like you to marry his daughter now if he thought it'd stop my fight on him."

Skeets was tempted to protest, in the light of his conversation with Cicely, but he didn't. His delicate poetic soul was appalled at the mercilessness of this financial warfare; he was silent.

"You know what Hamilton did the other day?" his father ran on. "He's had detectives on my trail for more than a fortnight—I don't know just why. The other day they went up and searched my house for some reason. I've got him on the run, sonny. Now get out of here; I'm busy. And give my blessings to Mercy."

On his way out Skeets met Dexter in the hall—Dexter of Scotland Yard, the gimlet-eyed sleuth who had been sent over to recover the Countess of Salisbury's garter!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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From the World's Greatest Speedometer Factories

Model B $50

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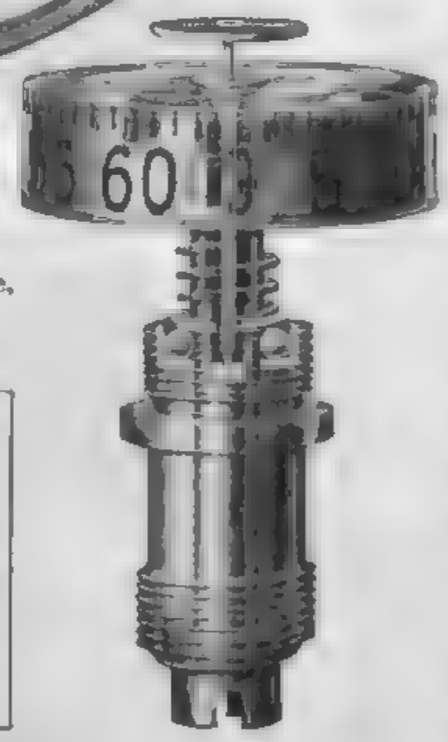
(Clock Combination)



The Grade Indicator, a most valuable feature, shows at a glance the grade of the hill you are ascending.

Temperature Compensated

To insure the ultimate possible accuracy in an instrument of this kind, a compensator is provided that, acting on the spring, takes care of any error that might arise because of changes in the atmospheric temperature.

A Scientifically Ideal Method of Indicating Speed

In this speedometer the indicating element is a very light aluminum cylinder (on which the figures are etched.)

This cylinder encircles a permanent magnet (closed ring form.) The cylinder does not touch the magnet anywhere but is poised very lightly on jeweled bearings.

Foucault or eddy currents generated by the magnet as the latter rotates have a tendency to pull the cylinder around with it.

This tendency, pull or torque, as it may be called, is *proportional* to the speed at which the magnet is rotated according to the well-known "law of Arago."

The aluminum cup encloses the magnet not only at the top but also circumferentially. With this construction lines of force emanating from the top of the magnet cut the aluminum cup directly over it, and although feeble at this point, are of identical strength with the total force made use of in other constructions. **In addition to these, the very powerful radial currents cut the cup at its greatest diameter,** giving it an immensely increased leverage and steadying torque.

This system is ideally simple, dependable and accurate because there is no mechanism or other contact between the revolving magnet and the indicating cylinder—consequently no wear. There is no multiplication of the movement necessary because the movement of the cylinder is a full revolution, thus permitting large figures direct on the cylinder without the necessity of any mechanical complication. This is a great advantage over the type of speedometer which involves multiplying the slight movement of the governor many fold to get a full-sized reading scale. It is self-evident that where the movement is multiplied any error or wear at the initial contact point will be greatly augmented at the scale.

This new instrument has met with universal approval

Its beautiful appearance, its rugged simplicity, together with the admittedly superior equipment of gears, swivel joint and flexible shaft make it the choice of motorists who want the best.

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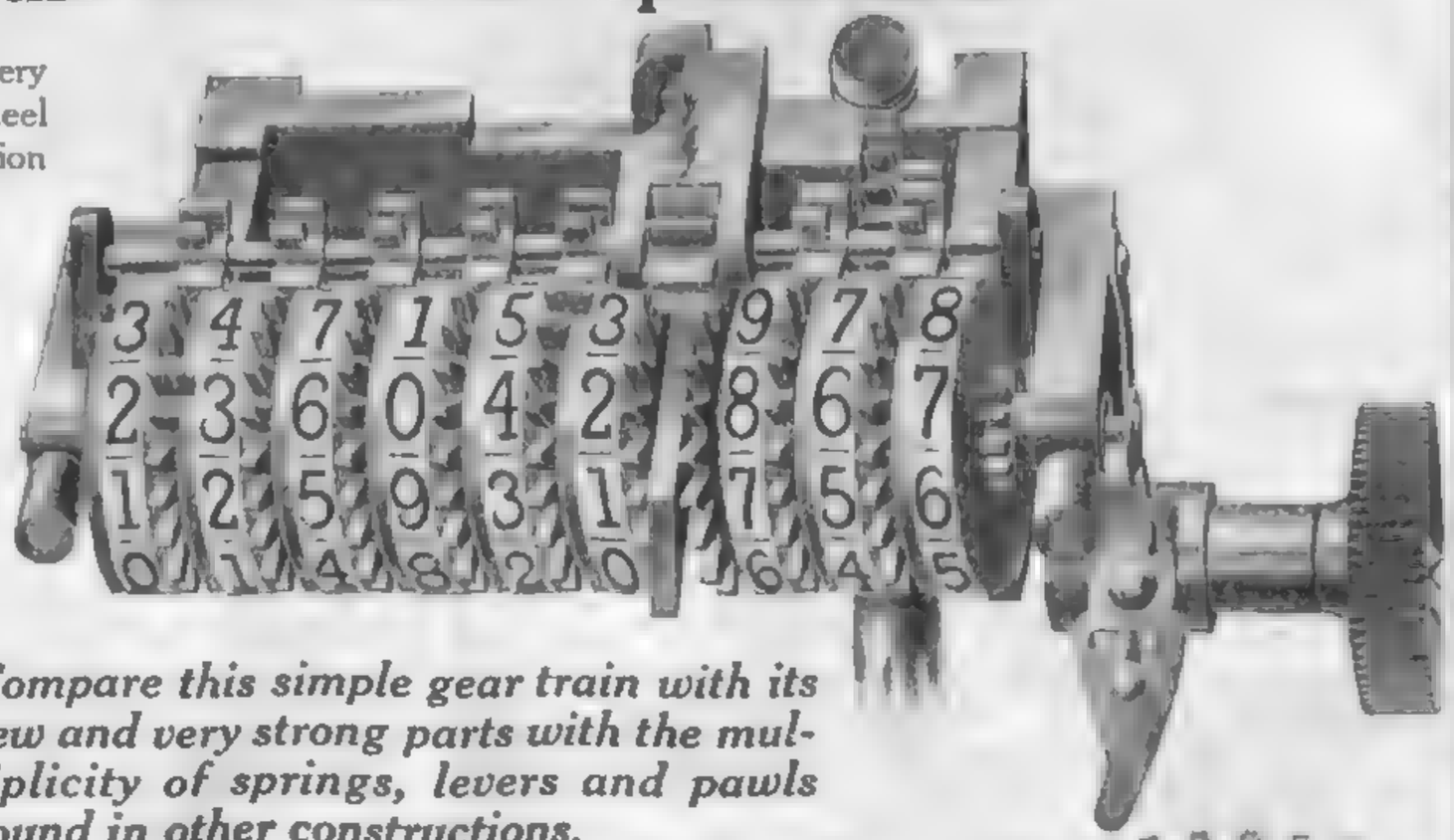
The Odometer

Used in the New Stewart Speedometer

Not a spring in the entire mechanism. Every wheel positively gear driven and every wheel positively locked by an ingenious application of the well-known "Geneva Stop" mechanism. Each of these Odometers is tested at a speed of *1,000 miles per minute.* They are so simple and so rugged in construction that they may be driven at this speed continuously for an indefinite period without the slightest possibility of injury.



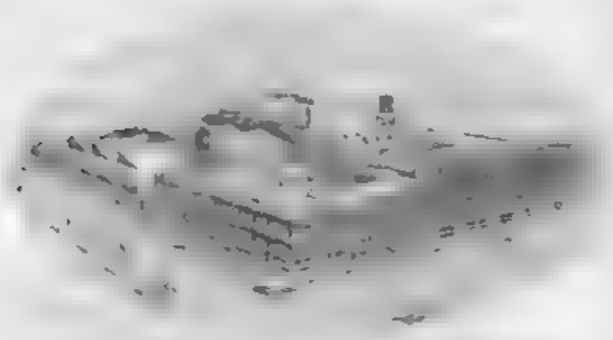
Compare this simple gear train with its few and very strong parts with the multiplicity of springs, levers and pawls found in other constructions.

Because of the magnificent equipment and large output of the Stewart factories it is possible to put more and better work on Stewart Speedometers for the same cost than makers with smaller output.

Season odometer registers 100,000 miles and repeats, the trip recorder registers 100 miles and can be set back to any tenth of a mile at any time, permitting one to closely follow any guide-book when touring.

The swivel joint eliminating short bends in the flexible shaft was first used on Stewart Speedometers and is now widely copied. **We still are the only ones using a *forged* joint, stronger, costlier and in every way superior to castings. They will outwear the car to which they are attached.**

We drop forge these joints, then machine them all over, harden and heat treat them.



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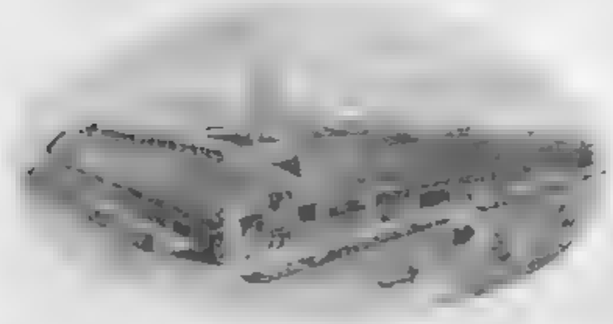

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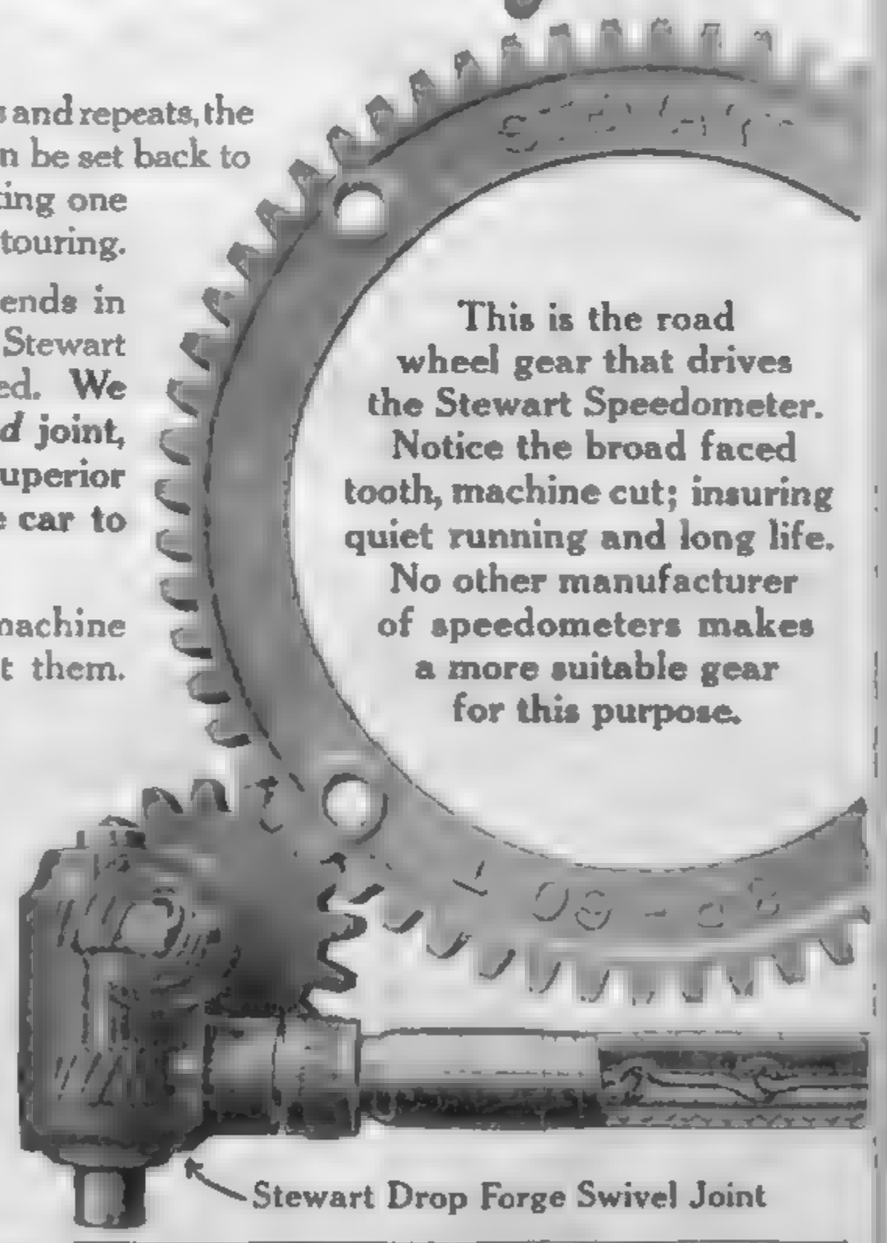

This is the road wheel gear that drives the Stewart Speedometer. Notice the broad faced tooth, machine cut; insuring quiet running and long life. No other manufacturer of speedometers makes a more suitable gear for this purpose.

Stewart Drop Forge Swivel Joint

Stewart Speedometers represent the very highest achievement in speed indicator construction. No speedometer is more accurate, embodies costlier material or better workmanship. There are more Stewarts in use than all other makes combined.

Notice to Car Buyers

Most car manufacturers use Stewart Speedometers as standard equipment. Should the car you select be otherwise equipped demand a Stewart. Don't let the dealer tell you that any other speedometer costs them more. You can have one of the new Stewarts if you really insist.

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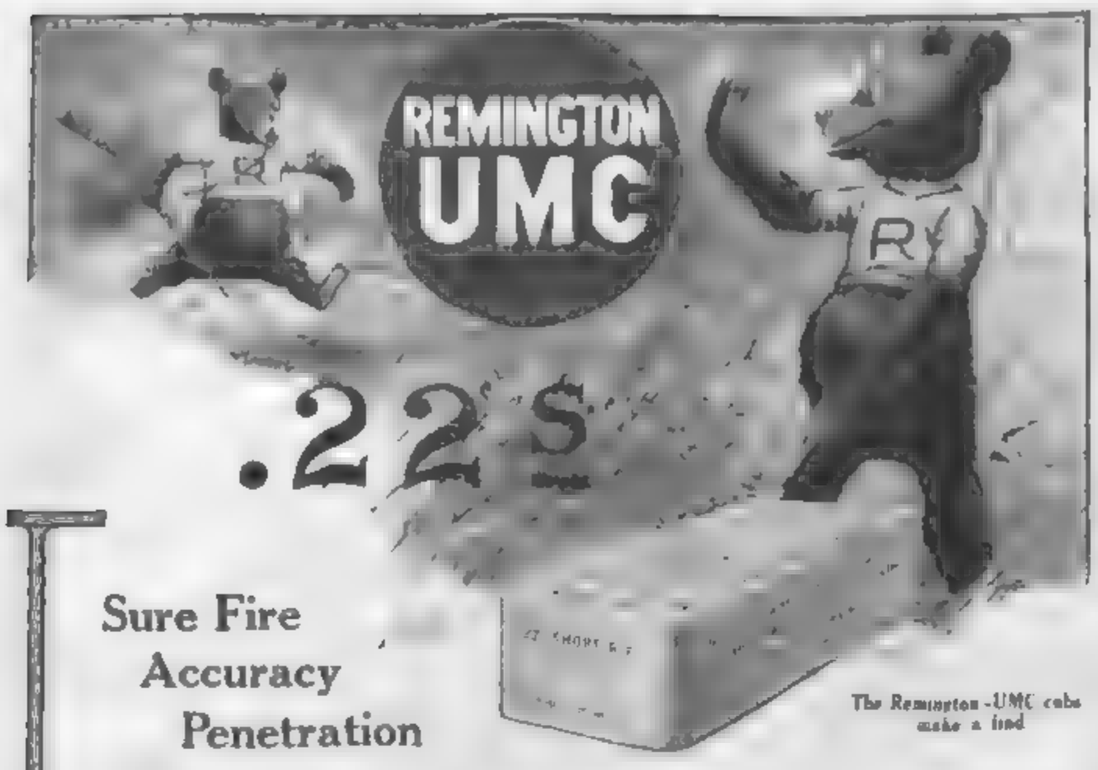

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THE NEW COMMUNITY SKYSCRAPER

Concluded from Page 12

When the skyscraper was young many weird stories about the swaying of tall buildings in a gale found their way into the newspapers. Responsible citizens declared that they had noted the upper floors rocking at least two feet and reported that clocks had been stopped by the oscillation. That led skyscraper designers to measure accurately the alleged swaying, and at the tops of the tallest buildings of the time it was found to be only seven-sixteenths of an inch in an eighty-mile gale. New York recently went through a record gale. Official measurements gave to the wind a probable velocity of ninety miles an hour for a few minutes. Plate glass on lower buildings was blown in, where the wind deflected; but no damage of any sort was reported in connection with skyscrapers.

When the steel skeleton is up and the walls are on it, then comes another interesting detail of construction—the fireproofing. For some years steel and cast-iron were incorporated in modern buildings and left naked, except for the paint that protected them from rust. Metal would not burn, it was reasoned; therefore a building with a metal frame and masonry walls must be absolutely fireproof. Presently it was found, however, that naked iron and steel brought a new fire danger, for when heated by even a moderate blaze and then suddenly chilled with the firemen's hose, they would collapse. Today all steel work in a skyscraper is carefully covered with concrete, tile or other protective material. The standard test for fireproofing material of every sort, from a plaster partition-block to a sheet of wire glass, is to heat it up to a temperature of about two thousand degrees Fahrenheit and then douse it with a stream of water at sixty pounds pressure. Under our building laws practically nothing that does not meet this test is permitted in skyscrapers. The fire risk in these tall buildings is almost negligible. Indeed, except where they have been burned from outside, as in Baltimore and San Francisco, there are hardly any fire records from which to speculate upon the behavior of the skyscraper in that emergency. Not long ago, however, there was an instructive blaze in a New York hotel—a skyscraper of great cost and beauty. In a room filled with excelsior and wrappings taken from new furniture a hot blaze started. The fire did little damage and was confined to one room. Skyscrapers are built nowadays in sections, somewhat like water-tight compartments in a ship, and in many cases a blaze could be shut up in its own room and starved out for lack of oxygen. The use of non-burnable materials has gone so far that in one New York skyscraper, at least, there is only a single piece of wood from top to bottom. That is a stair rail, and it is fireproofed.

Modern Methods of Fireproofing

Another interesting detail of skyscraper construction, usually overlooked by the man in the street, is the floor arch. Grandfather built walls of brick or stone. In his walls he set wooden beams and upon those beams nailed boards, which made the floors of his building. The skyscraper brought a new idea in floors. Instead of boards laid over the steel beams on each floor, arches are built between the beams. The man in the street might not see any arch at all, for it is flat above and usually flat below, but it is an arch nevertheless, with its ends braced against the beams on each side and its weight carried on a keystone. Much ingenuity has been expended in devising different types of floor arches for skyscrapers, ideal combinations of strength and economy being sought. Perhaps in no other detail have so many bitter technical fights been carried on. For several years New York has been trying to revise its building code, and at each attempt the concerns interested in different types of floor-arch and fireproofing have caused confusion by vigorous opposition to each other. Some floor-arches are of hollow-tile segments, set like the stones in a masonry arch. Others are of concrete, with steel rod reënforcements that give the arch effect. Still others are various combinations of concrete, wire, tiles, and so forth, all tested to bear heavy loads and installed under strict regulations.

It is odd to see an ordinary ashcart backed up to a skyscraper under construction and a load of common ashes dumped for use as building material. Yet many of these structures, especially the loft buildings for light manufacturing, have floors and fireproofing of cinder concrete.

Some years ago the owners of a new loft building, finished with this cinder concrete, gave a fireproof expert permission to make a test in the finished structure. With testing apparatus a fire was kindled under a floor arch and a concrete-covered steel beam. Heat was run up to more than twenty-one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. Then a fire hose was turned on the hot ceiling and the beam's deflection measured. It was less than a quarter of an inch. The concrete was not even cracked.

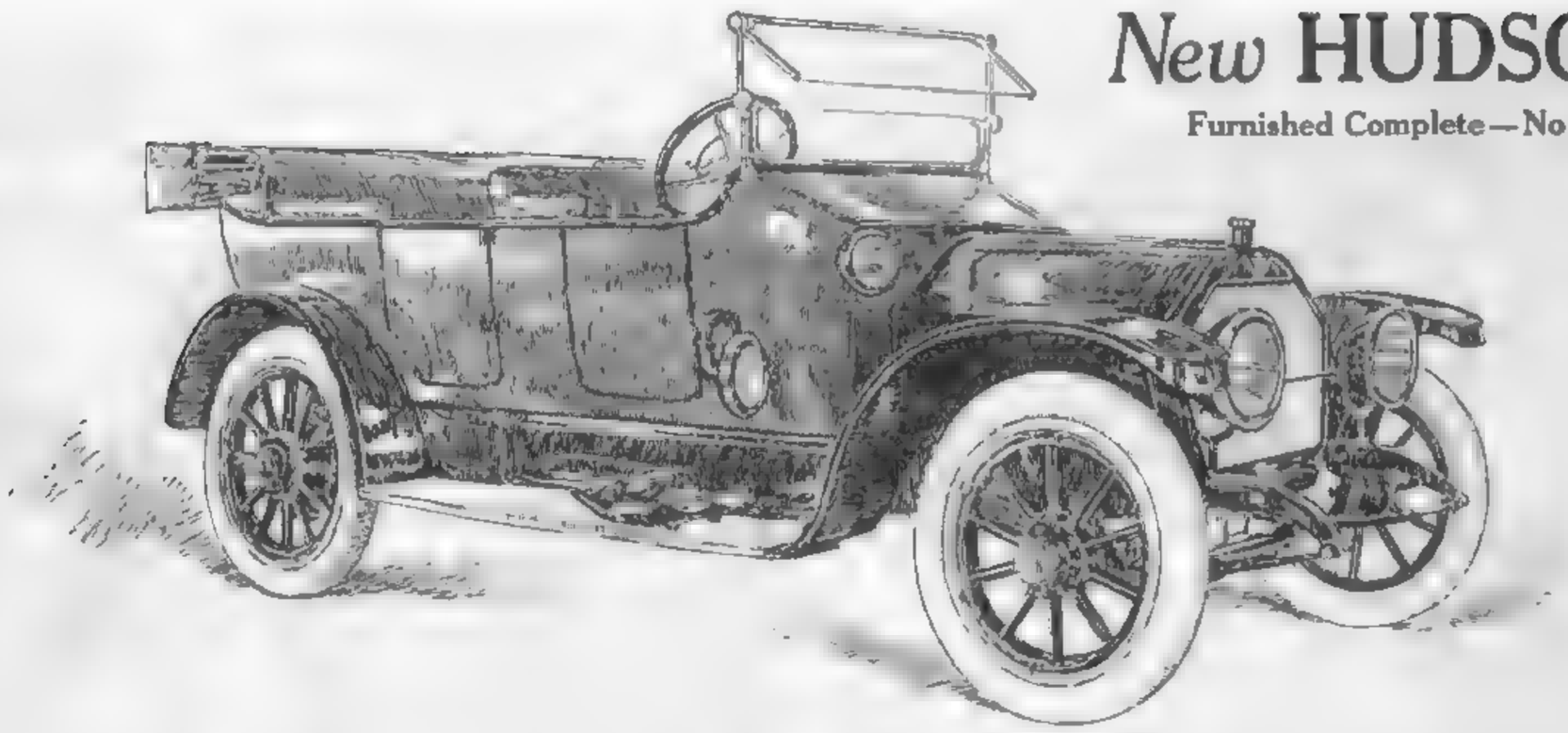
Skyscraper elevators need almost a chapter to themselves. The first passenger elevator in this country was installed at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, in 1859. It ran on a vertical screw from cellar to roof at a speed of only fifty feet a minute. An engine turned this screw, and the car, which was like a nut, was screwed up to the top and then unscrewed again. When a drum elevator capable of one hundred feet a minute was installed in a Boston hotel in 1866, the Board of Trade there held a celebration. Until about 1880 all our elevators were what our English cousins call lifts—probably because they are so different from real elevators. Then developments began, and the modern high-speed passenger elevator grew side by side with the skyscraper. The latter is still strictly limited by its elevator capacity.

Elevator and Telephone Problems

Last year the New York authorities increased the permitted speed of express elevators to seven hundred feet a minute. Formerly no speed greater than six hundred feet was legal. The best passenger elevators in recent buildings are capable of speeds up to one thousand feet a minute however—that is, the machinery would run them that fast and the safeguards be ample, according to the engineers. Such a rate is equal to nearly twelve miles an hour, and would be feasible in a structure like the new Woolworth Building, where the first stop of the highest express cars will be at the twenty-eighth floor. When the elevator engineers can shoot part of the traffic to the thirtieth floor at such a rate some of the handicaps imposed by the space occupied by elevators will be overcome. To attain such speed seems to be largely a matter of training the passengers. When people of the last generation stepped into an elevator running at one to two hundred feet a minute they usually gasped and clutched one another; but the skyscraper population has got used to seven hundred feet a minute and in time will think nothing of traveling faster still.

Telephone service for a big skyscraper is one of the most necessary and at the same time the most unobtrusive features. While the foundation men are putting down caissons, and the steel men figuring strains and loads, and the hollow-tile and concrete men fighting a wordy war to see who shall finish the building, the telephone engineer simply sits tight and waits. His plant is all ready there under the street in the cables and conduits. When the owners of the new skyscraper begin to see what sort of community they are bringing together in their tenants the telephone engineer steps in and does a little figuring. Allowing one telephone to so many square feet of floor space, he brings a section of cable with perhaps several hundred pairs of wires in at the cellar, runs them into a box where connections will be made, strings smaller cables and individual wires from there throughout the building, and is ready to give service to all comers, whatever their needs. In the Hudson Terminal Building in New York, which now has the largest skyscraper installation in the world, there are three thousand telephones and about one hundred and seventy-five private exchanges. Such a system would supply first-rate telephone facilities to a city like Council Bluffs.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early issue.



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These men represent the training of the greatest factories in the world. They have learned what experience has taught the 97 principal makers of Europe and America.

They were active, important members of those various organizations and combined had a hand in the production of more than 200,000 automobiles.

Imagine what strides, what advancement, men of such experience are bound to offer in the car which all have joined in perfecting.

You probably have an ideal of what a motor car should be. Your knowledge of automobile shortcomings undoubtedly has suggested improvements which you would have in a car if it were built to your order.

Well, here is where you will find not only what you wish to see, but also what has been expressed through the experience that has been gained from the 200,000 owners who have used the cars which these men have helped to build.

It is all in the one car. It expresses as nearly the limit of four-cylinder construction as has been reached.

Hadn't You Better Wait?

Even if you are impatient to have a new car now, don't you think it better to see the HUDSON "37" before you buy?

It will only be a few days at the most before your dealer will have a "37" to demonstrate to you. If you buy any other car before you have seen the "37," disappointment is surely in store for you.

No car you can get today, regardless of price, has all the features that are offered in the "37."

Consider for a moment the rapid advancement that has been made in motor car building. It is almost as startling as are the changes in fashion. Think how strange are the open cars of two years ago. What proportion of their original cost do you think such cars now bring? It is not due to wear that their value has declined so much. No, it is the advance that has been made in automobile building since the open cars were put on the market.

With that thought in mind you must recognize the importance of choosing wisely now. Automobiles as now built should be of service for many years and you don't want to feel that you will have to buy a new car in two, three or four years because the one you have just purchased will at that time be out of date.

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Demountable Rims. Latest type. Light. Easily removed. Carry 36 x 4" Fisk tires—**heavy car type.** Extra rim.

Top. Genuine mohair. Graceful lines. Well fitted. Storm curtains. Dust envelope.

Bodies. [illegible] Deep, low, wide and [illegible] and color.

Nickel trimmings throughout.

Gasoline Tank. Gasoline is carried in tank at rear of car. Simple, effective, with two pound pressure. Keeps constant supply in carburetor either going up or down hill. Magnetic gasoline gauge continually indicates gasoline level

Wheels. Extra strong. Artillery type. Ten spokes in front wheel. Ten hub flange bolts. Twelve spokes in rear wheel. Six hub flange bolts. Six spoke bolts.

Bearings. All Roller bearings, thoroughly tested. Latest type.

Rear Axle. Pressed steel. Full adjustable, full floating. Large bearings. Heat treated nickel steel shafts. Easily disassembled, an item which indicates the simplicity and get-at-ableness of the entire car.

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Simplicity. The HUDSON standard of simplicity is maintained. Every detail is accessible. There is no unnecessary weight. All oiling places are convenient. There are but two grease cups on the motor. Every unit is so designed that it can be quickly and easily disassembled. Think what an advance this is over even the previous HUDSON—the "33"—the "Car with 1000 less parts."

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At the head of these experts is Howard E. Coffin, the foremost automobile engineer of America, recognized here and abroad as the most startlingly original designer the industry has produced.

His genius is an inspiration to his associates. From him they have gained in ability. On account of them he has become a broader and more versatile builder.

What one man lacked in experience, some one of his associates was able to supply. The problems one was unable to solve, others soon found the answer for.

That accounts for the completeness of this car. That accounts for the fact that you will find on it the very things that you have wished to find on an automobile. That explains why this car will do the things which other four-cylinder automobiles have failed to accomplish.

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No one is likely to soon have many new ideas to offer that these 48 engineers have not already anticipated.

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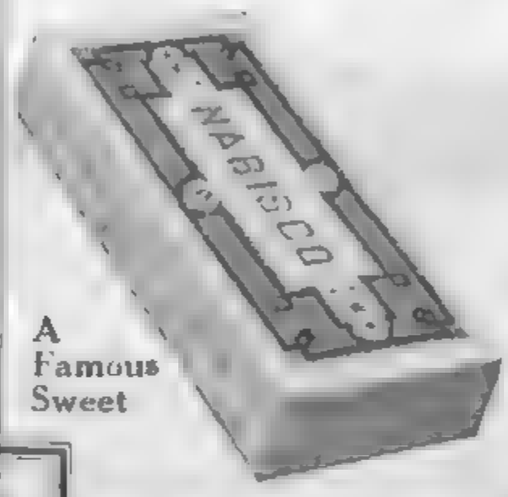

A Famous Sweet

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE RAILROADS AND PANAMA

(Continued from Page 17)

Wyoming, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon and Utah understand that. A few years ago they were pestering E. H. Harriman because he did not extend feeder branches and develop the country just out of reach. They wondered if the little Napoleon did not wish to thicken his red traffic line between terminals; but Harriman knew it was of no use! You cannot add branches to a main stem already taxed beyond its capacity, when a freight car in busy times is going to take thirty days to roll from Oakland over to Omaha and the wonderful record of "on-time" through passenger trains is a triumph of operating science. That, in part, explains the necessity for laying seventeen hundred miles of double track between those two cities. The other part is explained by the Panama Canal.

Just why fifteen or twenty thousand men and fifty-eight steam shovels engaged in digging a ditch across the place where the backbone of the American continent attenuates itself to wishbone size should embroil transcontinental railroads two thousand miles to the north in diplomatic encounters, if not actual and open warfare, is interesting.

If you have held an idea that the canal has been dug merely that the Constitution should follow the flag or the flag follow the Constitution, dismiss it. The big canal is going to do more than remap world-trails; it is a big factor in the future interstate commerce of the land. If it were anything less it would have been built a dozen years ago.

The other day the Interstate Commerce Commission, sitting at Washington, rendered a very interesting decision in a case that indirectly shows the importance of the Panama Canal to the transcontinental railroad situation. The decision was in the case of some business men of Reno—which is, as everyone knows, a hustling Nevada business town who could not quite understand why they should have to pay more for a carload of freight from the East than their neighbors at Sacramento or Oakland, three hundred miles farther west. It certainly cost the Southern Pacific real money to haul that car an extra two hundred miles; and yet when they made protest to the Southern Pacific they were politely told about water competition and the so-called back haul.

Competition With Water Routes

The Interstate Commerce Commission's decision also took account of water competition and back haul. Stripped of legal verbiage—though it is a remarkably clear and lucid opinion—it said that water competition and back haul were things that must be recognized, though not quite so extensively as the railroads hope. It proposed to relieve the situation by establishing several zones east of the Missouri River, the recognized eastern boundary of the West. From the nearest of these zones—Chicago and the Chicago territory—no rates were to be more than seven per cent higher to Reno and such intermediate points than the through rates to Pacific Coast points; from the territory between Chicago and Pittsburgh not more than fifteen per cent, and from that east of Pittsburgh and Buffalo not more than twenty-five per cent.

This order the railroads have attacked with some success in the new Interstate Commerce Court and its final outcome is still a matter of doubt.

Even if the railroads lose entirely and the order stands, the principle of water competition and back haul, soon to be accentuated by the completion of the canal, is established. To translate it within a moment, listen to the railroad's side of the argument. It says that it must compete with water traffic in its rates; and water traffic—even when it goes from New York to San Francisco all the way round the Horn—is cheaper to handle than rail. In water traffic you have only to maintain your rolling stock—if you can use that phrase. The enormous expense of acquiring and maintaining right-of-way is eliminated and a great cost saved. To earn its bread and butter and keep its equipment in constant profitable motion the Southern Pacific and every other one of the transcontinentals must make a low enough

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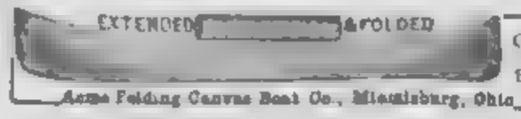

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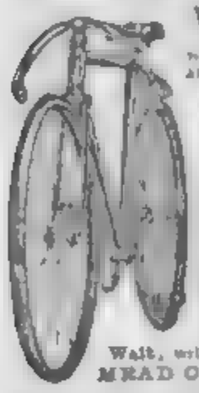

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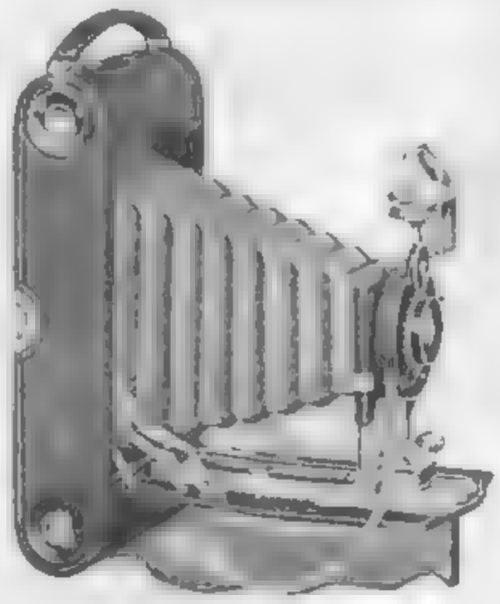

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through rate; and it is also patent that Reno or any other town similarly situated cannot be logically charged for New York business more than the combined water rate to San Francisco, its nearest port, and the local rate from San Francisco to the Reno freight house. This last is the back haul, and the railroads say that they must maintain it to Reno and other points on that gradually disappearing traffic bridge in order to maintain their dividends. The Interstate Commerce Commission agrees with them, but not to the extent of believing that water competition can have any effect whatever on business originating at the Missouri River; or more than seven per cent influence on traffic between Chicago and Reno, for instance.

Now consider the Panama Canal, which means the Horn brought thirty-five hundred miles nearer to both New York and San Francisco—water competition immeasurably strengthened—and you can see the consistent fear that the railroads already have of that big ditch. Few of their heads are quick to admit it.

"What will the Panama Canal bring to the Coast?" asks James J. Hill.

He is a railroader and you ask him to answer his own question.

"Lumber," he says—"lumber to the insufficient and poorly equipped ports of the North Atlantic, of which the archaic New York harbor is typical. And lumber so brought, and forced to pay a back haul from the Atlantic Coast, cannot be a saving to many places west of Cumberland, Maryland, or Altoona, Pennsylvania, or Syracuse, New York."

You hint at the manufacturing hopes of the Pacific Coast. You have seen signs round one big town reading: "Los Angeles, 1911—three hundred and sixty thousand; 1920—one million!" You remember that Seattle was washing off the tops of her great hills so that she should have her house in order for a million human beings within her boundaries. J. J. Hill laughs at you.

"What makes a great city?" he demands.

"Great importance as a seaport?" you suggest.

He shakes his great head. You have guessed wrong.

"Duluth is the greatest port in the world. Last year it did a business of thirty-four million tons, and exceeded London. Its ore and coal businesses are great; its package traffic not to be laughed at. Yet the port business of the city of Duluth does not give bread and butter to more than twelve thousand of her men, women and children."

California's Inspiration

It is not the water traffic rolling into Philadelphia or New York or Boston that renders them great world cities, but it is their environs—their Frankfords, their Newarks and their Brooklyns, their Lynns and their Lowells, wide-spreading communities where spindles and forges and lathes sing the dull, monotonous cadences of hard, hard work, that exalt these three cities into the mighty trinity of the North Atlantic.

And yet you can, in fancy, turn from the gray-haired sage of the Northwest and stand beside the desk of a man whose desk rests in an office building, high above the lifetides that pass every day through Powell Street, San Francisco. This last man knows the Pacific Coast as he knows the fingers of his hands. He resents "Yem" Hill's suggestion that it will never become a great manufacturing section.

"Last week I went down to our olive grove and a carload of cans was just in from Pennsylvania. Do you think that California is always going to bring her cans from three thousand miles away? When the canal is done ——"

There you have it—the canal—the Panama ditch—that is the hope and inspiration of the West Coast today. The Californian continues:

"The canal is to give us cheap labor—a labor market, if you please. It is going to mean that ships will steam into this harbor from Liverpool and Hamburg and Naples, bringing men anxious to work and who have had to pay but eighteen dollars for their passage through. No longer is the East Coast going to pick at and cull out labor."

Then you remember that coal is as vital an element in cheap manufacturing and you tell your San Franciscan that.

"We've better than coal," he says in his triumphant way—"we've the hidden

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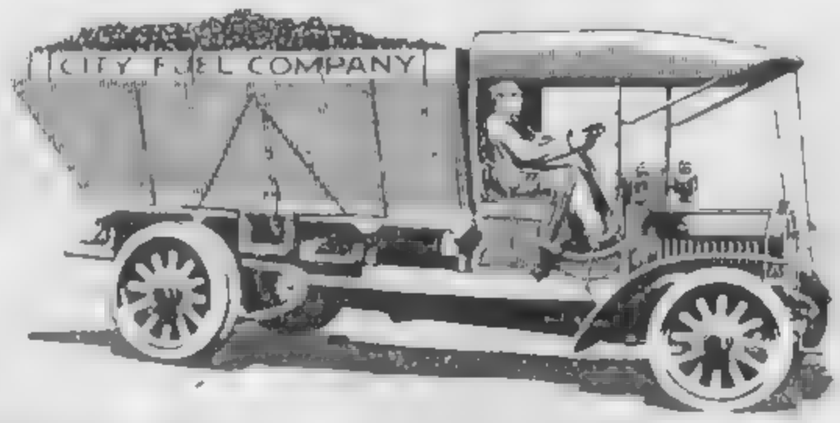

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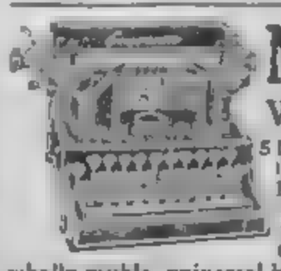

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muscles of myriad streams tumbling down from the high levels of the Sierras and the Cascades. A pretty keen-witted man has a couple of French inventors corraled in a cabin three hundred miles north of here and he is almost ready to announce the marvel of marvels—the smelting of iron and steel by the use of electricity! Give California half a chance and she will begin to manufacture. The Panama Canal is, in itself, almost that half chance."

This San Franciscan takes issue with J. J. Hill on the fact that the canal will bring nothing else than lumber round to the Atlantic seaboard.

"How about hides and how about wool?" he demands. "There is a new route across the Tehuantepec country, down in Mexico; and, even though there is double transshipment, there is a route, far distant as it is, that is already a factor in interstate commerce. The Tehuantepec Railroad is controlled by the Mexican Government. The Mexican Government has not been averse to entering upon the profitable interstate commerce of its northern neighbor. In the five years that it has been established, the eastbound business alone of this route has increased from one hundred and twelve thousand tons to two hundred and forty thousand tons a year."

"How about fruit?" he further urges.

You suggest that refrigerating steamers cannot carry fruit from Central and Southern California to the North Atlantic at a low competitive rate with any profit. The man of San Francisco smiles again. He is a fruit farmer himself on a fair scale—his orchards are valued at three-quarters of a million dollars.

"Refrigerating steamers carry meat from New York to Liverpool for two dollars and a half a ton and escape receiverships," he says. "They can carry fruit from San Francisco or Los Angeles to Philadelphia or Boston or New York for six dollars a ton and still reap a profit. It costs thirty dollars a ton to send fruit across the continent by rail, even in a precooled car. The car must be iced twenty times en route and each icing adds to the cost. There is a possibility of the canal that may affect the railroads."

An idea, tinged with brilliancy, seizes you. You give birth to it.

"Why should not the railroads operate their own lines through the canal?" you exclaim.

There is no smile now on the face of the San Franciscan.

"That is just what we do not wish them to do," he says.

"Why?" you urge.

"Look into history," he tells you.

Neutralized Sea Routes

Along in the seventies, when there were no regulating commissions and very few understandings between railroads, with the result that merciless rate cuttings were in progress all the way across the face of the land, the late Collis P. Huntington, the guiding genius behind the Southern Pacific as originally constituted, was continuously irritated by the constant competition of the Pacific Mail steamers, chiefly by the Panama Railroad across the isthmus—the Panama route up to the present day. Collis P. Huntington set about what he was pleased to call the neutralizing of the sea routes.

Trip after trip of the Pacific Mail steamers he bought their hold space and they ran empty, save for those occasions when he wished to ship rails or other company freight from one coast to the other. Eventually the Southern Pacific came to a more direct process of neutralization—the control through purchase of the Pacific Mail steamers.

That purchase was hastened by the establishment in 1883 of the Sunset Route—steamer to New Orleans and then by rail to California—a line which, in the language of the Southern Pacific officers of that day, was looked upon to "take care of the water competition." It did so, entering upon its new task with a vigor and an enterprise that drove all other water routes from one coast to the other, via the Panama Railroad, out of business, leaving the Pacific Mail alone as a perfunctory carrier upon that particular route.

For almost forty years the railroads have more or less directly controlled the Panama route. From time to time various independent lines have essayed to enter upon a competitive water-route business from New York or other North Atlantic ports to the Pacific Coast. Their failures have been impressive, as they were meant to be—none more so than that of the line which the San Francisco merchants sought to establish in 1892. But the various rail carriers across the country "took care" of that line in a way that its stockholders will never forget.

Some of the railroads are already looking at the question of transportation from a broader standpoint. The Harriman officers point with a great deal of pride to the increasing length of their double track—it already extends from Omaha for many miles beyond Cheyenne—and ask how any steamship competition will interfere with the fast service that such an enlarged main stem will enable them to make possible east from San Francisco to the Missouri River. J. J. Hill himself says that the canal may take the low-grade freights, in which there is little profit for the railroads, if it will but leave the high-class, preferential merchandise for the steam carriers. That, in the slang of the moment, would seem to be "up to the railroads."

Shaughnessy's Comments

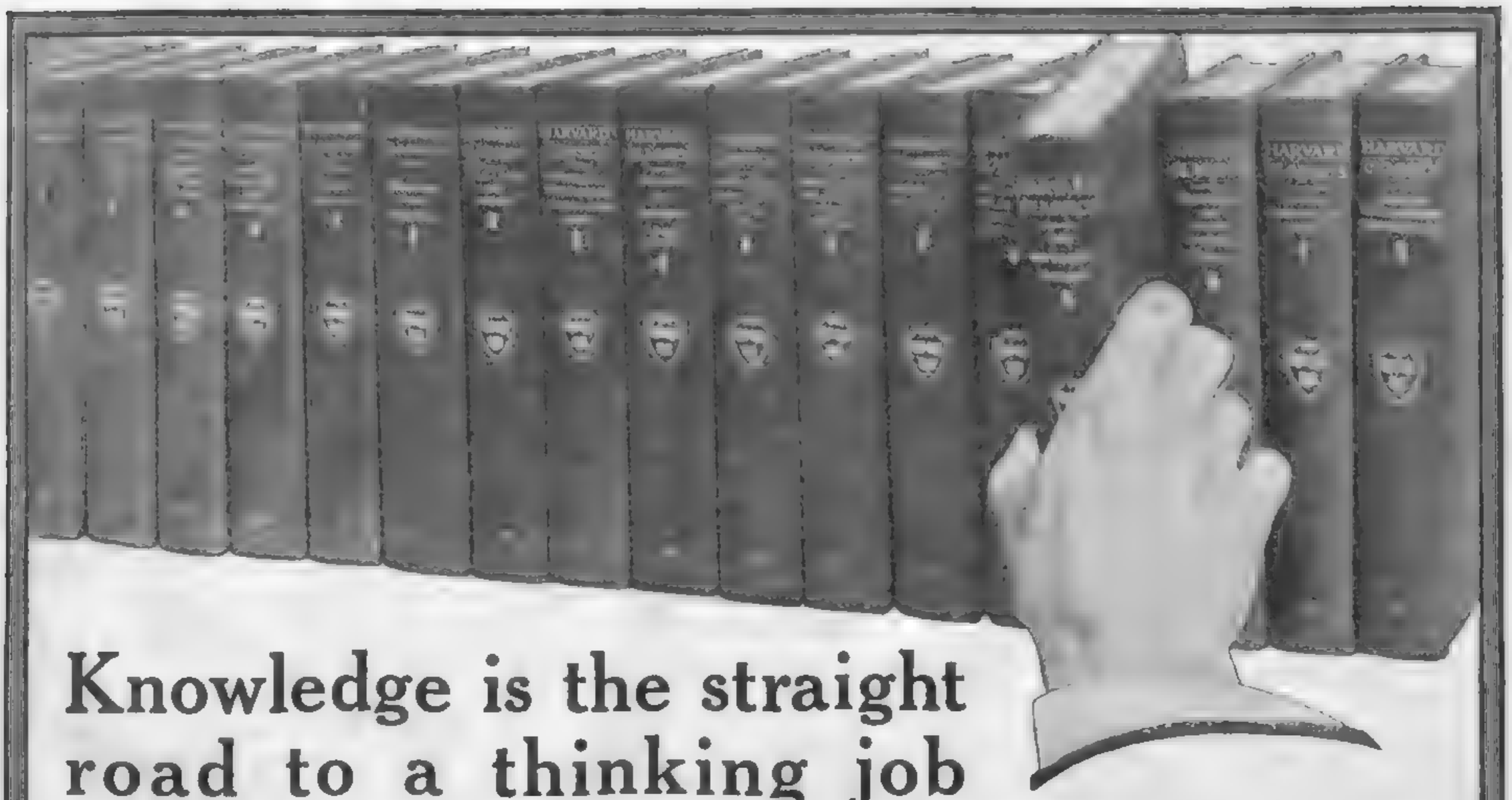
To get the view in another way, go outside of our country, this time to a castellated structure of gray stone that stands facing an open square in Montreal. In a great office of that building sits a great man, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific. This man watches over his railroad with the loving eye of a mother over her only child, yet his position is given with the breadth of a broad mind.

"We are interested in the Panama Canal situation," he says, "and we are not disturbed by it. The building up of the Pacific slope will give new strength to the transcontinental lines. We are not afraid of competition. Sometimes our traffic men will come to me and say that a new road is coming into one of our towns—sometimes two new roads together. I ask them: 'What of it? We shall give the service; the town will grow under competition, and so we shall get our share of the business—and possibly some more.'

"We are not worrying, but we are building—five hundred miles of double track already built; another five hundred next year; a third five hundred in the near future. We are straining our resources to keep pace with our traffic growth. At Winnipeg the Canadian Pacific today has the largest railroad yard in the world, and night and day it is congested almost to the bursting point. Competition is life-strength for us."

And in saying that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has sounded the real keynote of the whole situation. The impetus that even the planning of the Panama Canal has given to the Coast has been a matter of solid streams of dollars in traffic returns to the railroads. It is a question whether the Union Pacific could have gone another ten years without double-tracking through to the Coast, even if the Panama Canal had remained an abandoned, half-dug ditch, with whole miles of rusty, worn-out French machinery left there among the weeds. From a single section of California the past twelve years have seen an increase in oranges, lemons and walnuts of from eighteen thousand to forty-five thousand carloads. That amount of itself has been no mean offering to put before the traffic gateways of any railroad!

The truth is that the traffic of the Pacific Coast is a rare prize, even without the development that must inevitably fall upon the heels of the opening of the canal. Plus that development, it is a thing of almost infinite worth. Because of that coming growth of the West Coast the Union Pacific and the Canadian Pacific, together with the Santa Fe, speak with no small pride of their increasing double track. J. J. Hill, keeping his plans to himself, loses no opportunity to bring his great system into better strategical position; the silent Earling finishes his Milwaukee extension to Puget Sound; the future position of the Gould roads becomes a matter of much concern; the Rock Island and the Northwestern, so close to the great Western goal, fret uneasily to reach it with their own rails. The railroad map of the Western United States is today well worth watching. If Mr. Harriman had lived it might already be a far different thing—a thing closely unified; but with that resolute Napoleon gone the fight is again an open one—its final outcome a problem whose solution no railroader is brash enough to predict.



Knowledge is the straight road to a thinking job

Efficiency engineers have proved that not more than one man in ten uses ideas in his work. The ordinary man lives in a circle of routine, doing what some thinker tells him to do, and letting his unused mental power go to waste. Nine out of ten men never rise—and they wonder why.

But the tenth man knows that success comes from energy mixed with ideas. He makes clear thinking a daily habit. Men like this rise to the thinking jobs.

Be a tenth man! Read—and make your reading count. Learn how to think with breadth and power.

And then the road to a thinker's job will be both straight and short.

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DAYLIGHT METHODS IN THE CLOTHING BUSINESS

YOUR dealer is either proud of the kind of clothes he sells, or he is not.

His goods will stand conspicuous display and critical inspection, or they will not.

Aside from the actual quality of the goods, what is the thing to look for when you go into a clothing store?

Why—plainly—fresh stock, new patterns, this year's styles, and not stickers left over from the season before.

New Way Methods Give You Newer Clothes—and Lower Prices

THE New Way Crystal Wardrobe in the clothier's store is the best guarantee of new styles, because it helps the merchant to keep his stock up to date.

Dead stock is the greatest trouble in the clothing store.

It's a burden to the dealer and a danger to you.

Unless goods are kept in plain view, they are overlooked. Old stock accumulates. Left-overs stay piled up on the tables and in corners. The merchant is not forced to clean house at the end of the season.

Crystal Wardrobe methods make your dealer a better merchant, and make his store a better place for you to buy your clothes.

New Way Crystal Wardrobes economize space.

They make it easier for a store to sell and a customer to buy.

They reduce the cost of selling. They save the clerk's labor. He can sell more goods. He can serve his customers more quickly—save their time and his own.

On a rush day he can wait on three or four customers at once.

You are helped by the fact that every suit and overcoat is hung in plain view. You can look over the assortment freely almost wait on yourself.

Identify the Progressive, Thrifty Clothier by His New Way Crystal Wardrobes

DOES your clothier go in for the real thing or the imitation—in goods, in fixtures, in progressive methods?

Thousands of consumers are asking us for the location in their vicinity of a New Way store.

We find sometimes that a dealer has tried to side-step the issue by putting in makeshift fixtures—

Dark wall-cabinets with pullout rods—or some device that claims to be the same or as good as New Way Wardrobes, but which lacks their distinctive features and advantages.

The best clothiers—those who are selling the best merchandise—are naturally looking for the best methods of caring for their goods and displaying them.

They are not begging the question or looking for a cheap way out of the problem.

Who Stands Back of the New Way Clothier—and How?

NOW let us see who is back of the New Way Crystal Wardrobe.

The New Way people are the largest show case and store equipment firm in the world.

They have supplied the equipment for hundreds of leading clothing stores in every part of the country.

For years they have been studying and solving the storekeeper's problems of handling his stock.

They have instituted practically every improvement in fixtures of all kinds for every line of trade and type of store.

They are the people who introduced the sanitary cases for the display of candy and other merchandise, keeping the goods free from contamination after they reach the store—a step next in importance to the Pure Food and Drugs Act itself.

The New Way people have always worked with the public.

That is the secret of their success.

And it is this widespread national influence that makes them such a big support to the dealer who adopts New Way fixtures and methods in handling his clothing stock.

Keep your eye on the clothing store that puts in the New Way Crystal Wardrobes.

Watch it grow.

Back of it is the co-operation of the New Way Wardrobe people—notifying all the progressive folks of the town that New Way methods have come to stay—giving the name of the New Way clothier and telling what he means to the man who wants the newer and better sort of clothes.

Who is the New Way Clothier in Your Town?

WE CAN send you the names of a thousand or more New Way clothiers not far from you. Probably some of them are in your home town.

If you have never seen clothing kept in the New Way it will be a revelation to you.

Every suit and overcoat draped on its individual hanger—in plain view, behind glass, safe from dust, damp and careless handling.

Fresh stock—this season's goods—with all its graceful lines, its style, its "kick" intact.

Grand Rapids Show Case Company

The Largest Show Case and Store Equipment Plant in the World

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Show Rooms and Factories: New York. Grand Rapids, Chicago, Boston, Portland

A TALE OF TWO JACOBEAN CHAIRS

(Continued from Page 15)

an advice from Max Merech, our designer. It's a funny thing about that feller, Mr. Gans—with garments he is right up to the minute, *aber mit* furniture nothing suits him unless it would be anyhow a hundred years old."

"So you are buying some antique furniture for your flat!" B. Gans commented, and Elkan nodded.

"We made a start anyhow," he said. "We bought a couple Jacobson chairs two hundred and fifty years old already."

"Good!" B. Gans exclaimed. "I want to tell you, Elkan, you couldn't go far wrong if you would buy any piece of furniture over a hundred years old. They didn't know how to make things ugly in them days—and Jacobean chairs especially. I am furnishing my whole dining room in that period and my library in Old French. It cost money, Elkan, but it's worth it."

Elkan nodded and steered the conversation into safer channels; so that by the time Miss Scheindler had brought in the letter they were discussing familiar business topics.

"Also," Gans said as he appended his neat signature to the letter, "I wish you and Dishkes luck, Elkan; and keep up the good work about the antique furniture. Even when you would get stuck with a reproduction instead of a genuine piece once in a while, if it looks just as good as the original and no one tells you differently, understand me, you feel just as happy."

Thus encouraged, Elkan went home that evening full of a determination to acquire all the antique furniture his apartment would hold—and he and Yetta sat up until past midnight combing the pages of a heavy volume on the subject, which Yetta had procured from the neighboring public library. Accordingly Elkan rose late the following morning; and it was a most nine o'clock before he reached his office and observed on the very top of his morning mail a slip of paper containing a message in the handwriting of Sam, the office boy.

"A man called about Jacobowitz," it read, and Elkan immediately rang his deskbell.

"What Jacobowitz is this?" he demanded as Sam entered, and the office boy shrugged.

"I should know!" he said.

"What d'ye mean you should know?" Elkan cried. "Ain't I always told it you you should write down always the name when people call?"

"Ain't Jacobowitz a name?" Sam replied. "Furthermore, you couldn't expect me I should get the family history from everybody which is coming in the place, Mr. Lubliner—especially when the feller says he would come back."

"Why didn't you tell me he is coming back?" Elkan asked, and again Sam shrugged.

"When the feller is coming back, Mr. Lubliner," he said, "it don't make no difference if I tell you *oder* not. He would come back anyhow."

Having thus disposed of the matter to his entire satisfaction, Sam withdrew and banged the door triumphantly behind him, while Elkan fell to examining his mail. He had hardly cut the first envelope, however, when his door opened to admit Dishkes.

"*Na*, Dishkes!" Elkan said. "You are pretty early, ain't it?"

Dishkes nodded.

"I'm a *Schlemiel*, Mr. Lubliner," he said, "and that's all there is to it. Yesterday I went to work and lost my wife's picture."

Elkan slapped his thigh with his hand.

"Well, ain't I a peach!" he said. "I am getting so mixed up with these here antics I completely forgot to tell Yetta anything about it. I didn't even show it to her, Dishkes; so you must leave me have it for a day longer, Dishkes."

As he spoke he drew the cabinet photograph from his breastpocket and handed it to Dishkes, who gazed earnestly at it for a minute. Then, resting his elbows on his knees, he buried his face in his hands and burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing, whereat Elkan jumped from his seat and passed hurriedly out of the room. As he walked toward the showroom the strains of a popular song came from behind a rack.

"Sam," he bellowed, "who asks you you should whistle round here?"

The whistling ceased and Sam emerged from his hiding-place with a feather brush.

"I could whistle without being asked," Sam replied; "and furthermore, Mr. Lubliner, when I am dusting the samples I must got to whistle; otherwise the dust gets in my lungs, which I value my lungs the same like you do, Mr. Lubliner, even if I would be here only a boy working on stock!"

With this decisive rejoinder he resumed dusting the samples while Elkan returned to his office, where he found that Dishkes had regained his composure.

V

DESPITE the fact that all of Dishkes' creditors save one had signed an extension agreement, the meeting in Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company's showroom was well attended; and when Leon Sammet came in, at quarter past eleven, the assemblage had already elected Charles Finkman, of Maisener & Finkman, as chairman. He had just taken his seat in Philip Scheikowitz' new revolving chair and was in the act of noisily clearing his throat in lieu of pounding the table with a gavel.

"Gentlemen," he said, "first, I want to thank you for the signal honor you are doing me in appointing me your chairman. For sixteen years now my labors in the Independent Order Mattai Aaron ain't unknown to most of you here. Ten years ago, at the national convention held in Saraheuse, gentlemen, I was unanimously elected by the delegates from sixty lodges to be your National Grand Master; and ——"

At this juncture Leon Sammet rose ponderously to his feet.

"Say, Finkman!" retorted Sammet. "What has all this *Stuss* about the I. O. M. A. got to do *mit* Dishkes here?"

Again Finkman cleared his throat, and this time he produced a note of challenge that caused the members of the I. O. M. A. there present to lean forward in their seats. They expected a crushing rejoinder and they were not disappointed.

"What is the motto of the I. O. M. A., Sammet?" Finkman thundered. "'Justice, Fraternity and Charity!' And I say to you now that, as chairman of this meeting, as well as Past National Grand Master of that noble order to which you and I both belong, *serutchat du*, I will see that justice be done, fraternity be encouraged and charity dispensed on each and every occasion.

"Now, my brothers, here is a fellow member of our organization in distress, y'understand; and I ask you one and all this question"—he raised his voice to a pitch that made the filaments tremble in the electric-light bulbs—"Who," he roared, "Who will come to his assistance?"

He paused dramatically just as Sam, the office boy, stuck his head in the showroom doorway and rent the silence with his high, piping voice.

"Mr. Lubliner," he said, "the man is here about Jacobowitz."

Elkan flapped his hand wildly, but it was too late to prevent the entrance of no less a person than Jacob Paul—the connoisseur of antiques and fine arts.

"Hello, Finkman!" he said; "what's the trouble here?"

Elkan started from his seat to interrupt his visitor, but there was something in Finkman's manner that made him sit down again.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Paul?" Finkman exclaimed; and the clarion note had deserted his voice, leaving only a slight hoarseness to mark its passing. "What brings you here?"

"I might ask the same of you, Finkman," Jacob Paul replied; and as his keen eyes scanned the assembled company they rested for a minute on Leon Sammet, who forthwith began to perspire.

"The fact is," Finkman began, "this here is a meeting of creditors of Louis Dishkes, of the Villy dee Paris Store on Amsterdam Avenue."

Paul turned to Louis Dishkes, proprietor of the Ville de Paris Store, who sat at the side of the room behind Scheikowitz' desk in an improvised prisoner's dock.

"What's the matter, Dishkes?" Paul asked. "Couldn't you make it go up there?"

Dishkes shrugged hopelessly.

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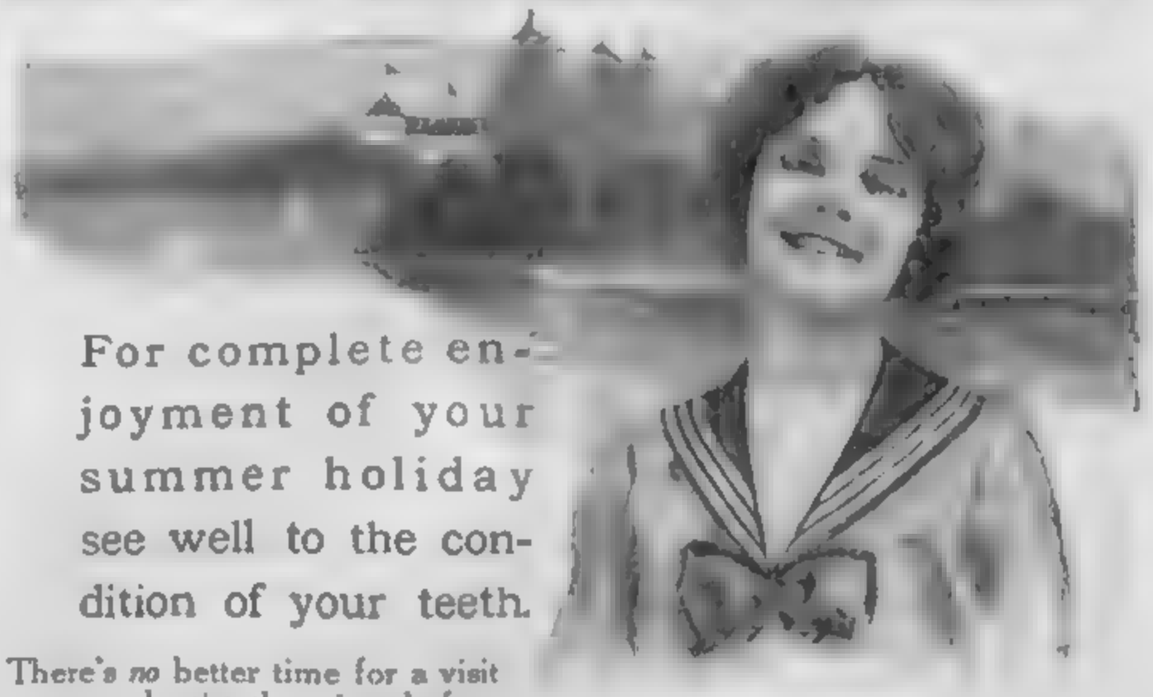

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And in addition the convenience of the patent measuring tube container and its elegant manner of use, at home or traveling, have made Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder inseparable from the best traditions of personal habit.

Use Dr. Lyon's night and morning—above all at night. Teach its regular use to your children and so assure them lifetimes of perfect teeth.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Ford

"The pride that breaks" has prompted many a man to buy a heavy, expensive car—when a light, strong Ford would have served his purpose infinitely better. But to-day, he who drives a Ford finds himself in the company of the elect.

More than 75,000 new Fords go into service this season—a proof that they must be right. Three passenger Roadster $590—five passenger touring car $690—delivery car $700—f. o. b. Detroit, with all equipment. Catalogue—and name of nearest representative—from Ford Motor Company, Detroit.

"Next month, when them houses round the corner is rented," he said, "I could do a good business there."

"You ought to," Paul agreed. "You ain't got no competitors, so far as I could see."

"That's what we all think!" Elkan broke in—"that is to say, all of us except Mr. Sammet, and he ain't willing to wait for his money."

Leon Sammet moved uneasily in his chair as Jacob Paul faced about in his direction.

"Why ain't you willing to wait, Sammet?" he asked; and Leon mopped his face with his handkerchief.

"Well, it's like this, Mr. Paul——" he began, but the connoisseur of antiques raised his hand.

"One moment, Sammet," he said. "You know as well as anybody else, and better even, that a millionaire concern like the Hamsuckett Mills must got to wait once in a while." He paused significantly. "If we didn't," he continued, "there's plenty of solvent concerns would be forced to the wall—ain't it? Furthermore, if the Hamsuckett Mills did business the way you want to, Sammet, I wouldn't keep my job as credit man and treasurer very long."

Sammet nodded weakly and plied his handkerchief with more vigor, while Elkan sat and stared at his acquaintance of Sunday night in unfeigned astonishment.

"Then what is the use of talking, Sammet?" Paul said. "So long as you are the only one standing out, why don't you make an end of it? How long an extension does Dishkes want?"

"Two months," Finkman answered.

"And where is the agreement you fellows all signed?" Paul continued.

Elkan took a paper from the desk in front of Dishkes and passed it to Paul, who drew from his waistcoat pocket an opulent gold-mounted fountain pen. Then he walked over to Leon Sammet and handed him the pen and the agreement.

"*Schreib*, Sammet," he said, "and don't make no more fuss about it."

A moment later Sammet appended a shaky signature to the agreement and returned it, with the pen, to Paul.

A quarter of an hour later Jacob Paul sat in Elkan's office and smoked one of Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company's best cigars.

"Now I put it up to you, Lubliner," he said: "them Jacobean chairs are pretty high at fifty dollars, but I want 'em, and I'm willing to give you sixty for 'em."

Elkan smiled and made a wide gesture with both hands.

"My dear Mr. Paul," he said, "after what you done today for Dishkes I'll make you a present of 'em—free for nothing."

"No, you won't do no such thing," Paul declared; "because I'm going to sell 'em again and at a profit, as I may as well tell you."

"My worries what you are going to do with 'em!" Elkan declared. "But one thing I ain't going to do, Mr. Paul—I ain't going to make no profit on you; so, go ahead and take the chairs at what I paid for 'em—and that's the best I could do for you."

It required no further persuasion for Jacob Paul to draw a fifty-dollar check to Elkan's order; and as he rose to leave Elkan pressed his hand warmly.

"Come up and see me, Mr. Paul, when we get through refurnishing," he said. "I promise you you would see a flat furnished to your taste—no crayon portraits nor nothing."

VI

IT WAS late in the afternoon when Elkan's office door opened to admit Sam, the office boy.

"Mr. Lubliner," he said, "another feller is here about this here—now—Jacobowitz."

Elkan glanced through the half-open door and recognized the figure of Ringentaub, the antiquarian.

"Tell him to come in," he said; and a moment later Ringentaub was wringing Elkan's hand and babbling his gratitude for his brother-in-law's deliverance from bankruptcy.

"God will bless you for it, Mr. Lubliner," he said; "and I am ashamed of myself when I think of it. I am a dawg, Mr. Lubliner—and that's all there is to it."

Here he drew a greasy wallet from his breastpocket and extracted three ten-dollar bills.

"Take 'em, Mr. Lubliner," he said, "and forgive me."

He pressed the bills into Elkan's hand.

"What's this?" Elkan demanded.

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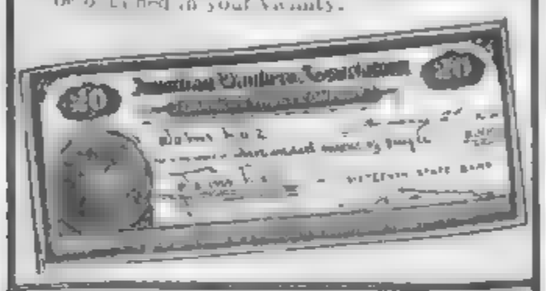

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"That's the change from your fifty dollars," Ringentaub replied; "because, so help me, Mr. Lubliner, there is first-class material in them chairs, and the feller that makes 'em for me is a high-grade cabinetmaker. Then you got to reckon it stands me in a couple of dollars also to get 'em fixed up antique, y'understand; so, if you get them chairs for twenty dollars you are buying a bargain, Mr. Lubliner."

"Why, what d'ye mean?" Elkan cried. "Ain't them chairs gen-wine Jacobean chairs?"

"Not by a whole lot they ain't," Ringentaub declared fervently.

"But Mr. Paul thinks they are!" Elkan exclaimed.

"Sure, I know," Ringentaub answered; "and that shows what a lot a collector knows about such things. Paul is a credit man for the Hamsuckett Mills, Mr. Lubliner; but he collects old furniture on the side."

For a moment Elkan gazed open-mouthed at the antiquarian and a great light began to break in on him.

"So-o-o!" he cried. "That's what you mean by a collector!"

Ringentaub nodded.

"And furthermore, Mr. Lubliner, when collectors knows more about antiques as dealers does, Mr. Lubliner," he said with his hand on the doorknob, "I'll go into the woolen piece-goods business too—which you could take it from me, Mr. Lubliner, it wouldn't be soon, by a hundred years even."

. . . . . .

When Elkan emerged from the One-Hundred-and-Sixteenth Street station of the subway that evening a familiar voice hailed him from the rear.

"*Nu*, Elkan!" cried B. Gans, for it was none other than he. "You made out fine at the meeting this morning—ain't it?"

"Who told you?" Elkan asked as he linked arms with the high-grade manufacturer.

"Never mind who told me," B. Gans said jokingly; "but all I could say is you made a tremendous hit with Jacob Paul, Elkan—and if that ain't no compliment, understand me, I don't know what is. Why, there ain't a better judge of men *oder* antique furniture in this here city than Paul, Elkan. He's an A Number One credit man, too, and I bet yer he gets a big salary from them Hamsuckett Mills people, which the least his income could be—considering what he picks up selling antiques—is fifteen thousand a year."

"Does Paul sell all the antiques he collects?" Elkan asked.

"Does he?" B. Gans rejoined. "Well, I should say he does! Myself I bought from him in the past two weeks half a dozen chairs, understand me—four last week and two today—which I am paying him five hundred dollars for the lot. They're worth it, too, Elkan. I never seen finer examples of the period."

"But are you sure they're gen-wine?" Elkan asked as they reached the entrance to his apartment house.

"Paul says they are," B. Gans answered, slapping Elkan's shoulder in farewell; "and if he's mistaken, Elkan, then I'm content that I should be."

Two hours later, however, after Elkan had recounted to Yetta all the incidents of Dishkes' meeting and the resulting sale of the chairs, his conscience smote him.

"What d'ye think, Yetta?" he asked. "Should I tell Paul and Gans the chairs ain't gen-wine, *oder* not?"

For more than ten minutes Yetta wrinkled her forehead over this knotty ethical point; then she delivered her opinion.

"Mr. Gans tells you he is just as happy if they ain't gen-wine—ain't it?" she said.

Elkan nodded.

"And Mr. Paul acted honest, because he didn't know they wasn't gen-wine neither, ain't it?" she continued.

Again Elkan nodded.

"Then," Yetta declared, "if you are taking it so particular as all that, Elkan, there's only one thing for you to do—give me the thirty dollars!"

"Is that so!" Elkan exclaimed ironically. "And what will you do with the money?"

"The only thing I can do with it, *Schlemiel*," she said. "Ten dollars I will give Louis Dishkes he should take a trip up to the country over Sunday and visit his wife."

"And what will we do with the other twenty?" Elkan asked.

"We'll send a present with him to Mrs. Dishkes," Yetta concluded with a smile, "and it wouldn't be no antics neither!"

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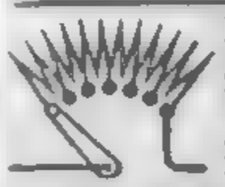

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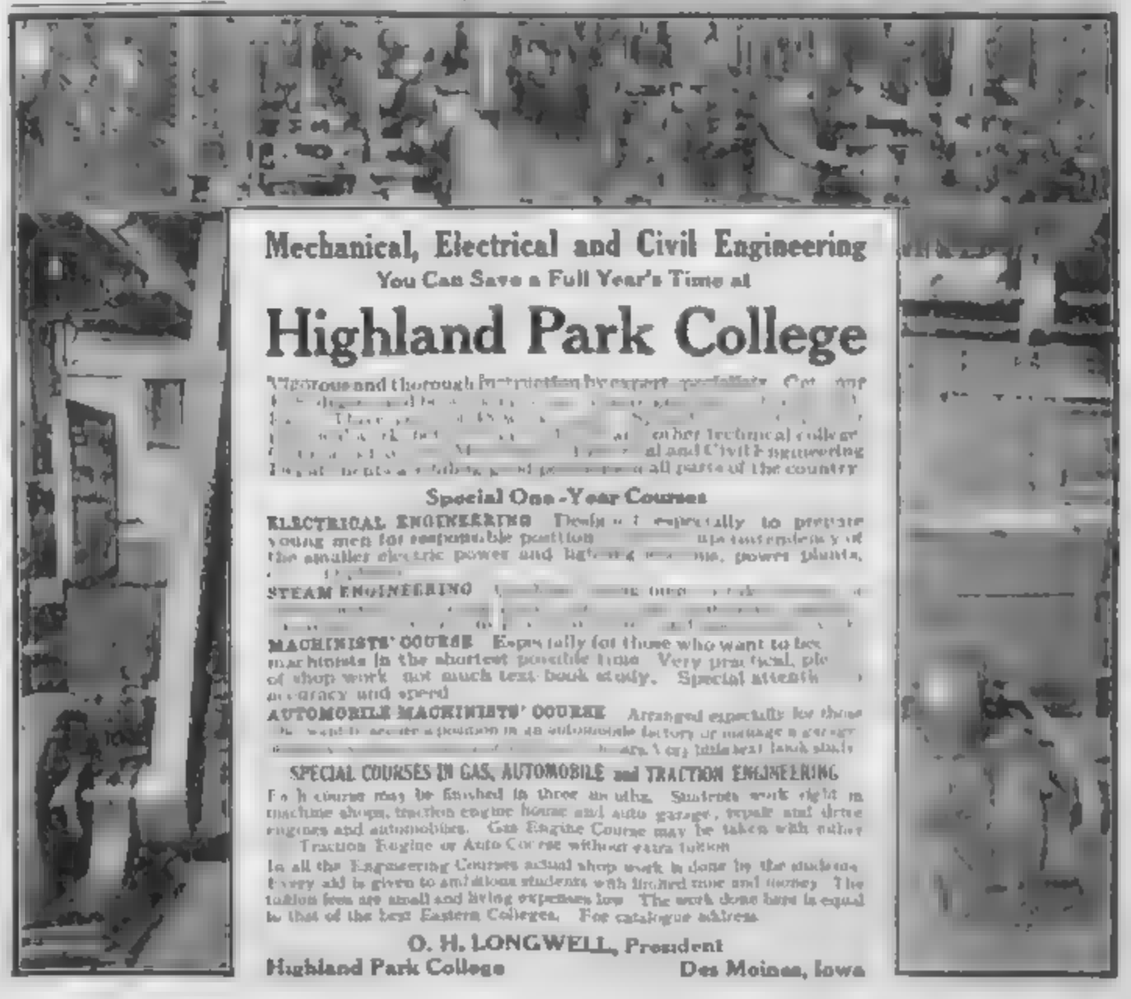

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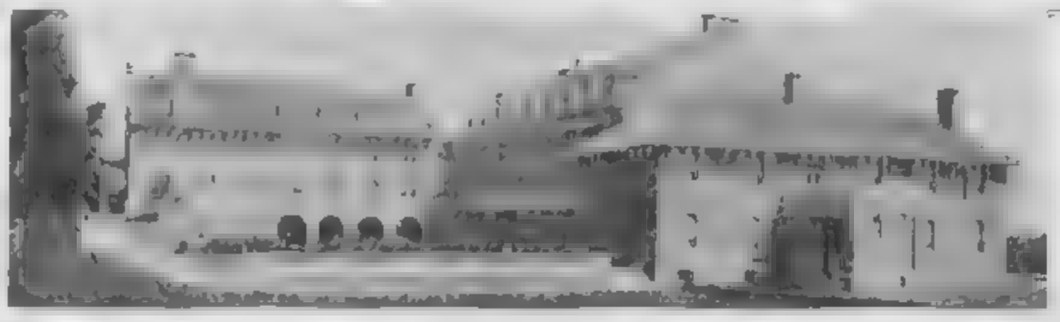

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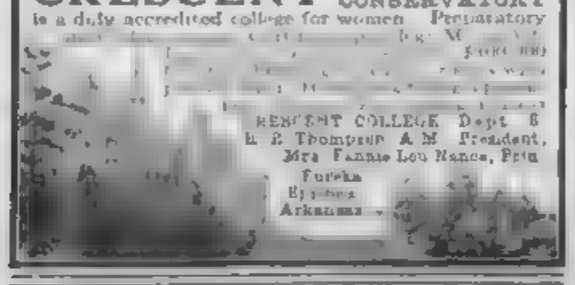

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During one of their official conversations the manager said he didn't think the boats were getting enough publicity in the papers over the country. The new press agent decided in his own mind that he would try to remedy that.

Inside of a week he had his opening. Something unusual and newsy happened aboard one of the ships, and he got busy. He asked the Associated Press, the United Press, the Laffan Bureau, the Hearst news service and all the lesser news-gathering and news-distributing agencies to send out stories of the happening over their wires to all their subscribers everywhere. He said it would be a special favor to him, and they all did it.

Then the new man called up the offices of the concerns handling plate matter for small country dailies and weeklies, and they also obliged by spreading the news broadcast in four languages—English, Swedish, Italian and German. After which the press agent, in the name of the company, subscribed for the service of several of the press-clipping bureaus and sat down to wait for results.

He didn't have to wait long. The next day clippings began to trickle in by mail, and by the day after the stream had grown to a torrent and the clippings were being delivered by express in large crates and bags.

They came for three weeks, until the number of clippings, each from a different paper but each telling of the same thing, had mounted far up into the thousands.

Then the bills from the clipping bureaus arrived. They mounted up also. The new press agent came in to his office one morning and found the general manager of the steamship line contemplating the sum total with a look of ghastly and stunned surprise upon his face. Somewhat worried by the extent of his own success, he asked if anything was wrong.

"No," said the general manager slowly. "We have no gomblaint. But dell me, Mister Blank, can it be zat zere are zat many bapers?"

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OVER the telephone a worried voice addressed the proprietor of a small hardware store in a West Kentucky town.

"Say," the speaker began, "I come in your place today and bought one of them dollar alarm clocks, and you set her for me to go off at five o'clock in the mornin'. D'ye remember?"

"Yes," said the hardware man, "I remember."

"Well," went on the other, "I've jest found out that I don't have to git up at five o'clock in the mornin'."

"Glad to hear it," said the hardware man; "but what do you want me to do about it?"

"I want you," said the customer, "to tell me how to unalarm this clock."

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BOB HULL, the champion storyteller of Savannah, had occasion lately to take a business trip into interior Georgia. He took his golf clubs with him, intending to stop off upon his way back for a match on the famous links at Augusta.

He dropped off the train at his business destination—a small town on a branch road—and carrying his luggage climbed into an ancient hack and bade the driver, who was an old negro man, take him to the local hotel.

The darky eyed the queer-looking leather bag that his passenger carried with the peculiar-looking sticks in it. His curiosity got the best of him finally.

"Boss," he began, "please, suh, scuse me—but mout I ax you a question?"

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MISS 318 AND MR. 37

(Continued from Page 5)

"Rich folks, Constunss, are savinger than the poor—that's why they're rich. You and me are lavish at times; but the rich know what their money's woith and go after it."

Straight to the counter of Lisette came the aristocrats. Lisette, the haughty and the cynic, was so impressed by this contact with the American peerage that her voice and her hands trembled. It was like being presented at court, and Lisette listened quiveringly for what manner of talk these people should use.

Lisette cared little who discovered which Pole or overturned some ancient despotism; but she must know who wore what when, or was reported to be engaged to whom—the prominent social leader of where! As for the chronicles of those who did not belong in this illustrious social order she would say:

"Gawd knows I get enough of the simple life without readin' about it!"

News to her was news of the busy rich, and she had an astonishing knowledge of their reported whereabouts and of their published portraits. The Lancaster Verdens were among her favorite heromes, and she recognized them from afar at the first glance. From the society novels she devoured she had gained a distinct impression that the upper classes employ a formality and precision of speech of the type that made Dr. Samuel Johnson infamous. She prepared to show the Verdens that they were not the only swell speech artists—that there were others.

To her stupefaction the Verdens proved to be simple, kindly and utterly lacking in that effete languor which, according to all published authorities, is the unfailing characteristic of the pampered scions of luxury.

As Lisette gradually learned, Miss Priscilla Verden's maid, Lucienne, was going to be married to the second man—whatever that might be—and mother and daughter Verden were making a lark out of enhancing the bride's trousseau. They called the maid something like "Lees-yen," on which Lisette chose an opportunity to comment to Constance:

"Sounds like Chinese money to me. And what's that second man idea?"

Constance had an opinion and whispered it down:

"They call the bridegroom's gempman friend the best man; so that would make the bridegroom the second man, wouldn't it?"

"Maybe it would," said Lisette dubiously, and turned to watch the Verdens rummaging the silken stack with hands whose gloves bulged over rings of evident massiveness. The two women were less like the traditional rich than like children happening on a pirate's cave.

"Mother dear, would you look at this?" Priscilla cried, haling from the depths of noisy color one petticoat of exquisite beauty.

Lisette glanced up at Constance, nodded her head and murmured: "She knows what's what, and she's went right to it. Out of all them toikey-trots she's dug the bunny-hug."

"It's really good, you know. What do you call this material, please?" Priscilla turned to Lisette apologetically. Lisette jumped at the unexpected appeal:

"Chiffon taffeta, m'am." And she had hardly strength enough to add: "You see it's got the side-pleated flounce and the goidle top of Joisey silk."

"So it has! You see, Mother dear? It's really awfully good—isn't it? And the color—it's a sort of—well, it's on the purple and yet it isn't quite—is it?"

"It's what we call wistaria poiple. Yes'm."

"Well, I like it so much I'm going to wear it myself. And look at the price, Mother dear—only six-ninety-five! And that cat of a dressmaker charged me eighteen dollars apiece for things I wouldn't wear to a dog fight!"

The mother bent down with skillfully appraising fingers.

"It's astonishing! How do they ever do it?"

"They've probably got a silent partner that steals 'em—eh?" The younger woman turned to Lisette with a smile so infectious that Lisette's eyes twinkled with a certain comradery.

Mother dear shook her handsome old head, however, and sighed:

"I'm afraid, Priss, they're made by poor women who work their fingers to the bone day and night for a pittance!"

"That's so. You remember that pitiful old Mrs What's-her-name we found going blind and starving, but always sewing in that back tenement? Whew! I can remember the climb yet!"

"Yes, it's work like that that makes bargains like these!"

Priscilla let the glistening fabric drop as if she could feel in it the ache of weary fingers.

"It almost seems a crime to buy them—doesn't it?—and encourage such cruel prices!"

The mother shook her head:

"Still, if nobody buys them, the poor souls won't get anything at all!"

"That's so."

For a long moment the two women pondered this ancient riddle in political economy, while Lisette, who knew so much of poverty from the inside, stared at them with a sort of fascinated affection. She, who had feared nobody else, was cowed by the every-day decency and unaffected naturalness of these two visitors from another planet.

The two women, however, were so well used to realizing how many deserts of pauperdom there were to which their wealth was only a spoonful of water that they soon dismissed the oppressive vision they could not hope to relieve. They were human after all; and, sad as the world might be, silk was silk, and color color. They sought relaxation in the glorious tonic of extravagance. They bought petticoats enough to have smothered their Lucienne.

They were patient and shrewd. They could tell shoddy from true; and "Please!" was always the courier to their demands as "Thank you!" was their after-rider.

Lisette felt so much at her ease that she began to call them Mrs. Voiden and Miss Voiden, which caused them to exchange shy glances of surprise.

"How do you happen to know our names?" Mother dear asked a trifle sheepishly.

Lisette was going to allude to their pictures in the papers; but, before doing so, she thought to use also a little tact, and she said:

"Oh, everybody has hoid of the Voidens' charitable woiks."

Both women actually blushed at this, and Mother dear's spectacles misted as she gasped:

"Well! That's very sweet of you!"

After all, fame is fame; and this violet flung upward to them from below was startlingly comfortable. They bought more.

They bought for other servants and for themselves with democratic rivalry, and Lisette was none the less won to them by the fact that their large purchase meant a large increase in her commissions.

When they had finished their business the elder woman said to Lisette:

"Thank you so much, my dear. And now if you could tell us where to find the furniture department ——"

"Foiniture is on the eight' floor. You'd best take the elevator. Go to the thoid counter, then toin to the right, and go past the misses' lonjery; toin to the left, and—I guess I better show you."

"No; don't trouble, my dear. We'll find it. Good morning!"

Both women nodded, smiled and wandered down the aisle, pausing and staring every which way—two youngsters in a fairy woods. Lisette's gaze followed them like a benediction. Then she drooped against the shelves and cast her eyes up at Constance.

"Whataya know about that, Constunss? I've stood snobbery and impoitenence and bossin' round from truckdrivers' wives that done their own wash—and I hadda live to be treated like a human bein' for the foist time by the very cream-dee-luh-cream off the top of the highest society! Can you beat it?"

v

THE next while of toil Lisette spent in a haze, reconstructing her social categories. She was in an unusually amiable frame of mind, but three or four women who were exacting and dictatorial were brought up with the sharp turn of a whipstapper. One of them proclaimed her intention of reporting Lisette to a floor manager. Lisette only laughed.

A little later Constance, bending over to hand Lisette a parcel, found her in a trance, motionless and staring. Constance, who

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supposed that Lisette was still basking in the afterglow of the Verden visit, had to prod her awake. Lisette passed the bundle into the waiting palm with the absentness of a sleepwalker, and it was almost drowsily that she faltered:

"Oh say, Constunss look who's here!"

"Look who's where?"

"Do you lamp that lad in blue?"

"Yes."

"It's him!"

"Not your fireman?"

"Well, I don't know as he's mine. He's still got the city's number on him; and yet—well -I hate to talk about myself; but ——"

"Oh, Lisette, he's followed you here! I told you he would."

Lisette nodded graciously and mused aloud:

"Maybe I ain't dead yet after all! I thought I was; but so long as a goil can loor a man into a den of wi'd animals like this—and a fireman of all men!—well, she hadn't oughta despair."

"Ain't you excited?"

"Excited? I got enough firewoiks in my heart to make the Fourth of July look like this store on a Sunday night."

Lisette was not used to conquests. Two years ago there had been a floorwalker in her life whose devotion she had apparently earned rather than captured; but he had deserted her for a younger and prettier newcomer.

Constance, like a Sister Anne in a tower, watched the fireman come with equal amazement and almost equal rapture. He came sidling, halting and gawky—but he came! And he was a fireman!

"Oh, Constunss, ain't he gorgerous!" Lisette suspired, "Look at um walk! Take it from me, the Apollo Bellavue ain't got nothin' on him!"

There was ample time for Lisette to gain some control over herself, though her heart was dancing syncopated music in her bosom. She eyed Number 37 gloatingly through half-shut lids, and her smile was superior. He had been afraid of all these women and of his mission, but he was more afraid of her.

"Was you wishing to poichase something?" she murmured, and coughed to smuggle the hitch through her voice.

"Yes, I—er—why—why, hello kiddo!" He tried to mimic surprise, but he was as bad an actor as could be. He grinned idiotically as he added: "So this is where you work!"

"This is where," Lisette said.

"So you're sellin' things like these." He picked up a petticoat as if it were a live ember and mumbled: "What are these—parasol covers?"

"Those are petticoats," Lisette answered.

"Oh!"

She waited a while; then she stilettoed him with a merciless question:

"Was you wishing to buy one?"

"Yes."

This was an astonishing counter-thrust. It was she that stammered now with a poor attempt at sarcasm:

"I didn't know firemen wore 'em!"

He met her stiletto with a saber:

"But a fireman could buy one 'or a lady friend—couldn't he?"

"It's a free country," she mumbled, and collapsed with an abrupt sinking of the heart.

She was so unused to being belovered that she was easily thrown into a panic of fear. She rebuked herself for being conceited enough to imagine that one mere meeting with her could have entranced this hero into tracking her down. She was suddenly convinced that he had come to buy one of these gewgaws for another woman. It was merely a coincidence that she happened to be at this counter. She felt that she had no right to be jealous of this casual acquaintance—but she was jealous—nauseated with jealousy!

VI

THE romantic castle of soaring turrets that Lisette's fancy had flung into the air with instant architecture returned crumbling and ruining down upon her defenseless head. She had gripped the counter before lest her rapture engulf her. She gripped it again to hold her up among the raining débris of her hopes. She had only her haughty bravery to support her loosened knees.

"How much would one of these things set me back?" the fireman demanded, clutching up a big fistful of crêpe-de-chine.

"The price is marked in plain figgers," said Lisette, and turned to a fat woman

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with extraordinary suavity: "Was you lookin' for any shade in particular, m'am? These changeable taffetas is being much wore nowadays."

"Are they?" said the fireman, and ravaged the array of a peau-de-cygne atrocity. "Is this one of 'em?"

"That is not one of 'em," said Lisette over her left shoulder; "that's a 'pode-seen.'" She reverted to the fat woman: "Or you might prefer one of these messalines. I've just sold some of these to Mrs. Lancaster Voiden."

"You did!" the woman exclaimed.

"You did!" the fireman echoed.

"What other shades you got in these?" said the woman, and the fireman leaned closer to learn.

"Them comes in Copenhagens, Bogotas, nicotines, helios, ciels, taupes—here's a nice apricot. Miss Priscilla Voiden was tellin' me she just loved this wistaria."

"Gimme a wistaria," said the fat woman, trying to look as wistarious as possible.

"Got any more of them wisterriers?" said the fireman; but Lisette was making out a sales-slip. She passed the petticoat and the slip up to Constance, whose fingers thumbed at her task, for she was reveling in the fearful joy of a third party to a lover's quarrel. Lisette waited for the return of the change and the parcel; and the baffled fireman was given time enough to study Lisette's back. Lisette believed in Lines, with a capital L, "even if a party hadda wear one of them crool corsets to get the effeck!"

When the highly respectable fat woman had received her immorally gorgeous petticoat and fled with it Lisette turned to the fireman with a look of bland blankness that seemed to say: "You still here? I thought I had rubbed you off the slate!"

However, 37 was not to be rubbed off. It was a part of his trade to pick up screaming and scratching women and carry them out of danger. He spoke with a quiet strength that daunted Lisette again:

"Do I get waited on, or don't I?"

"Soitain'y, sir; what can I do for you?" Lisette resorted for defense to trade formulas.

"I was tellin' you I'm lookin' for one of these things for a lady frien'."

"Well, help yourself. The prices is marked in ——."

"You said that once, kiddo; but I don't know nothin' about women's duds."

"Rully?"

"What'd you advise me to buy?"

"Well, it's hard to say, not knowin' what kind of lady friends you run to."

"Forget it, kiddo! This girl's a nice girl, but she's got a lot of style and she's all right."

"Maybe she'd like one of these stripes."

"Cheese! Would a respectable girl be seen in a barber-shop sign like that?"

"She's not supposed to be seen in it. Some very quiet ladies wears some very loud underskoits."

"They do?"

"They do. How about this reseda, or this jasper?"

"Would she like it?"

"How sh'd I know?"

"Would you?"

"Oh, me! I wouldn't be found dead in it."

"Well, say, kiddo, do me a favor and pick out the one that you'd like best of all."

Lisette felt that this was an unnecessarily harsh trick Fate was playing on her, but her duty to the shop was paramount. She ransacked the stock and drew out a filmy complexity.

"If it was me I'd choose this. It's a straight model. It has the six-inch slash at the side that makes it a 'free walker.' It's small and clingy, and looks like you hadn't any on at all—that is, I mean, it don't interfere with the Lines; they're wearin' those slinky skoits nowadays that clings to the figger."

"I've noticed that," the fireman muttered, and flushed at his own devilishness.

"Well, I guess they're as decent as the hoopskoits ever was. Take it from me, Mr. Fireman, respectability hasn't got nothin' to do with fashions. If them French dress-builders was to decide that ladies was to go barefooted and wear bathin' suits on Fi'th Avenyeh this summer, your own mother would be ashamed to wear a skoit. And I guess, at that, she'd be dressed as decent as her mother was. It ain't what you got on outside that makes voitue—it's what's goin' on inside. You could put some dames in divin' suits and they'd corrupt the devil-fish; and you could put other dames in—well, I bet Priscilla Voiden could give a afternoon tea in the Garden of Eden and not—well, say! What color do you think your lady friend would prefer?"

Abruptly Lisette realized that she was getting into deep water with this stranger, and he was beginning to gasp for air on his own account. He sought refuge again in:

"What color would you want?"

"This powder-blue gets me."

"I'll take that."

"What size does your lady friend wear?"

"How in—how do I know?"

"Well, is she tall or short—a telegraph pole or a squash?"

"She's just about your size."

His voice and his eyes dropped, and he coughed slightly. Lisette had a motto: "When a party clears their throat when they're talkin' to you there's sumpum off the level somewhere." She shot a quick glance at the fireman. Surreptition and deceit were written all over his florid features.

Across Lisette's tormented brow passed something strangely soothing, like a cool breeze on a hot day. She forced herself to look calm, and just waited. Perhaps she was wrong after all. She would not trust the fates today.

The fireman raised his guilty eyes and muttered, with much hemming in the throat:

"What size did you say?"

"I wear a forty-two len'th."

"Well, wrap up a forty-two and take the change out of that." He passed over an impressive bill.

Lisette made out a sales-slip with shivering pencil and rather gasped than asked:

"Take it with you—or have it sent?"

"Sent."

"What name and address?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"You wouldn't tell me."

VII

LISETTE stared at him hard. Then she stared at him soft. Then he vanished. A fog of tears effaced him from her eyes. She was making a curious kind of sound between an outgoing sob and an ingrowing giggle.

The fireman watched her with anxious stare. He saw her struggling with ecstasy—and he saw her conquer it. He saw her shake her head and scatter the tears from the lashes that pierced them. One of the tears struck his hand. He put his other hand over it with uncouth tenderness. He saw the hard, grim look come back on Miss 318's brow and lips, though her chin was all crumpled with a desire to weep.

She reached one hand to Constance who was wrapping up the powder-blue petticoat as if it were the going-away splendor of a bride.

"Pass me that skoit back, Constunss," said Lisette, and the dumfounded girl placed it in her hand. Lisette took it and laid it on the counter. With her other hand she offered the money to the fireman.

The fireman stared in bewilderment.

"What's the matter with the yellow boy? Ain't it good?"

"I suppose so; though I ain't a counterfeit expoit."

"What's the matter then?"

"I'm just as much obliged; but I cannot accep' poissonal gifts from strange gempmen."

Number 37's eyes, mouth and palms fell open with amazement and awe. Into his supine hand she pressed the bill and closed his fingers on it. Her hand was so hot it seemed to sear him; but, though he winced, he shut his fist tight, clamped his jaws and screwed his eyelids close. Then he growled:

"Well, o' course, if that's how you feel about it ——"

He rose like a cinnamon bear and lumbered off. Constance collapsed; but Lisette slowly untied the parcel, folded back the paper and drew forth the powder-blue silk. Dark blots appeared on it suddenly—slow rain from her aching eyes.

As she watched, the fickle colors changed and ran. Her heart seemed to be beating about among the cords of her throat.

Constance stared at her, stupefied, and leaned out from her balcony to whisper: "Why, Lisette!—honey!—are you cryin'?"

Lisette gulped her heart back into place and batted the tears from her lashes. She held up the streaked petticoat to Constance and said with her hardest tone:

"No, o' course not. I was tryin' to see if this guaranteed fast color would run. And now look at the darned thing!"

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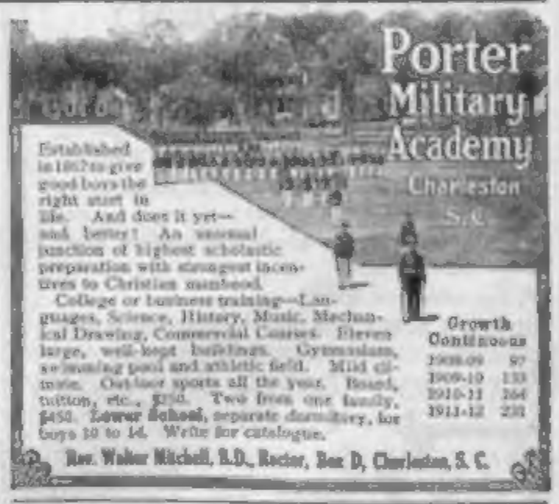

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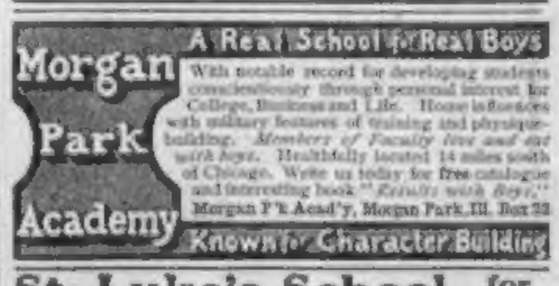

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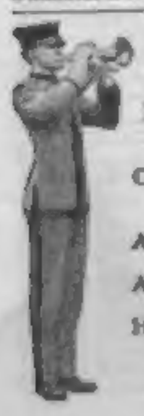

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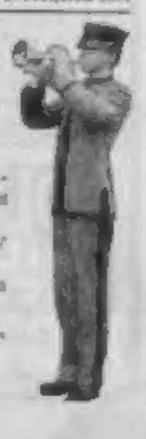

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WRITE FOR CATALOG TO

A. M. HENSHAW, Commandant, Box 22, College Hill, Ohio

FROM HIM THAT HATH

(Concluded from Page 19)

shake him till his pants pockets turn inside out and then collect from the carpet."

"You don't think that would be too harsh?" Sawyer queried.

"I think that would be lettin' him down easy," answered the motorman. "Some would tie him up and take off his shoes, and then hold lighted matches agin his toes."

"I guess you're right," said Sawyer with an air of relief. "That settles it."

. . . . . .

At the next block he jumped off and entered a dingy, four-story office building, where he scanned the directory for the name he wanted and then took the elevator to the top floor. At the end of the corridor he opened a door and found himself in a gloomy room, where a saturnine office boy lounged to the narrow dividing counter and asked what was wanted.

Sawyer selected a card from a pigskin case. "Take that in to Mr. Podraisin, Johnny, and tell him that the gentleman outside craves the honor of a personal and private interview at the earliest possible moment."

The office boy examined the card with a languid air.

"What gentleman?" he inquired.

"Mr. Sawyer," said Alonzo. "My name is Sawyer. I'm an ear specialist."

"Ouch! Leggo!" cried the boy, squirming.

"Will you take that card in, Johnny?" asked Sawyer pleasantly. "Right away, you understand? Very well, then."

He released his grip and the boy hurried into the inner office, rubbing his ear as he went. He returned almost immediately and told Sawyer that Mr. Podraisin would see him.

If the outer room was gloomy the inner was still more so. Sawyer at first could barely distinguish a figure that sat in a spineless huddle behind a large table desk; then he made out a tangle of black hair and beard framing a sallow face, from which a deep bass voice proceeded.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"It's very simple, Mr. Podraisin," said Alonzo. "Won't take you more than a couple of minutes if that's a checkbook I see at your elbow. I'll be obliged to you if you will pay this bill."

He spoke politely but firmly. He smiled; but his expression had, nevertheless, an inflexible quality.

Mr. Podraisin took the bill and examined it through a pair of eyeglasses that he focused with some difficulty; then he said, "Ah!" and again, "Yes!"

"Some time overdue, you see," remarked Alonzo; "but I'm instructed to let the interest slide in consideration of immediate payment of the principal."

"That's very liberal, I'm sure," said the deep bass voice. "Am I right in assuming that your instructions emanated, as it were, from Mr. Pettibone?"

"You are eminently correct in your assumption, sir," replied Sawyer. "That was the time you rang the little bell, as it were."

"He's a liberal man," said Mr. Podraisin—"persistent, but liberal. I wouldn't wonder if he promised you a liberal commission for collecting this account. Yes?"

"I hate to seem importunate or to have the appearance of hurrying you," said Alonzo; "but it seems to me that in discussing side issues you are wasting time that might be better employed in writing that check."

"Leaving that point for future argument, may I ask if you are a successful collector?" Mr. Podraisin inquired.

"My trademark is a spiked shoe, with the motto, 'I never slip up!'" Sawyer replied briskly.

"That," said Mr. Podraisin, "presupposes a callous disposition, a heart impenetrable by the voice of distress, a cold and grasping nature, and an avaricious and unsympathetic character foreign to our conception of generous youth."

"All of that and then some," replied Alonzo calmly. "If I cut my finger I bleed ice water. I'm out for the stuff and on to my job, Mr. Podraisin. You'll excuse me if I remove my coat on account of the heat. Thank you. And may I ask you for the correct time? Eleven-seventeen? I thank you again." He folded back his shirtcuffs. "Now if that check isn't written by eleven-twenty I have the honor to inform you that there will be something didding."

"Wouldn't currency do as well?" asked Mr. Podraisin. Then he rose.

Sawyer was a man of unquestioned courage. He had the steady nerve and cool confidence of the athlete. He had distinguished himself at college as fullback for his team, meeting the shock of rushing phalanxes unflinchingly; bearing the crushing, wrenching, smothering, grinding punishment of heaped bodies stoically; tackling hopeless human avalanches with a plucky disregard of personal consequences that roused the enthusiastic admiration of the field—but he experienced a distinct qualm as Mr. Podraisin got up.

It was a movement terrible in its deliberation and astounding in its development. From the dwarflike huddle in the chair slowly upreared the tremendous physical proportions of a giant, just as the genie in the tale ascended from the jar of Solomon, dominating and threatening. One huge and hairy hand this portentous figure laid on the desk; and, with a bound, he cleared the obstruction. Sawyer gamely hit out as he came.

. . . . . .

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when the new collector was admitted to the sanctum of his department head. Mr. Pettibone swung round in his chair with an expression of eager interrogation as the young man entered, and then smiled broadly behind his plump white hand. Alonzo Sawyer noted the smile and frowned—with a certain difficulty, however, owing to the strips of adhesive plaster that decorated his countenance. One of his eyes was puffed and discolored and his lips were swollen. He walked with a slight limp.

"Well," remarked the manager, "you seem to have been unfortunate, Mr. Sawyer."

"You might call it that," agreed Alonzo. "You might also say I was an earthquake victim."

"I'm afraid you overstepped the bounds of diplomacy," Mr. Pettibone remarked anxiously.

"Quite likely," admitted Sawyer wearily. "I wasn't very particular where I stepped toward the last, provided it was in the general direction of the door."

"But tell me that you at least got in a few effective blows on the ruffianly scoundrel," said Mr. Pettibone. "Tell me that and I can forgive your failure. Just one or two good ones!"

"I'm afraid, if you make it conditional, I will have to do without your esteemed forgiveness," Sawyer answered. "I couldn't conscientiously say that I landed once; but I'd like to know if there's anything else besides forgiveness coming to me; anything in the nature of reimbursement—the drug bill, we'll say, for instance. How about it?"

Mr. Pettibone resumed his normally cold expression.

"Really, I don't see how you can expect anything from us under the circumstances. You undertook the collection at your own risk on the basis of an exceedingly liberal commission, and ——"

"Excuse me, Pettibone," interrupted Alonzo. "You knew when you steered me against that man-eating gorilla what a peachy chance I had of collecting—didn't you? You ought to be indicted on a charge of attempted manslaughter."

"I told you frankly that the collection would not be easy," said Mr. Pettibone politely.

"You were mistaken," said Sawyer, taking a roll of bills from his pocket. "It was perfectly easy; in fact, voluntary. When your amiable brother-in-law had finished amusing himself with me he asked me just how much commission I was to get; and when I told him he paid the full amount quite happily. He thought it would annoy you. Here's your ten per cent—eight dollars and seventy cents. Much obliged. And now, in conclusion, I may say that, though I'm quite a little bunged up, I'm not nearly so stiff as I shall be this time tomorrow; and ——"

He knocked Mr. Pettibone under his highly polished desk.

Three minutes later he emerged into the street and his face was very cheerful, notwithstanding the plaster. At that moment Mr. Pettibone was sitting on the floor in a corner of his office, dabbing at his face with a pocket handkerchief.

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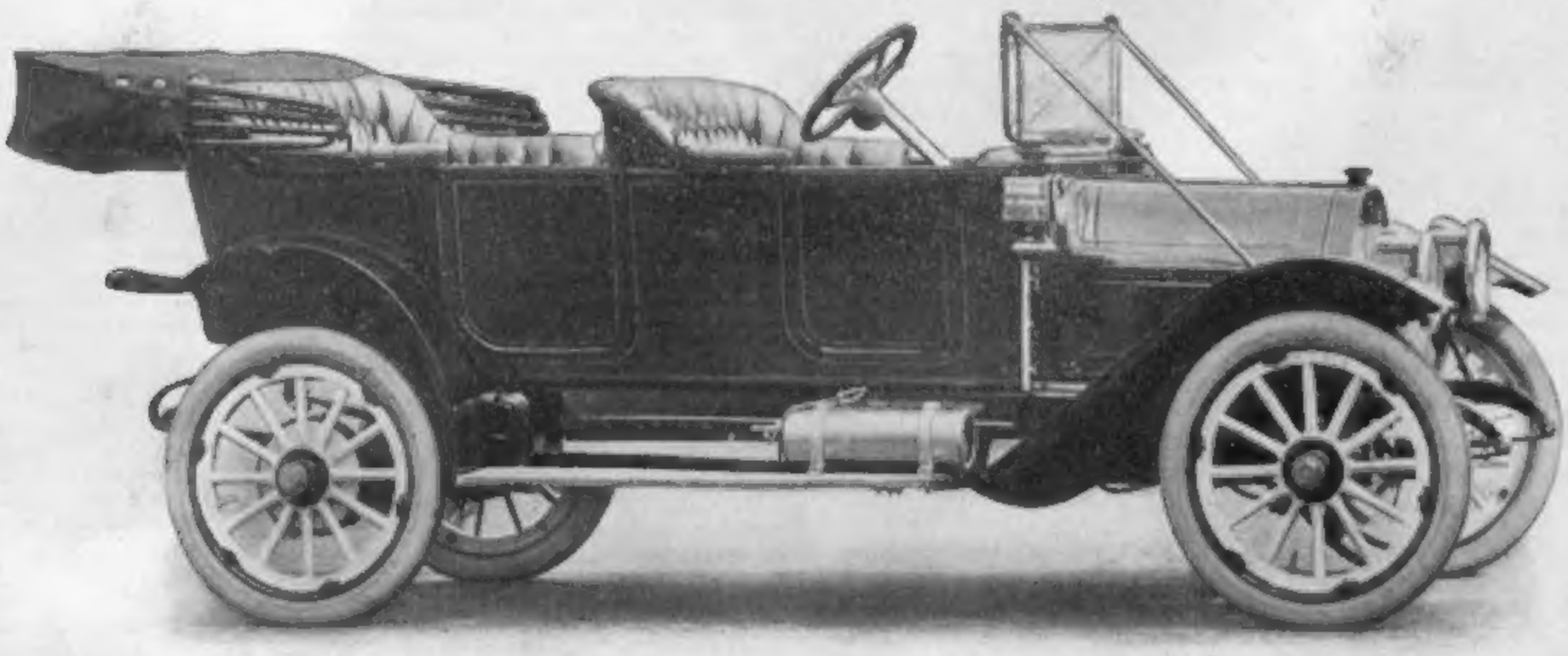

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